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MY LIFE & FRIENDS

A Psychologist's Memories

JAMES SULLY

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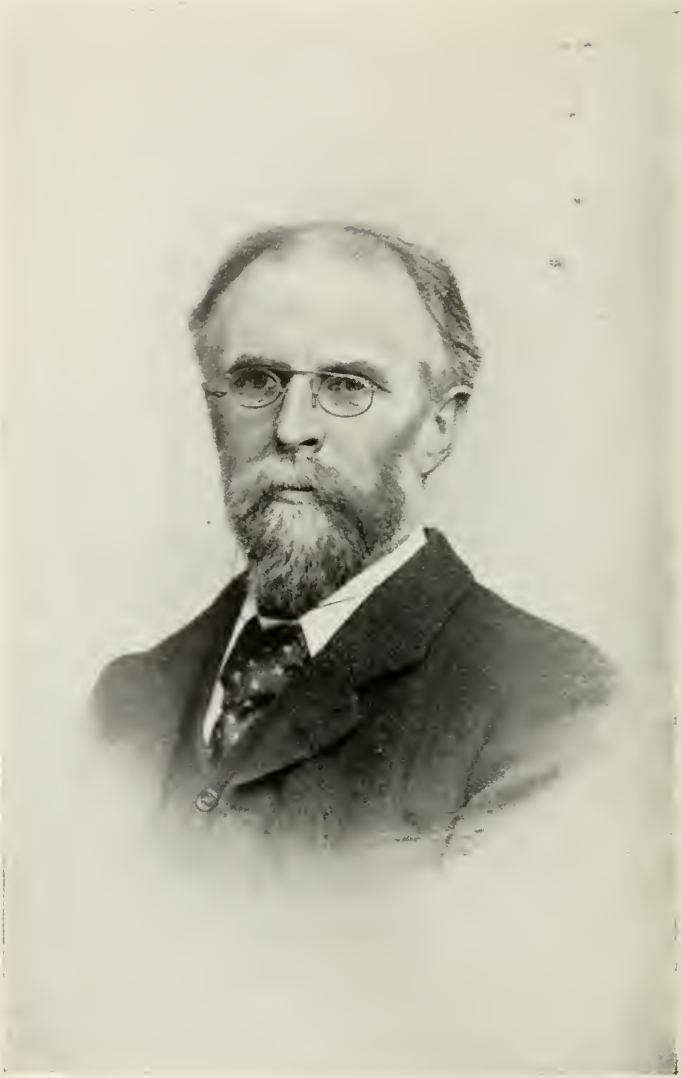
MY LIFE AND FRIENDS



Photo] [*Elliott & Fry.*

James Sully

Frontispiece.

MY LIFE & FRIENDS

A PSYCHOLOGIST'S MEMORIES

BY

JAMES SULLY, LL.D.

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University College, London,
and Author of
"Studies in Childhood," "Outlines of
Psychology," etc., etc.

WITH 17 ILLUSTRATIONS

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AUTHOR'S NOTE

The Author has been greatly helped in the work of reading the proofs of this book by the generous aid of his friend Professor Carveth Read.

Chapter IV has already appeared in the *Hibbert Journal* in 1915.

PART I

MEMORIES OF MY LIFE

MY LIFE AND FRIENDS

CHAPTER I

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS

In the forties, when I came upon the scene, Bridgwater was by no means an imposing-looking town. Whether one reached it from the big energetic "Bristol city" or from the more elegant and aristocratic city of Exeter, farther to the west, it was apt to appear poor, if not mean. Depression of the eye was likely to be followed by that of the lungs, for the air was heavy and relaxing, so that even local doctors have been known to resort to the self-denying ordinance of advising their patients to get out of it as often as possible. A longer inspection, however, was calculated to modify a first hasty condemnation of the old town. If its air was a little soporific, it was flushed now and again with quickening currents borne by the rushing tides of the river from the near-lying Bristol Channel. If the broad sweep of more or less marshy flats to the south and east bred ague and other evil things, these "moors" were a fattening pasturage which made the town a mart for excellent butter, cheese, and other commodities.

The muddy river itself, which looked the picture of unwholesome stagnation when the tide was low, contributed to our welfare. Spring-tides lifted the water to so high a level that ships of a respectable tonnage could reach the docks of our port.

The trade of our town included not merely the importation of coal from South Wales, together with timber, artificial manures, and other things from more distant shores, but the exportation of corn and other agricultural produce. The languages of Frenchmen, Norwegians, and other foreign sailors were frequently to be heard about the docks, and I first tried my tongue at conversational French with some of the sailors who wandered about the town in low caps and baggy linen trousers hawking strings of onions. By the early forties Bridgwater had got linked up with the Bristol and Exeter Railway; and as people had not yet begun to bother their heads about cutting a Severn tunnel, the owners of the coasting vessels, which made up most of the shipping on the Parret, had a good time.

It is only the ignorant stranger, glancing at our town from a railway carriage, that takes the country to be flat; the native knows that it loves and clings to the hills. As soon as you reach the end of the town going west or north-west you will come upon a quite respectable natural hill. These adjacent modest elevations suffice for views of a wide expanse of country, with land and sea, plain and hill marked off with a map-like distinctness. From them the land and the sea look closely

interlocked. Pointing to the Steep and Flat Holms are projecting headlands, eager arms of Mother Earth stretched out towards her fugitive children, who look forlorn in the chilly mist; while on the low flats rise solitary conical hills, which long ago were islands, though now abandoned by the receding water. Here a glance will reveal the truth about the land's flatness. Large stretches of plain there undoubtedly are in the vicinity of the town; yet the plain is a broad valley between two fair ranges of hill—the Mendips, softened in the distance, and the Quantocks, so protectively near as to show not only the dents of their cosy combes, but their clumps of wind-driven firs. To the Bridgwater man the proximity of these hills is a fact of capital importance. They speak to him of breezy uplands, where shy deer may be seen in the distance etched above the sky-line, of long winding combes, in whose crystal brooks frolic young trout, and where the cunning fox keeps the secret of his lair. Besides the tradition of sport handed down from the days of King John, they can boast of a chain of fine old buildings, churches, and manor-houses; while to a lover of our literature they recalled the golden days when Coleridge walked with Wordsworth or Dorothy Wordsworth about the woods and meadows which skirt the hills. Remoter places, too, like Dunster on one side and Cheddar and Glastonbury on the other, were spiritually annexed by us. And the dull flats themselves, near-lying Sedgemoor and the rest, were proudly exhibited to those who loved

beautiful church towers and thrilling historical associations.

In thus laying stress on its neighbourhood I must not be supposed to underrate the attractions of the town itself. If much of the architecture was commonplace, it had some redeeming features. There was its finely conceived centre, the Cornhill with its market-place, to which all the streets converged. Approaching it from the east, you saw behind it on the left the elegant church—large even for Somerset—the lofty spire of which was held up firmly by a crenellated square tower. It contains the one art treasure of our town, a fine altar-piece, about the origin of which there has been some bold romancing, probably the work of a seventeenth-century Italian painter. For the lover of old streets Bridgwater had much that was interesting. Some of them were narrow and curving, with next to no footway, reminding one of those of Siena and other Italian towns. Now and then one would come upon a stretch of high brick wall over which trees peeped, the hiding-place of some garden, marking perhaps the site of an ancient Franciscan priory.

More thrillingly mysterious than those conventual-looking walls was the ruined water-gate of the old castle, to be seen on the West Quay. You may get sight of the mouldy, dank-looking archway by entering between two low folding doors, and it will certainly give you in the gloomy light an eerie impression of slow secular decay. Though the walls of the castle have long ago disappeared, one still meets with reminders of it. In an otherwise

THE CORNHILL (MARKET PLACE AND CHURCH), BRIDGWATER.

To face p. 6.

perfectly level town, there is an anomalous rise as one goes from the Quay through the spacious and genteel Castle Street up to Castle Square, which is explained by the fact that on the site of the Square there once stood the keep of the old fortress.

Another curious relic of the old town is the short blind-alley of a street named Blake Street, from the old house in which the brave Puritan Admiral is said to have been born. This street is not very easy to find; so Bridgwater people, not so many years since, brought out their Admiral's fame into the full daylight, setting up a statue to him in front of the market-place on the Cornhill. One more reminder survives in the name Monmouth Street, down which, the story says, the rebellious Duke rode on his fateful journey to Sedgemoor.

To many, more noteworthy than the old buildings and the fair landscapes will seem the great natural curiosity of the town, the bore, or high tidal wave, that sweeps up with rousing voice between the sleepy mudbanks on the turn of a spring-tide. As a spectacle of death and silence suddenly giving place to life and riotous sound it would be hard to beat.

Of my ancestry I have little to record. My father came of a seafaring stock. In the churchyard of St. Decuman's, outside Watchet, stands my paternal grandfather's tombstone, on which is graven a rough yet eloquent expression of a sailor's resignation when finally "home from the sea"

and near the end of life's buffetings. There was, I think, some Welsh blood on my mother's side. Neither my father nor my mother was a cold, phlegmatic Saxon—if there be such a racial variety. A certain quickness of response to impressions and something of emotional excitability characterized both, though the turbulence of passion was excluded by strength of will, aided by the moderating influence of a shrewd practical intelligence. I have inherited some of their temperamental warmth. Whether I was, as my friend Grant Allen used to assure me, a Celt, I cannot say. What is certain is that, like my father, I was of a mercurial temper, spoke quickly and walked briskly, was easily moved by "the tears of things," yet ready and hearty in laughter.

In the forties and fifties, Bridgwater, like many another country town, was a rather dull place. In a general way life jogged along with hardly more of lively variation than the revolutions of a donkey turning a wheel. The town exhibited in acute form the social distinctions of profession and trade, church and dissent. The number of religious sects was remarkable, and I remember how sorely it perplexed a German lady friend who first made acquaintance with the intimate ramifications of our religious world as the wife of the Unitarian minister in our town. These distinctions implied social barriers which were only raised in certain favoured cases, as when a wealthy and influential Unitarian merchant might be admitted to the higher social stratum, which was composed

in the main of those who were both professional men and churchmen. The sharp political division of Liberal and Tory coincided for the most part with this doubly grounded bifurcation of Bridgwater "society." The rigid separation of classes was at once the effect and the cause of a poor representation of the intellectual life in our town. It is chiefly a common love of things of the mind, whether embodied in books or in works of art, which brings together men of different callings, religious communities and the rest.

My father was at once a trader, a Baptist, and, for his time, a pronounced Radical in politics; hence these sharp divisions of middle-class society came weightily home to us. Yet the assumptions of superiority implied in them were, I am sure, never resented. Dissenters had as yet scarcely begun to seek by political and other means the entrée into a higher social circle. We were indeed apt to be proud of our family commercialism, of our dissent, and of our Radical-Liberalism; and we derived amusement from the downward glances of those who liked to think themselves our social superiors.

In those days wedded folk had not begun to be scrimpy in the duty of bringing children into the world, and families of six or thereabouts were rather the rule than the exception. Before I entered upon my teens our family had reached the respectable figure of eight children, a number which remained undiminished until I was in the middle of the thirties. We found a full and varied life in our home, and the richness of this life was

in a measure promoted by the absence of more exciting distractions outside.

If vivid and full recollections of the first years be an essential qualification for writing one's memoirs, I am hopelessly disqualified. Most of the reports of memory come to me hardly less thin and faint than ghostly voices echoing down a long corridor, or like human speech heard at the far end of a telephone and confused with wholly unrecognizable sounds. Of the first years I can recover only a few of such echoes. So far as I can ascertain, I had nothing of the rich, childish fancy which gives to the visible world a strange yet ravishing magic and serves to impress its scenes indelibly on the memory. Nor was I in any sense a dreamer. If I had a bent in that direction, it was no doubt kept down to rudimentary dimensions by the rough and tumble of our rather crowded home. Of my first three or four years, spent in a house in Salmon Parade on the east bank of the Parret, I have managed to preserve only one dim fragmentary impression, that of mounted horsemen splashing through our street, on the occasion, without doubt, of an exceptionally high tide. But who can say what these first so-called recollections really mean: whether they are in part at least true memories of things seen by us, refreshed from time to time, or merely reverberations of tales repeatedly told us by our elders? Even in my second home in Monmouth Street, where I reached the age of twelve or more, I failed

to garner many distinct memories of single impressions. I can, it is true, recall faintly the look of the long garden where we boys sometimes played at the thrilling pastime of gunpowder explosions, and could secure a daily laugh by watching the ostler clean our restive horse. I seem to see still his futile tuggings at the halter as "Jimmy," in his most freakish mood, renewed his rearings and gyrations, and to hear his rich output of Somerset epithets when half cajoling, half execrating his troublesome charge. Yet, oddly enough, I preserve no mental picture of the horse itself. Nor can I recall even the rooms of the house where so much of my time must have been spent—only a blurred sketch of the hinder outside wall, where the ripening nectarines used to glow in the morning sun.

One prominent feature in the early memory-picture is a long fruit and vegetable garden, in which my brother and I were engaged in the boyish occupation of fetching pears down from a well-laden tree. This tree was rooted in the adjoining garden, but stretched its branches invitingly over the wall into ours. It belonged to our uncle, and it may be that in helping ourselves in this fashion we rashly counted on avuncular generosity. What then was our cruel disappointment when the uncle's head suddenly appeared above the dividing wall and he began, in alarming tones, to abuse us for robbing him of his pears!

But the most vividly outstanding memories of the Monmouth Street home relate to my eldest sister. One Sunday afternoon, more from inadvertence

perhaps than from a wish to spy, I opened the drawing-room door and saw this sister sitting very close to the gentleman who was at this time "paying her his addresses." I got a good scolding later, and the experience set me thinking. I knew what was meant by the troublesome excuse "I am engaged" when I wanted somebody to do a thing for me; but this sort of "engagement," which monopolized the drawing-room on a Sunday afternoon, was another and a quite baffling matter. A second experience, recalled under the fuller blaze of memory's lamp, was the death of this sister. She was known and remembered among us as having a very gentle disposition and a deep, undemonstrative piety. The fervency of her piety was shown in her insisting shortly before her death on giving us all, sisters and brothers and servants, as well as parents and husband, a religious farewell. Her beautiful face, always delicate, and now refined away to an almost transparent mask for her ardent spirit, looking pleadingly at me as she whispered her last admonition to be "good," returns to my inner perception as I write. My intensified sensibility was, I remember, tortured during that solemn leave-taking by the sound of a hand-organ playing near the death-chamber. That moment's experience of defiant horror may perhaps have started the growth of my lifelong and almost furious detestation of the naturalized British "grinder"; from which the musical and cheery itinerant instrument one meets with in Italy must be carefully distinguished.

The regime of our home was a Puritan one, tempered by a fund of generous allowance in our governors. The religious practices, morning and evening prayers in the home and Sunday services in the chapel, were strictly observed. My father's prayers were extempore. They had a certain spontaneous eloquence which, following the custom of those days, we referred to a divine unction. Sunday was presented to us in a kind of halo which blotted out from sight most of our weekday interests and occupations. We were provided with a variety of what was regarded as edifying Sunday literature, its heaviness being relieved by illustrations which, if not beautiful, had an eerie fascination for young eyes. Among these was Foxe's "Book of Martyrs," a work which John Bunyan seems to have held in higher repute than we children. Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," and, in a lesser degree, his "Holy War," had the right proportions of the terrible and the lovely; and even to-day such names as Apollyon, Giant Despair, Greatheart, Vanity Fair, and the Delectable Mountains send a thrill of terror or of wondering delight through my blood. And oh! the delicious queerness of those names, Mr. Worldly-Wiseman, Mr. Facing-both-Ways, and the rest! Of the "goody" stories I remember best "Sandford and Merton," probably because I so cordially disliked its obvious preachiness. How happy we should have been if somebody had told us of the laughable attempts of the author, Thomas Day, to train his two girl protégées in the Rousseau manner by firing a pistol at their skirts so as to harden them in endurance.

This imposition of a weekly fasting from agreeable mental food grew less severe as the years passed; partly because we were growing and demanding more liberty of choice, partly as a consequence of the wider views which my elder sisters were now imbibing. The newer style of family magazine introduced later, such as the *Sunday Magazine* and *Good Words*, had, I think, a considerable influence in effecting a half-stealthy introduction of fiction into religious homes. It was an interesting moment in our family history when the fitness of a book for Sunday reading began to be discussable.

A certain severity of discipline, against which we youngsters were apt to kick, arose from the circumstance that ours was a busy house requiring much punctilious regularity in the matter of meals and other things. My father was a hard-working man, for whom time was money, and he was away in his office, save for the brief meal intervals, until six o'clock and later. My mother, too, had her busy sphere. The activities of the domestic hive included in those days not only such obvious functions as the weekly washing and ironing, but the weekly baking, the less frequent brewing—which it is said was done by women who started work at three in the morning,—the occasional bouts of dressmaking when a dressmaker would come for a shilling a day and her keep, and the great summer occupations of preserving fruits, pickling, and making sweet cordials, such as the invaluable elderberry wine. In a large house with a family

of eight children two servants were obviously inadequate to keep things going. My mother was energetic and capable of prolonged exertions, and she looked to her girls to show a like strenuousness, more particularly by assisting in the dressmaking and ironing.

The growing pressure of our needs developed in my mother a severe regard for the economies. I remember how glad she would be when, during a visit to Steart or other primitive seaside place, we boys succeeded in getting for the table some succulent silver eels. These marine creatures hid themselves at low water in slimy pools under stones, and in order to get them out and slay them we had to splash ourselves with mud. On our entrance after the chase, our much-tried parent would look despairingly for a moment at our bespattered clothes, but before there was time for a scolding to escape her we had brought a look of more than satisfaction to her face by showing the contents of our basket. The captains of our coasting vessels knew her weakness, and when their vessels returned from the coast of Wales they would "remember missus" by bringing her a keg of cockles or even of oysters.

In spite of sombre Sabbatarian restrictions, and in spite, too, of absorbing business preoccupations, our home managed to keep something of joyousness, and even of gaiety, in its atmosphere. The appearance of our father on the scene in the evening was like a belated outburst of sunshine. He had a full, resonant laugh, and enjoyed a "capital joke" with the lustiest. He loved, too, a bit of romping

play with his bairns after the long day's work was over. I faintly recall his look as, before we little kids were marched off to bed, he would go down on all fours on the floor and play the part of horse for us delighted riders. Our excitement must have cost him dear when we kept our seat on his back by grasping his long side-whiskers. I have retained a particular gratitude for these paternal unbendings and stoopings to infantile sport. They brought him nearer to us and saved us from the absurdities of some "up-to-date" children described in recent literature, who regard their parents as poor inferior creatures inhabiting a stupid abnormal world quite out of touch with their own.

As compared with children of to-day we had, of course, only a few toys, and these were of simple construction and inexpensive. But perhaps we managed to get as much imaginative enjoyment out of them as children now get out of more elaborate and costly ones. Their scarcity had at least the advantage of securing for us a full jubilant delight on receiving a new one. As we grew we were admitted into the secrets of such games as dominoes. Our mother had a good calculating brain, and she used to get quite excited over the game. Later a bagatelle board came upon the scene, and this was of course greatly preferred by us boys, not only as being more a thorough game than the arithmetical exercise of dominoes, but as giving us something to do. My mother, I remember, was equally enthusiastic over the new game, and would spring about like a young girl after making a good stroke.

The jolliest time, when parents and children sank their differences and became wholly one in frolicsome play, was Christmastide. A day or two before the feast we might be taken by father to the grocer's shop to buy oranges, almonds and raisins, and other lovely dainties. I delighted especially in the sight of the pretty boxes, with lively Southern ladies painted on the cover, in which the French plums were neatly arranged under folds of white paper with serrated edges. The grocers' shops had a complex charm for our eyes, and for our nostrils too. We liked to stand outside the window of one of them in awesome wonder gazing at the figures of the two Chinese mandarins—poor, unhappy-looking exiles who gave expression to their weariness by perpetual noddings of the head.

The fun began on Christmas Eve. In those days there was no Christmas-tree, but we got our beautiful dazzling lights in another way. Father would place on the glowing drawing-room fire a large ashen faggot which shot up tongues of flame—a marvel for all beholding—and further delighted us by the splutterings and cracking noises it emitted. Christmas Day was much what it is now, a frank indulgence in "good cheer." A special feature at breakfast was a pile of hot flakey "manchets." The thrilling hour was after tea, when, the afternoon siesta of our elders having been completed, we were free to romp and play games. To the head of the family was allotted the part of Father Christmas. His arrival at the front door was announced by the maid in mysterious whis-

perings, which whipped up our curiosity to the bursting-point. The disguise at first completely took us in, though our peering curiosity soon discovered something of the familiar.

The Christmas entertainment which remains freshest in my memory was a sort of puppet-show of moving shadows. The apparatus was simple enough—just a clothes-horse or two covered with sheets, a few paper cuttings of houses, bridges, and other objects for the *mise en scène*, and for actors some cardboard figures of men and animals whose bodies and arms were pivoted and movable by strings attached. We sat outside in the dark and gazed with rapt impatience at the brightly illumined screen, across which might flit sometimes an awful formless shadow-apparition. Our entertainers, standing, like the Punch and Judy showman, out of view, would throw upon the screen strange dark little figures—a manikin repairing a bridge, a scissors-grinder, or a fractious horse and his rider, accompanying the show with a characteristic song or cry, such as "The bridge is abroken, and can't be mended," or "Scissors to grind." It was a huge delight to us to see some of our favourite town sights imitated in this way. It was, too, a great mystery; for though we saw that it was the magic of light which did the work, we had not enough mechanical knowledge to guess the secret of the moving puppets. Keen, however, as we were to solve the puzzle, we were rather sorry, after the explanation had been hit upon, to part with our sweet illusions. This little attempt at a

marionette performance was artistically poor enough, and cannot be compared with the dainty *Puppenspiel* of which Goethe tells us in "Dichtung und Wahrheit" and in "Wilhelm Meister," recalling his own childish experiences. Yet it may be that the greater mystery of our show and the weird fascination of the shadows made it hardly less entrancing.

After our sisters had been to a boarding-school, the girl friends that they had made there would pay us visits, which helped to enlarge the home circle and its interests. They brought possibilities of a picnic to the pretty sloping park of Halswell, and even of a drive to Cockercombe or other gateway to the Quantock heights. And what was more exciting for children, perhaps, they brought us stories, both tragic and comic in tone, of girls' school experiences. Later, when I was beginning to care for books, the visits might introduce a new novel to be read aloud. Reading aloud was one of our great treats, and I remember how we used to have our nerves strung up to the highest pitch of fearful ecstasy when listening to the adventures of Uncle Tom and the other figures in Mrs. Beecher Stowe's narrative.

Besides these longer visits, we often had a call from friends coming to the town. It might be somebody from the Athelney neighbourhood, or more distant regions of the flat moors—a rough-looking countryman, perhaps, who talked the good broad "Zummerzit" dialect, and showed something of a yokel's awkwardness in sitting down to

our table and talking to young ladies. The weekly market-day, and still more St. Matthew's Fair about the end of September, was the time for these callers, who would be asked by my father to come and take " pot-luck " at our table. Among these country folk one ever-welcome guest was, like the father of Phillis in Mrs. Gaskell's story, a farmer-preacher. He was of unusual height, and had a stoop, begotten, our childish fancy suggested, of many bendings of his back on entering doorways unaccommodatingly low. He bubbled over with merry humour, and I loved to watch his cheeks, as rosy as one of his Somerset apples, crinkle up and half hide his eyes as the mirthful fit took him.

With parents who, though deeply serious, were disposed to be large-hearted, and with sisters gradually broadening out in their views, the religious ordeal became tempered. Parents and children had a good endowment of humour, and for us younger ones there lay close to the solemnities refreshing springs of merriment. Even during the hushed minutes of family prayers our lively young perceptions would be tickled by some droll incongruity, as the sudden outburst of a *mal-àpropos* from a small child whom the authorities had been hasty in allowing to take part in the trying ceremony.

But it was in chapel that we early looked out for momentary reliefs from the strain of self-compression imposed by the service, more especially by the long sermon. We began to be taken to chapel at an early age. The building had planted itself rather boldly just opposite

St. Mary's Church ; but in so doing it had—whether from a spontaneous prudence or under compulsion I do not know—tempered its look of aggressiveness by placing itself out of sight behind an arched entrance. Yet if its exterior had a shut-in look, its interior, after you had passed the dark corner under the gallery where the Sunday-school children were packed away during the morning service, wore a most open aspect. There were no side galleries, and the rows of pews, both on the sides and at the entrance end, were arranged in amphi-theatre-like tiers. From a juvenile point of view this arrangement had the obvious advantage over the old plan of level secretive pews of giving our eyes a full and unobstructed command of the scene. Everything that occurred seemed made to entertain us, and I am pretty sure that our sisters were hardly less keen than ourselves in noting the appearance of something new and funny. The entrance of the worshippers was charged with queer meanings for young eyes. The various gaits of men and women alike, as they marched with something of the pompousness or of the awkward constraint of closely observed mortals, down the steps, along the aisle, and up the steps to their pews, were an engrossing entertainment ; nor did we fail to note novel and piquant features in their dress. The modes of settling down in the pew, too—the smoothing out the dress, the emitting a little nervous cough, and the rest—had a poignant interest for us. And when the moment of collective sitting down to the sermon was reached, the tension of expectation was almost more than

we could bear. The possibilities of all sorts of little self-adjustive vocal utterances kept our attention spellbound. Still more exciting was the watching of the poses of the head, so as to catch the first oncoming of a nodding somnolence; for it seemed to us that we should be sure some day to see a collapse of the whole human frame.

Sometimes more irresistible intrusions of the droll would reward our diligent peering. In one of the higher rows of seats there used to sit an old gentleman, exquisitely got up in frilled shirt, who was wont now and again to regale himself—if not also to ward off a threatening sleepiness—with a good pinch of snuff. But, alas! his hand was shaky, and the fragrant powder had a way of falling into the immaculate frills; which catastrophe he would meet in hot haste by trying to flick away the snuff, growing ever redder and redder.

I would not suggest that even in the first uninstructed years of chapel-going I found only this sort of childish amusement in the proceedings. A more serious attitude was developed by the musical part of the worship. At the time I speak of, some dissenting chapels were already exerting themselves to relieve the drab Puritanism of their services by cultivating a more artistic kind of choral music. It happened that an influential merchant in our congregation had trained his ear on the classical works of Mozart, Beethoven, and even earlier composers. He reorganized the singing in the chapel, substituting for the old jejune hymn-tunes others based on motives taken from the works of these masters; and he actually added to the vocal

part anthems with solos, some of which, I believe, were rendered by paid professional singers. The organ and choir were in a gallery at the back, and invisible from our pew. I drank in the music with a delicious wonder, and, if I thought at all, referred it to some mysterious angelic choir. Perhaps the effect of this first introduction to the magic of good music lives on in the feeling with which the best music still inspires me—of being lifted high above terrestrial things.

Our readiness to find amusement in the proceedings of the chapel service was part of a general disposition to make our world as far as possible an amusing spectacle. In our small town there was a rich crop of personal oddities. The number of religious bodies itself furnished a certain droll diversity of appearance and of behaviour, and among these bodies it was, I think, the Quakers who ministered most to our appetite for piquant eccentricities. It was a delight to see the dear Quaker ladies in their grey silk dresses and bonnets, and the elderly gentlemen, too, darkly clad in broad hats, cut-away coats, knee-breeches and gaiters. It was a greater treat to be taken into one of their shops and overhear their quaint conversation.

Among these was a chemist's shop, in which, in addition to the funny Quaker-talk, we got the thrilling experience of going up close to the great coloured globes which had glared at us through the window like a pair of monster eyes. The chemists in Bridgwater, even when not Quakers, were given to affecting certain oddities, and I seem able to recall an alert old gentleman who

delighted us by skipping about his shop in a white Eton jacket. To return to the Quakers: even their ways of doing business were apt to be peculiar. A Quaker chemist, on being asked by a customer how much he had to pay, would reply by asking, "What hast thou been accustomed to pay?" This illustrates, perhaps, in a whimsical way a characteristic with which we used to credit Quakers—a strict adherence to the terms of a bargain once made. Among the early experiences of which blurred impressions still survive in memory are visits to a dear old Quaker lady. Though a bit prim-looking, she had a sweet expression; so that something in me—a bit of nascent priggishness perhaps—was shocked when she corrected some excessive warmth in a remark made by my acknowledged corrector with the words, "Thee oughtn't to say that, James Sully."

For all his congeniality of temper and playfulness, my father had a deep-laid respect for duty, and he expected obedience from his boys. I have no reason to think that we were a particularly bad lot, but we had in us, I dare say, the average amount of "original sin," and I in particular came in for some chastisement which, I feel sure, was "richly deserved." Ructions are apt to occur even in a closely united family if the parents happen to be themselves strong-willed and to have bequeathed some of their masterfulness of spirit to their offspring. I cannot remember that we ever resented the severity of our father's discipline; though, like other boys, we found at the moment the short prefacing discourse, in which he sought

to persuade us that it was parental love which prompted him to chastise us, a hard pill to swallow. So far as I can remember, I had, even in the early years, no extravagant ideas of my parent's infallibility, and was ready now and again to challenge his opinions. But I had a lot of admiration for him. This feeling had more than one root. His cheery bonhomie and generosity drew out our affections. His discipline showed an unrelaxing regard for impartiality and fairness. We paid him, too, a kind of hero-worship. This came to us to a large extent by way of traditions handed down by our mother and sisters. We heard what hardships he had bravely faced in his boyish days, and how brave he had proved himself during the terrible cholera scourge of 1849. Just opposite us there was a "rookery" which contributed a large quota of the deaths in the town. Our uncle urged him to remove his family, and offered the hospitality of his house at Wembdon. But father declined to move us, viewing a flight at such an hour as cowardice as well as lack of religious trust. In his rash carelessness he even went so far as to take part in the gloomy work of moving the bodies of the poor cholera victims by night to the churchyard—a risky undertaking, with which, it may be supposed, but few were prepared to charge themselves. We were proud, too, of his plucky refusal to pay church rates, a step which helped to make him obnoxious to the "respectables." Another story of his bravery told us of his carrying some of us, when cut off by a rising tide at Watchet, up a steep cliff.

CHAPTER II

SCHOOLDAYS

The memory deposit of my early schooling is scanty enough. I was first taken in hand by an elder sister, an experiment which lasted but a short time, and was, I fear, no great success. After this I was marched off, when still a "wee mite," to a dame-school in the town, hand in hand with the sister next above me in the family scale. Then came a trial of a second Bridgwater dame-school, with a mistress of whom I still preserve a fairly clear mental portrait. She had a lot of trim curls of the lightest shade of yellow. I half worshipped those curls, at once delighted by their entrancing prettiness and cast down by the rebuking look their too perfect habit of keeping in place gave to my own unruly locks.

The third experiment was a dame boarding-school in a village lying among the flats to the north of the town. It was not far from East Brent, the abode of a famous archdeacon, a High Churchman, with a holy detestation of dissent, for whom my father naturally enough cherished a reciprocal antipathy. It was a rather nice-looking detached house with a lawn in front.

Figures of Adam and Eve stood one on either side of the gravel plot. They faced one another there in primal nudity, and I think that our first mother was holding out the fatal apple to her lord. The white statues had a weird fascination for me, possibly because their nudity and the naughty conduct of the lady invested the figures for my superstitious fancy with some sort of malign influence. The house and the two figures had recently been painted; and even to-day when I smell fresh paint the façade of that house flanked with the improper statues glimmers out for a moment from dark oblivion.

From this dame-school I was removed to still another in the village of Westonzoyland. I was too young to appreciate the beautiful many-windowed square tower of the local church, and my English history had hardly advanced enough to make me interested in the adjoining battlefield of Sedgemoor. What that year or so in the old village has bequeathed to memory is the image of a fair young girl of about my own age for whom I cherished a sentimental fondness. I was particularly proud of her obstinate refusal to use the name "America," for which she always substituted "Columbia," thereby showing, as I thought, an unusual childish respect for historical fair-play.

My third and last dame boarding-school lay near to Stogursey and to the bit of solitary low-cliffed shore called Shurton Bars, on which Coleridge wrote some lines. My brother next below me in age accompanied me to this school. Our schoolmistress, who was small and dainty in person

and lively in speech and movement, had by some freak of destiny paired with a thatcher. He was a big man, and had a large head and protuberant eyes, one of which refused to look at you. Yet his bigness, aided though it was by the cast in the eye, gave to his aspect nothing of the formidable. He showed himself, on the contrary, a particularly harmless person, as he moved slowly about, talking but seldom, and then only in a soft, apologetic sort of voice. The divergent eye somehow helped this expression of meekness of spirit—a wish not to be aggressive in a glance. We boys soon grew to like him, partly for the pleasant look of his ruddy cheeks framed in by white hair, and partly for the gentleness of his manner. Perhaps, too, we were drawn to him by a fellow-feeling, a common wish to escape from the almost fierce activity of our mistress, from her rather nagging ways, and from her depressing insistence upon the superior status of her family. Yet the lady's mental preoccupation with her ancestry did not, fortunately for us, lead her to neglect her housekeeping, which (I remember with gratitude), produced excellent apple-pies for the cold Sunday dinner.

Our host would sometimes take us with him on his thatching expeditions, and we rather liked to walk with him attired in his picturesque costume of brown velveteen jacket and leggings. Once he led us into the squire's park, where I was much impressed by the great clumps of trees on the tops of which the rooks cawed, by the broad, spacious lawns and glades where the deer loitered,

and by the fine old mansion. The restfulness that for my ear still lurks in the sound of the rooks' cawing dates from that visit.

The little chapel near our cottage had the well-known aspect of the old country conventicle. The appearance of the minister harmonized with that of the chapel. His spare figure, lean cheeks, and shiny black clothes spoke of the *res angusta domi*. The gentleness of his soft blue eyes was very winning. He, too, had something meek and apologetic in his manner, and this impression was oddly intensified for me by the presence of a hairy wart on one cheek. We looked upon him as a saint, and had we then heard of St. Francis, should have taken him to be a follower of his Lady Poverty. His double duty at two chapels some miles apart led to his sharing in our cold Sunday dinner, and I enjoyed watching the gusto with which his spare body attacked the cold pork and apple-tart.

His congregation consisted of a variety of rustic types which might have contributed additions to the rich portrait-gallery of Mr. Thomas Hardy. A special feature of the service was the entrance of a procession of tallish men, who no doubt had their satisfactory reasons for remaining outside to the last moment. They would straggle in and out with most ungainly strides, and I fancy we used to call them "the awkward squad." One or two of them held the office of flute-player or other performer in the choral service, and their attempts at harmonious orchestration were of engrossing interest to us boys. Technical obstacles

sometimes occurred, when the musicians would hold a parley one with another, and possibly with some of the lay members of the congregation. The occasion of a baptism gave much anxiety to our hard-pressed minister. A well-filled baptistery in the middle of a narrow aisle was not easy of circumvention, and I remember an occasion, which has become historical for our family, when an extravagantly tall rustic, walking as majestically as he knew how, suddenly disappeared with a splash, to rise again with all the majesty washed out of his figure.

But my memories of the Burton chapel are not all of a droll kind. I connect with it one of my earliest experiences of religious—or quasi-religious—exaltation. A young girl—probably a day pupil at our little dame-school—was taken with a serious illness and her life was despaired of. In the chapel we were much moved by the prayers offered up for her. Then she got better, and I seem still to recall her attenuated form and pale face when she came among us again, and still to catch a faint reverberation of the delicious awe which captured me on looking upon one who had just been at the gate of Paradise.

When about twelve years old I was taken from the mixed dame-school and placed under the master of a private school in our town. I had now to work more seriously, and the new conditions developed new dispositions. I had inherited from my father a certain plodding pertinacity. Tradition says that when preparing my lessons I was sometimes so carried away by

my eager temper as to hurl my books to the boundaries of the room, and, I suspect, strong expletives after them, for no better reason than that they refused to explain themselves quickly enough to my impatient understanding. Such outbursts might well appear to argue a puling breakdown of the pertinacious attitude. Yet the fact that I would almost immediately afterwards pick up the inoffensive projectile is against this view. I feel pretty sure that these vehement kickings against an imposed task, traces of which survived in much later years, were useful to me. The short explosive fit gave full satisfaction to an impatient impulse, while it served, perhaps, indirectly, as a few rapid pacings of the room might have done, to stoke up the fire of the sustained effort.

I was now living at home, and came once more under the closer influence of parents and sisters. I began about this time to be promoted to companionship with my nearest sister in her country walks. I recall some in the early spring to farms lying near the town in sheltered hollows, where the first scented violets and primroses were to be found. I doubt whether any other days have for me in memory quite the serenity of those first spring days spent with a sister or two in meadows, woods, or deep-banked lanes. The most thrilling moments in these early rambles came with the first note of the cuckoo. We awaited it with a tense eagerness, for we knew that we had to run—run as if for life—on the first hearing of it if we wanted "good luck" for the year.

Besides the walks there were drives into the country with father and mother. On entering the larger and more imposing Crowpill House they set their face against vulgar display; and the single horse and phaeton continued to be the one "turn-out" for our drives. So we children had to sit squeezed together rather tightly behind our seniors. One advantage which this position brought me was the enjoyment of the fragrance of father's cigar, a luxury in which he indulged only during the relaxation of a drive. Our favourite directions were westwards towards the Quantocks, past pretty villages like Durleigh, Enmore, and Spaxton. Sometimes we would go to the north-east of the town along the Bath road, so as to see the pretty villages of Edington and Cossington. We children had imbibed much of our love of flowers from our mother, whose great delight on a drive was to persuade father to stop at the gate of a cottage garden so that she might have a full enjoyment of the flower-show. Her passion for these gardens got to be known by the cottagers, who in those days had no class hostility to "carriage folk"; whereby it came about that they would steal out to the garden gate and talk with her about the flowers, and perhaps present her with a bunch, or even with a root or two of some choice rarity to be planted in her own garden.

Father had consideration for his horse, and we boys were early accustomed to ease the equine task by getting out and walking up the hills. I have kept this habit unbroken, and sometimes have got near a wrangle with a Swiss or Italian

driver by insisting on dismounting at the foot of a hill.

A closer glimpse of the Quantocks came with the annual outing to Watchet, our favourite bathing resort. We younger ones went down closely packed in a cart. I can still recall my sensation of enlarged freedom on leaving behind the high hedgerows, provokingly exclusive to eager young glances, and finding myself facing the wide open slopes, sheeny with bracken. The bleating of a few sheep, which broke the perfect silence of the hills with a note of half-sad abandonment, deepened this sense of a new freedom. The halt at the inn "Castle of Comfort," set back against a wood, and a stroll into the wood itself, gave us other experiences of the blissful quietude of places.

At Watchet the family managed somehow to stow itself away above a baker's shop, where delicious biscuits, warm from the oven, were to be counted upon. These summer weeks at the seaside were a hygienic institution. Our father, as an old "salt," was a great believer in the virtues of sea-water, and I should not like to say at what tender age he began to subject each of us to his rigorous bathing system. The sky might be cloudy and the wind chilly, but nothing was to interrupt his "cure." Three dips apiece were the regulation length of the bath, father doing the dipping and then handing us over to mother and the maid to be well rubbed. I still recall my feeling of terror lest I should not be ready for the next blinding submersion.

Other enlargements of my acquaintance with my county and its inhabitants were obtained by occa-

sional visits to the homes of my father's friends. I was still in my early teens when I stayed for some long summer weeks at the house of a Wesleyan family. We had become acquainted partly through business relations and partly through a friendship formed by the daughters of the two houses at a Wesleyan boarding-school. It was a large house with a farm attached and a freshwater river close by. There were bathing and rowing of a rough sort to be got; but what I most enjoyed was a long day in the hayfield, ending with a ride home on the warm, fragrant hay, the joy being intensified by the subconscious feeling of insecurity as the wagon and its load went bumping and swaying from side to side along the deep-rutted lane—or "drove," as we called it. It was in this hayfield that I was initiated into the mystery of cider-drinking, which experience involved a moral as well as a physical qualm, as the consciousness of breaking a family tradition of temperance became clear to me.

The respectably large family included a number of sons, all older than myself. As accommodation was limited, I had to share their many-bedded dormitory. It was a fine moment when they would come to bed and wake me out of a light half-expectant sleep. Their mutual chaffings were an endless enjoyment for me. As an unsophisticated youngster, I naturally came in for a good amount of "gammoning," as they called it. But for all their teasing—which was good-natured enough—I felt uplifted and flattered by their companionship. Although two of them were reading for a university

degree, they would all when at home talk the broad Somerset dialect. The father made a striking figure in his black swallow-tail coat and knicker-bockers, and his long silver tresses well combed back from the forehead. He represented the older Methodist type, and the easygoing and rather frivolous ways of his sons were a puzzle to him. I looked forward to the late evening hour when we would sit on the kitchen settle close to the fire, and I would pry into the black soot-crusted chimney to catch a glimpse of a star. At such a time the old gentleman would give good advice to his boys, taking it in good part when in their replies they fell to a light chaffing tone.

The kitchen was the meal-room, and there morning and evening prayers were offered up. The morning prayer particularly interested me. The head of the house would enter the kitchen, sit down at the end of a long table, take out the Family Bible from its drawer and the spectacles from their case, and, without looking to see whether anybody else was present, begin to read the day's lesson. Then, all of a sudden, he would seem to wake out of a fit of abstraction, glance round and notice that only one or two were present, and going to the foot of the stairs, shout the name of some absentee—a daughter perhaps, or a servant. The late-rising boys could not be grappled with in the morning. But the old gentleman got the best of it at the evening prayers when, deeming a passage particularly applicable to one of them, he would rub it well in by asking, "D'ye hear that, Mais

(master) J. ?" Such personal applications of gospel truth were at that time not uncommon among Wesleyans. I remember going some years later into a small Methodist chapel in Cornwall and seeing the preacher (a lay-brother, I fancy), who was holding forth on that queer archaic theme modesty in female dress and deportment, suddenly fix his eye on two smartly dressed girls in the gallery. The stern look was instantly followed by the question, "What would John Wesley say if he were here this afternoon and saw all this finery in the house of God?"

It was at this hospitable house that I came across my first love-story; and my lasting impression of its very serious and matter-of-fact ways is quaintly complicated by after-pulsations of the romantic sentiment awakened by a stealthy perusal of this little book.

During the second period of my living at home its atmosphere began to have considerable influence on my intellectual development. At the time of which I write, books were neither so plentiful nor so cheap as they are to-day. My mother took a certain part in my intellectual upbringing. I still have a copy of "Robinson Crusoe" which she gave me on my twelfth birthday. When, in penning a letter, I could not, as Sentimental Tommy could, hit upon the "inevitable" word, I used to repair to her, because she had—so I put it—such "a flow of language." I associate her in a peculiarly close manner with the exciting days of the Crimean War. At this time we were taking in the *Illustrated London News*,

as well as a boys' illustrated paper in which there was running a story entitled "The Arctic Crusoe"; and mother would be as eager as ourselves to seize upon a new number of the journal, putting our patience at times to a scarcely endurable strain by keeping us waiting for our turn. We got to know the names and figures of all the English and French generals in the Crimea, and we shared, no doubt, in the common detestation of the Emperor Nicholas, or "Old Nick," as we dubbed him. Of the Indian Mutiny, which so closely followed the Crimean War, I remember hardly anything. Probably, by being away from home at school, I heard the less of this terrible struggle. I can, however, recall how proud —almost wickedly proud for good peace-loving folk —we Baptists were on hearing of the heroic feats of our co-religionist, Sir Henry Havelock.

The principal cultured influence of my home came from my sisters and the friends who had stimulated and encouraged their reading. We were not at this stage permitted to read the longer novels of Dickens or Thackeray, whose names were, I think, a little suspect to good religious people as savouring of an impious kind of ridicule. But we knew them and others by name, and were keenly curious about them. My sisters were now growing into womanhood, and they appear to have had a fair number of reading friends. When our pulpit was empty through a resignation or an illness, a "supply" would be sent down from Bristol College, an arrangement which ensured us an occasional week-end visitor. Among the better read of these students who thus visited our house was Thomas

(or, as we familiarly called him, "Tom") Fuller, the grandson of a once renowned divine, Andrew Fuller, and later Sir Thomas Fuller, the friend and biographer of Cecil Rhodes. He and others brought a keener intellectual air into our home, which stimulated the mind of my father as well as that of his more eager daughters, while even we younger ones were stirred to a wondering curiosity by their far-ranging talk.

Books, too, with ravishing bindings, if not also with ravishing titles, were now stealing into our home. Among the precious ones that I discovered, at this time or soon afterwards, was a dear little diamond edition of Shakespeare belonging to my second sister, into which now and again as a great treat I was allowed to dip. And it was about this time that I got my first acquaintance with Longfellow and other safe "homish" poets. Among the books which helped to develop our humorous turn was "Hood's Own." I was never tired of looking at its "killingly" funny drawings, and I revelled in its puns, all unaware in those benighted Victorian days of the terrible things that might be said against such word-play.

Next to books, music was the chief branch of culture represented in our house. When I was still in my lower teens my two eldest sisters played the piano and sang, while the third was ripening into a sympathetic interpreter of the instrument. Of the æsthetic value of the favourite drawing-room songs of this time—the duet "What are the wild waves saying?" "The May Queen," and

other rather lachrymose effusions long since cast aside among the rubbish of the Victorian era—the less said the better. Yet some of the vocal music of Bishop and Blumenthal had a modest worth, and seemed wonderful to us until, long after, we came to know such composers as Schubert and Schumann, Grieg and Brahms. Echoes of those far-off songs have a strange way of haunting the memory chambers, and there is a musical rendering of Charles Kingsley's "Three Fishers," once sung by a sister who has passed away, that brings back the touch of a vanished hand with a scarcely endurable poignancy.

Of outside influences likely to further our mental growth there is little to be said. The town was even worse off for concerts than for lectures. There were but few public entertainments of any kind; though I can recall one in which George Grossmith—*grand-père*, I mean—gave us some delicious caricatures of public speakers; among which were interspersed droll songs and other "variety" ingredients.

The migration of the family to a house on the river's bank gave us an opportunity of seeing more of the life of the port. Close to Crowpill were the docks, with the daily show of loading and unloading. We admired the fine fellows who bore so easily the great sacks of corn into the warehouse, and we found a fascination even in the blackened human figures that carried up baskets of coal from the vessel's hold. The carriers wore a queer canvas head-gear, with a pad-like appendage

behind, on which the basket rested. Even to-day you can see them carry up coal in this fashion from vessels moored in the river, while hard by is heard the new-fangled machinery of a crane. Close to the docks was a grassy mount, a delightful place for a climb up and a deliciously rapid roll down. Not far from our home there stood a stately house of classic design, then occupied by one of the Browne family, a Unitarian and a close friend of my father's. It was known as "The Lions," from two roughly hewn quadrupeds crouching on the pillars of its gate. We children were interested in this mansion from a saying about it: "When the lions hear the clock strike twelve they go down to the river and drink." I dare say we easily found the key to this little puzzle; and I felt almost ashamed of my town when, returning to it in 1913, I overheard a small girl, on repeating the story to a still smaller one, rob it of all its point by omitting the words "when the lions hear."

The great spectacle, however, in these first years at Crowpill was the water traffic, especially at a high spring-tide. The struggles of our plucky little river-tug as she tried to tow up a large barque or a string of smaller vessels through the winding reaches of the river made appeal to our boyish admiration. But best of all was the sight of a mighty spring-tide bore. Its approach seemed to quicken the sleepy Bridgwater air to a high pitch of electric tension. It was now that the bargemen's wits were severely tested. They used to while away the tedium of waiting at a tavern near our house, and, very humanly, they would postpone

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their exit from the snug bar to the last moment. The result would be that they had to rush down the steep, muddy bank with unaccustomed velocity, and this when the limited powers of their rather bandy legs were still further reduced by unwisely prolonged potions. Then would follow a hullabaloo of raucous shoutings and fierce imprecations, such as must have shocked our river-god, if we possessed such a divinity.

Among the more imposing spectacles of the town was the pageant of Guy Fawkes Day. It took place on the large open space of the Cornhill, an excellent site for the huge bonfire, in which we burnt the effigies of "Old Nick" (the Emperor Nicholas) and other persons obnoxious at the time. Besides accommodating the fire and the crowd of worshippers, this irregular sort of "square" offered in the back streets opening upon it an admirable starting-point for the pyrotechnic performers. These were a band of enterprising young townsmen, who took their fifth of November fireworks right seriously, making their own squibs, fat giants fitted into holders at the end of long handles, so that they might be at a safe distance from the bearer's person. They bleached their faces or wore masks, decking themselves out in outlandish costumes, so as to be quite unrecognizable. The carnival began when a procession of these fierce-looking young Vulcans rushed out of their hiding-places upon the crowd, the sound of whose laughter, passing into shrieks as the big sparks flew about them, gave the finishing touch to the weird performance.

Another brilliant show enacted on this central place was the gathering of the Mounted Yeomanry—"Yeomanry Cavalry," as we called them. Neither the steeds nor their riders were, I fancy, above criticism; but we boys were still happily free from an ultra-critical mood, and we paid our bucolic sons of Mars a handsome admiration as they rode up with a fine rattle of accoutrements and noisily drew out their flashing swords. It was only some absurd contretemps, as when a rustic horse, maddened by all this townish racket, grew restive, tried to look like a biped, and otherwise misbehaved himself, that could force a laugh from us at our martial heroes.

Of my later schooling, between the ages of thirteen and seventeen or thereabouts, I recall but little worth recording. Frequency of change continued. This was no doubt a loss in some ways. Yet it gave me the opportunity of comparing pedagogues and their methods. Even if it was a disadvantage, I can now see that my father did his best by me. I was the eldest boy in the family, and there was no precedent to guide his selection; wherefore I had, in a sense, to serve as a "vile body" for educational experiments. Since, moreover, there were behind me three more boys and a girl to be educated, he had to think of expense. I was perhaps unfortunate in my head-masters, none of whom excited a lively admiration. I managed to hit it off better with one or two of the assistant masters.

At my first school, in Yeovil, I was taken up by the French master, one Ternon by name. I came

to him with a special recommendation. One of my sisters, when at a boarding-school, had learned French from a Mlle. Ternon, who entrusted to her pupil the precious secret that she was the wife of the gentleman with whom she corresponded, and not the sister, as she had given out to the authorities. We had heard the story from my sister, and Ternon had through his wife heard of the Sully family. So we became good friends. He taught us elementary geometry, and I remember what trouble he had to beat into one refractory head the meaning of the mathematical conceptions, "a straight line," and the rest.

One experience at this Yeovil school has etched itself deep into my memory-tablet. Macready, who had retired from the stage and was living at Sherborne, came over to the town to give recitations for some charitable object. I was taken to the hall to hear him. As illustrating some keenness for culture among the Bridgwater Baptists of this time, I may add that our minister, together with my brother-in-law and my eldest sister, drove to Yeovil in order to hear the recitations, returning the same evening—a matter of some fifty miles. I think I owe the privilege of hearing the tragedian to their visit rather than to any enlightened views of my head-master. Now and again, even to-day, I seem to catch faint echoes of the passionate note which Macready threw into his rendering of "Alexander's Feast," and of the biting, almost hissing, note upon which he gave out slowly and emphatically the lines of "Lady Clara Vere de Vere."

The last two years of my schooldays at a public

Dissenter's "college" at Taunton were the most enjoyable part of them. I was, I think, a good healthy specimen for transplanting to the soil of a public school, being unencumbered by any tendencies towards moping or dreamy abstraction. My schoolfellows seemed to find me companionable, and rewarded me by placing me in their list of popular fellows. I threw myself with a certain enthusiasm into the games, and took part in school matches. I did perhaps but slender justice to the classical teaching of the head-master; but I seem to have done fairly well in mathematics; and one of my prizes, I remember, was for German, a subject which at that time was very badly taught.

If the rather dry formality of the head-master was discouraging to our impulses of attachment, we found a delightfully unconventional and expansive soul in the second master, who in those benighted days actually taught us, in addition to Latin and Greek and other literary subjects, the elements of chemistry. His most striking physical feature was a notable paunch. The head, too, was of unusual size, the clean-shaven face flabby and pasty, and the eyes large and protuberant. He carried his heavy weight with a surprising lightness of tread. He was hopelessly myopic, and had to peer quite closely at notes or other things which he wanted to see clearly, frequently calling in the aid of a hand-lens. His defective sight handicapped him sadly in maintaining discipline, yet he knew how to frustrate the attempts of rash pupils to score off his infirmity. If, on approaching the classroom, he heard signs of disorder he would

enter as noiselessly as a cat, his thumbs hitched on to the armholes of his waistcoat and his huge body and head gently swaying from side to side. Since the acute hearing did much to make up for the partial blindness, he would sometimes show an uncanny adroitness in pouncing upon an offender. Like Dogberry, he had his standing jokes, some of which were poor enough, such as "As long as your leg!"—an expression he was wont to bring out, accompanying the word with a slap on his fat thigh, when a tyro in Greek made the omega short. He seemed now and again to sniff our boredom under the infliction of his stale repetitions, and would coaxingly apologize by prefacing a threadbare jest with the words "For the sake of the new boys." He was no doubt a bit of a humbug and of a mountebank also. But at least he was humanly congenial, and we had something near an affection for the humorous old boy.

I left school at the age of seventeen to take a prescribed place in the office of my father and uncle, and accepted my destiny without misgivings. I felt the common regret at saying good-bye to the playground and the school chums. But the love of home was strong in me, and I looked forward to its new and fuller life with eager hope. The schools had failed in certain respects. They had done next to nothing to awaken a love of literature. Yet the later studies had begotten a certain thirst for knowledge: for which reason, on accepting the office, I stipulated for a "study" where in the evening I could continue undisturbed my old

battle with the books. I found an excellent hermit's cell in a sort of loft of one of the storehouses in our yard. It was here, whilst reading John Foster's Essays, that I began to descry dimly some of the problems of philosophy.

It was, I think, in this same loft that I began another kind of activity. During the last half-year at the Taunton school I was drawn into the current of a religious revival, and became obsessed with the idea of "doing good." The humanitarian impulse directed itself towards the captains of our vessels, of whom I saw a good deal. Their hardships under the continual menace of storms touched my imagination, and I used to gather them about me and read to them. I doubt whether the experiment effected much beyond winning their recognition of my friendly attitude.

My three elder sisters were now at home—"for good," as we put it—and the family life grew fuller and richer. Differences of age were much less of a barrier to sympathy than they had been. There would be interesting personal matters, such as a callow love-affair, to be confided to the brother in the hope that he might help to solve some teasing girlish problem. The home was a brighter one now that we had reached "years of discretion" and could have our say about books, house decoration and the like, and even about such serious things as Church matters and politics. The culture-influence had widened and deepened during the three or four years of my absence at school. My father's kindly disposition exposed him to the infection of my sisters' developing tastes. I well

remember the evening when they won him over to Charles Dickens. A girl friend was staying with us, and one of Dickens's novels was being read aloud when my father entered the room. For some time he pretended to be reading his newspaper; but the living voice asserted its superiority, and very soon an imperfectly smothered laugh betrayed his keen interest in our story. We chaffed him on his swift conversion, and after this had but little fear of his interfering with our novel-reading.

The reading of Dickens aloud strikes me, on looking back, as the way to get the fullest enjoyment out of him. We youngsters at any rate "just had" to get a sympathetic laugh or sigh of pity when following the history of his people; so reading together became almost necessary. The "wrongest" way of appreciating his stories—to judge from my own experience—was to hear the author himself read them in public, as he did towards the end of his life. I have never been able quite to shake off the disillusioning and almost nauseating effect of the "Christmas Carol" coming—with no adequate voice to support it—out of the mouth of that "got-up" dandified *jeune-vieux*, with the rouge, the limelight, and the rest of it.

To return to my father: I noticed in other ways how at this time his mind was relaxing its old tight grip on the Puritanic code. One Sunday afternoon my brother and I were walking with him towards the Hampfields. A pond we passed was frozen, and among the skaters on it we saw the

son of one of my father's Quaker friends. As he came up to us my father tried hard to look shocked and to bring out a Sabbatarian rebuke. Yet we boys felt sure that his displeasure was at least half feigned ; and we boldly backed up the skater's plea for the perfect innocence of his recreation.

Music now became for me an engrossing interest. I had been taking lessons on the piano at Taunton, and even the inroad they made on the playhour did not set me against the pursuit. On returning home, I followed up these lessons by others on the organ and on the rudiments of " thorough bass." I was even bold enough to indulge in extemporizations on the piano. My uncle took a serious view of this new craze for music, warning my father against its dangers. But happily for me the objection was overruled. The organ-lessons were given in our chapel. I had for a blower a rough-looking character who used to magnify his office in a comical way, greedily swallowing my flattering suggestion that the secret of organ-playing lay deep-seated in the blower's sustaining breath. Music now began to fill a larger place in our home recreations. My father's advance in tolerance is illustrated by the fact that a drinking song was now introduced into the drawing-room, smuggled in, forsooth, by no less serious a person than our minister, who would give out in fine rollicking style something like the following lines :

> Minheer Van Dunck, though he never got drunk,
> Sipped his brandy and water gaily.

I was strangely moved by this daring assault upon the sober traditions of our house, experiencing for a moment an almost dislocating shock, as if some Puritanic fibre in my spiritual organism had snapped. Yet, if fearsome, the joy of sudden expansion was real and intense.

Our musical achievements were greatly restricted by the circumstance that all of us, girls and boys alike, learned only that greatly overrated instrument, the piano. Looking back, I regret that the boys, at any rate, had not taken up the violin and other instruments, so that we might have indulged ourselves in concerted chamber music like another Baptist family I had known in Yeovil.

We acquired a certain fame among our friends as a musical family. The younger members of a Quaker family that we knew, having no piano of their own, would come down to Crowpill to get their music. The Friends of that date still looked askance at the idea of a musical instrument in the house.

On returning home I entered upon a stage of religious experience of the deeper kind. My attainment of the age when new emotions are astir, the effect of the "revival" at Taunton, together with the constant and penetrating influence of the home, had, no doubt, to do with this more agitated passage in the current of my development. Supreme among the influences of the family atmosphere was my affection for my father. My heart was at this time drawn out to him by new and yet stronger cords. He

was, I know, set upon my joining the Church, and his longing was satisfied. I was baptized, and took part in the rites and the whole life of our Church.

In all this I was quite sincere, and became "devout" in my father's sense of the word. I learned to know all the ups and downs of the religious consciousness, from the dulling, dispiriting effect of an unsympathetic minister and a dry sermon up to the spiritual elevation and recreation effected by their opposites. My religious experience, though it included a certain amount of solitary meditation and prayer, was essentially social in its texture. It was a sharing in a common attitude, in a common group of emotions, and in conjoint acts of confession, prayer, and thanksgiving—a variety, by the way, which William James seems almost completely to have overlooked when classifying the main types of religious experience.

Our common religious life was not withdrawn into a sort of hothouse impervious to out-of-door influences. We were able to see the droll side of some of the proceedings at prayer-meeting and Church-meeting. We were free to discuss religious questions and to express our independent views. About this time my eldest sister became engaged to a "man of thought"—to use an expression not unknown in Somerset—a Churchman who read, among other writers, Carlyle, Ruskin, and Goethe, and was abreast of the advancing wave of Biblical criticism; and no serious objection was made to the engagement by my parents.

This meant a considerable enlargement of my spiritual outlook.

Of more public activities outside the chapel the most important came to me with my appointment as joint-secretary to the Bridgwater branch of the Young Men's Christian Association. My father had been the beloved Sunday-school teacher of the founder of the Association, George (afterwards Sir George) Williams. So my appointment to share in the secretariate would naturally be agreeable to him. My colleague was the son of one of the most prominent Conservative lawyers and Churchmen in the town. The appointing of him, along with the son of the uncompromising Dissenter and Radical, served, no doubt, to emphasize the broad "undenominational" spirit of the Association. We had a reading-room high up under the dome of our market-house. Among our undertakings was a pleasure party by water down the river and the Bristol Channel.

My great success when officer of the Association was the securing of Gerald Massey as lecturer; he had shortly before brought out a collection of "Poetical Works." It was a thrilling experience to write to a poet, and a yet more delicious one to have him as our guest at Crowpill. I have quite forgotten even the subject of his lecture, but I can still recall his appearance and something of his talk. He was an ideal specimen of the poet for a first vision by admiring young eyes. His mien had, it is true, nothing of the "divine madness," nor did he give himself the airs and mannerisms that are said to be more or less characteristic of

a certain type of singer. But he had a beautiful face, and his fine features and his brilliant eyes with tender depths in them, framed in by a mass of thick hair, remain, spite of time's blurring, one of the most cherished portraits in memory's picture-gallery. At first I was a little uncertain how a poet would fit himself into the plain homely ways of our house. But my apprehensions proved to be quite groundless, and his visit was one unbroken delight, to parents hardly less than to children. I have since met other and greater poets, but never reduplicated the rapturous experience which my first poet brought me.

The life of our town grew during these years more and more interesting to me. The river became mine in a new sense, now that my day's work required me to know the whereabouts and the projected movements of our vessels. I saw, too, more of the commotion of market- and fair-days. At that time the marketing was done not only in the market-house and railed-in space in front of it, but in the streets. The noise and hurry-scurry when the poor frightened bullocks and sheep got out of hand and rushed blindly wherever an open space in the crowded street seemed to offer itself, was highly exciting to boyish spirits, untroubled as yet by too much sympathetic sentiment. St. Matthew's Fair, held in September in St. Matthew's Field, lasted three whole days, and brought into the town "a sight of folk." How the saint who gave it his name could have tolerated all its revellings with their extra quota

of sickening drunkenness, I was, and still am, quite unable to say.

One of the sights which now made the town gape was the triumphal entry of the Princeites, or followers of the once modest evangelical curate, Mr. Prince. This curious community housed itself in the Agapemone, at Charlynch, the same year that I returned to Bridgwater. Although they hid themselves for the most part behind the high walls of their "Abode of Love," they managed, when they came out into the daylight, to make their presence as imposing as possible. They were well-to-do people, and I seem vaguely to recall the commotion in our sleepy little town when they drove into it in great splendour with four bay horses, outriders, postilions, and—to give the needed touch of the formidable—a number of bloodhounds. Their approach was announced by heralds crying, "Blessed is he who cometh in the name of the Lord!" As might have been expected, this exciting invasion of somnolent Bridgwater by noisy commotion dimmed for our eyes the glorious excitement of the daily coach as it dashed into the town and pulled up at its principal hotel.

The tradesmen of the town were required to address their parcels to "My Lord the Prince," and a story still runs in Bridgwater that the chief draper lost their custom by refusing to comply with the condition. The double insolence of appropriating the title "Lord" and transmuting "Mr. Prince" into "the Prince" suggests a touch of distinctly morbid megalomania. There seems to

be no room in Prince's case for the plea, urged by Mrs. Oliphant in her "Life of Edward Irving," that divine greatness had been thrust upon him by his idolators. Yet we have the strange fact that Mr. Prince, the curate, drew men of other Churches than his own by the earnestness of his exhortations, and that when he left the Charlynch church to found his society he carried his vicar with him. Does there, one wonders, always lurk in a strong personal fascination the microbe of a sinister disposition to impose upon others as well as upon oneself?

At the beginning of the sixties the Volunteer movement contributed to our town a second military display. We youngsters quizzed the Volunteers with critical eyes. One of their first captains, I remember, acquired from his unusual height the familiar sobriquet of "Long John." The almost Quakerish modesty of the uniform, after the gorgeous array of the Yeomanry, may have disposed us to ridicule their pretensions. I remember a rather saucy conundrum invented about this time: "Why are the Volunteers like Lord Nelson?" the answer to which was: "Because the last thing that Lord Nelson did was to die for his country, and that is *the last thing* the Volunteers would do."

The affairs of the larger world now began to acquire a greater hold upon my attention. My father was in this respect also my instructor and model. For him the religious life acquired spaciousness and adventurous courage in the missionary field. On the walls of Crowpill House there hung portraits which made us youngsters

acquainted with some of his missionary heroes, such as William Knibb, of Jamaica, the strenuous pioneer of the movement for the emancipation of slaves; the scholarly Dr. W. Carey, of India; Robert Moffat, of South African fame, and John Williams, of the Pacific Islands. The picture of the last chased into the sea by his cannibal murderers was of poignant interest; and the family story relates that it had later to be withdrawn as too terrible for very young eyes. Side by side with these hung the portraits of my father's two "Tribunes of the People," Cobden and Bright, Edward Miall, the editor of the *Nonconformist*, and other Liberal worthies. These mural portraits set us youngsters thinking; and I remember wondering, among other things, where Bright, the Quaker and lover of peace, could have got his rather ferocious mastiff-like lower jaw. The more enthusiastic side of our Liberalism was nourished by our father's readings and by talks about Kossuth, Garibaldi, and other revolutionary liberators of their country from the foreigner.

My father was a keen politician, and I sometimes feel a bit ashamed as I recollect how little of his fervour I have displayed. In municipal politics, indeed, he took hardly any part, not so much, I think, because titles and robes had no attraction for him as because he was scared off by the manner in which offices were apt to be filled up. All the more, he threw himself into the fray of the parliamentary contest. When still young, we were taken at election times to see, from a shop window overlooking the Cornhill, the hustings

with its gay banners, its rosetted orators, and, best of all, the motley crowd all alive with movement and vociferation, ever inventing some new way of manifesting its approvals and disapprovals and its rough sort of humour. Each candidate came in at first for enthusiastic cheers from one of the two sections of the crowd, distinguished by yellow, or "buff," and "blue" rosettes and banners. But alas! the sweetness of the "hurrahs" would immediately after be turned into bitterness, as rude exclamations, insolent questions, roars of horse-laughter, and even more offensive tangible missiles like cabbage-stumps, came from the other section.

An election took place in the year in which I returned home. The Liberal candidates were A. W. Kinglake and Colonel Tynte, of Halswell Park, our picnic resort. My father was a warm supporter of "Eothen," and I had the treat of being taken to hear him address his supporters. He was of a thickset figure, wore his iron-grey hair short and erect, and had an eyeglass, which he was wont suddenly to drop. His voice was weak and husky, and he had frequently to refresh his throat by sucking a lemon. Colonel Tynte formed a curious contrast to the little shy-looking traveller. His figure was tall, and impressively got up in elegant frock-coat and with long military moustache. He looked an ideal candidate for admiring burgesses with children to be placated. Both Liberal candidates were returned at this election, and Kinglake remained our member for about nine years. But, as we shall see, if we were

proud of him, he had in the end but little reason to be proud of his electors. The Bridgwater seat attracted the eye of more than one literary man, Walter Bagehot, whom my father also supported, standing for it, unsuccessfully, in 1865.

During this period we extended the range of our acquaintance with other families. One of these belonged to the Plymouth Brethren. It was a large family like our own. The boys were growing towards manhood, and while they respected their parents' creed and would put in an appearance at "meeting," they were glad of an opportunity to breathe a spiritual atmosphere less heavily laden with "texts" from the Bible. The father, who looked the very embodiment of seriousness, had hidden reserves of humour, and as the boys grew and threw off their theological swaddling-clothes they played upon the more genial side of their parent, educating him up to a good-natured acceptance of much hardy jocosity. The mother had one of the most unforgettable of those faces which express a soul made beautiful by memories of love. Though she wore a most engaging smile, she lacked her husband's quick responsiveness to the note of fun. So the boys would gently tease her, inventing stories of her waking up to the inner significance of a joke hours after its perpetration, and sometimes even at meeting. Most of these clever and entertaining youths went later to try their fortunes in America, from which, when paying visits to the old country, they would bring a touch of the racy American idiom, and something, too, of the

country's larger freedom of outlook. We all benefited by these waftings of a transatlantic air into our closer home atmosphere. Even father's seriousness fell before the attacks of their American humour. I remember how on one occasion, when one of the visitors was so frivolous as to speak of two places of worship as "opposition shops," my father, after pretending for a moment to be shocked, had, willy nilly, to join in our laughter.

During these last years under the paternal roof I enjoyed, of course, a greater freedom of excursion. I took to horse exercise, and explored yet more thoroughly the beautiful surroundings of our town. Now it was a ride on a glowing autumnal afternoon to fill my pockets with the brown nuts easily reachable from the saddle; now it was a winter drive to Westonzoyland and a day's skating on flooded Sedgemoor, where we could fly miles and miles, arrested only now and again by a "rhine," the water of which had sunk so that we had steep slopes of ice to descend and climb. At this time, too, I enjoyed with a brother my first walking tour. We chose the English lakes, and approached them in an unusual way, I suspect, by taking a cargo-boat from Liverpool to Whitehaven. We must have been pretty green, for we climbed Helvellyn without a guide, and, being overtaken by a mist, had hard work to find our way down to Patterdale.

Thus happily I crossed the boundary of teens and twenties, still half a home-child, but taken with new and mightier impulses towards self-assertion. Another centrifugal force was also at

work. I had accepted business from no conscious drawing of heart. Now the old thirst for knowledge grew better defined and more imperious. The humanitarian impulse was still a potent element in my religious activity. The two motives combining led me to decide to enter the ministry. My father met my proposal with his accustomed breadth of view and generosity, and after some delay I entered my name as a student in Regent's Park College. I had more than exhausted the educative influence of my Bridgwater surroundings. I had accomplished but a sorry amount of systematic reading, and had received but little aid from the stimulating forces of personal contact with tutor and fellow-student. Yet, when looking back on those years, I have never felt the sharper pains of regret. Perhaps I did grow intellectually more than I knew at the time, illustrating in a humble fashion Goethe's line :

Es bildet ein Talent sich in der Stille.

In any case I reaped a certain profit from the delay : getting more firmly grounded, not only in the lore of the affections, but in such elements of individuality as independence of view, and a habit of thinking out my own estimates of the goodness and badness of things.

Since so much of life looks futile to a searching retrospect, one may perhaps be forgiven for indulging for a moment in that most palpable of futilities—a glance at the "might have beens." What sort of a youngling, I have sometimes asked

myself, should I have become by the twenties if, instead of the rough-and-tumble and the big expansive affections of our large family life, the fates had decreed for me another sort of environment—say that of a quieter and more studious home with a Swedenborgian at its head, such as fell to my friend William James, or of one consisting only of parents, both devoted to the spiritual nurture of their one precious child ? But on the heels of the question there seems to come my ever prompt Italian monitor, with his quick shrug of the shoulders and his effectually dismissive question, " Chi lo sa ? "

CHAPTER III

STUDENT YEARS: LONDON

Our Baptist College in Regent's Park had a most uncollegiate appearance. A glance at its large classical portico showed one that it had been the residence of a wealthy citizen. It was one of those aggressive erections which, by a piece of good luck or an unchallenged hardihood, have managed to wedge themselves into our parks, as well as into Hampstead Heath and other common lands. To drive past the porter's lodge up to the imposing portico must, one supposes, have been to many a Baptist student an excitingly new experience. The spacious entrance hall, in spite of the organ which figured in it, looked like anything but a portion of a Baptist academy, and the magnificent ballroom, for all its effort to pass itself off for a library, wore a hopelessly worldly expression.

The palatial construction offered the student one of two kinds of "study"—a share in one of the larger rooms in the central part of the building or a small room at one end all to himself. The authorities arranged that a new-comer should begin with the modest allotment of a share; where-

fore I found myself with two fellow-students in a lofty room amply lit by large windows. Anything less cloistral in appearance than these "studies" it would be hard to imagine; and I remember that our spacious apartment was liable to interruption from calls at all sorts of hours from charmingly sociable students who took their own reading lightly, and assumed that we shared their dilatory ways. We suffered these idlers, if not gladly, at least with something of Christian composure. Happily for me, both of my companions were workers. One of them, William Medley, who was older than I, proved himself a delightful companion. With a shy, deeply rooted piety, and a quiet, unhurrying pertinacity in work, he combined a most tenderly whimsical humour, which discharged its harmless darts in all directions. None, not even our favourite tutors and "chums," were spared; nor would any of them, I think, have cared to escape from its playful touch. My other companion was a young lay student, Robert Whitby, on whom Medley had cast his spell. And he too became a lifelong friend.

Since we were reading for the Arts degree in the University of London, we were absolved from much of the theological course. The Principal, Dr. Angus, drilled us in his "Bible Handbook," a volume that, I fear, we were apt to think a little too "handbooky." At his lectures we sat round a table, and, after a short prayer had been offered, he began his exposition, while we proceeded to take notes. He allowed us to put questions, and some of the bolder spirits would now and then

strain this allowance by trying to prolong a theological discussion.

Our Principal possessed much of the practical "canniness" commonly associated with the northern latitudes from which he came. If he lacked something of the divine afflatus which draws about a teacher devoted followers, he was an excellent instructor in moderate views, and I dare say he was just the right tutor for one who, like myself, had allowed feeling and impulse to grow a little too luxuriantly, till it needed the pruning-knife. The exegetical expansion of a handbook hardly allowed him scope for the more arousing and attaching kind of appeal. After all, a learner in most cases only manages to glimpse a facet or two of his preceptor's concrete personality; and after I had ceased to be his pupil, I discovered in my old tutor quite unsuspected depths of kindly feeling.

Both in appearance and in disposition our classical tutor, Dr. Benjamin Davis, formed a striking contrast with the President. His tall, rather unwieldy frame, which seemed to lurch from side to side as he walked, his absent, student eyes, thatched over with shaggy brows, his gamut of grunt-like interjectional sounds which expressed various shades of satisfaction and its opposite at our attempts to answer some linguistic poser—these and other characteristics somehow drew us. He had, moreover, something of the warmth of the Welsh race, and a genius for attaching younger men. Under the spell of his lovable personality I worked away, not only at Latin, Greek, and

German, for which I had some liking, but at Hebrew, which rather repelled than attracted me. His way of exercising us in discovering cognate words in different languages interested me greatly, and started a habit from which I profited later when travelling abroad.

Our corporate life had hardly more of an ascetic flavour than our palatial building. We had a sort of "Union"—in the University sense. There was a reading-room in which we could see newspapers and reviews, among others *The Fortnightly Review*, which started under the editorship of G. H. Lewes in 1865 on what were then considered rather free-thinking lines. A discussion would sometimes arise as to the comparative values of this and that paper. We took *The Times*, of course; but during the days of hot dispute over the execution, in Jamaica, of the negro Gordon by Governor Eyre (1866), our men, who were naturally disposed to side with J. S. Mill and the minority against Eyre, growing restive under what they regarded as the one-sided treatment of the question by *The Times*, desired to substitute for it the *Daily News*. Unfortunately, in their zealous haste they introduced the latter newspaper without the formal sanction of the committee which had to decide upon the journals admitted. This high-handed proceeding was strongly condemned by some of us, including (if I remember aright) one who remained my friend long after my student days, Harry Foot. We malcontents gave effect to our protest by seceding from the Union. Since that time I have been rather fond of appearing in

minorities, but, so far as I can recollect, never again appeared in a minority which so obviously represented the principle of law and orderly procedure.

In our Union we not only read papers, but organized ourselves into a parliament. Here we held many a debate, which, if not productive of the highest quality of dialectic art, was apt to be lively and entertaining. Then there were public debates held in the library, to which members of other colleges and friends were invited. I remember that one of the latter had for its theme a subject specially appealing to unsophisticated and rather priggish youth. It ran, I think, somewhat as follows : " Is the influence of the periodical literature of the day a good or an evil one ? " We liked to get a good figure-head for our chairman, and on that particular occasion we had secured Hepworth Dixon, who strengthened the non-theological element by bringing with him Charles Reade. The latter, when called upon to speak by enthusiastic tongues and hands, made awkward attempts to get out of it. But as the clamour continued he suddenly stood up, and in a lame, apologetic fashion confessed that he could not imagine what our strenuous and heated discussion was all about. In pooh-poohing our attempts to assay the value of journalism, he dropped an expression that sounded to our correct ears shockingly improper in a Baptist college. For a moment we felt very hot, and the face of our good Principal, towards which we had instinctively turned, was all aflame. The novelist

had perhaps this much excuse for his impropriety, that though the presence of ladies should have bidden him hold back the imprecatory word, the worldly magnificence of our library may well have led him to forget for a moment that he was addressing theological students. We were by no means daunted by this contretemps, but pushed boldly on in search of men of letters for our chairman. I remember being drafted off with another to visit Arthur Kinglake, who, after receiving us civilly enough, declined to undertake the duty. Is it possible that our foolish attempt to determine literary values had reached "Eothen's" ears?

We belonged to the age of "muscular Christianity," and expended a good deal of our energy in the cricket-field. I took a subordinate part in intercollegiate matches in which our champions shone forth. One of these was T. V. Tymms, a spare man but a deadly bowler, who, with Harry Foot, became my chum during the last years of my residence. Another athlete was a layman, Abel Thomas, afterwards a well-known barrister on the South Wales Circuit. He was a congenial Welshman for whom I conceived a strong liking. My few memories of him shine with a heroic light. Shortly after I had "gone down" he distinguished himself by saving a number of lives when, owing to the pressure of a crowd of skaters, the ice on the Regent's Park lake suddenly collapsed.

We used the opportunities which London offered us of hearing renowned preachers. Sometimes one of these would visit the college and address us. I rather think that Henry Ward Beecher was

among these visitors. At any rate, I heard him and others champion the cause of the North during the American War when *The Times* and a large part of English society were sympathizing with the South.

We used to wander far in our search for a pulpit orator on a Sunday morning—walking there and back. We began by selecting the more "spiritual" or "edifying" preachers, but, as minds broadened, we included in these Sabbatarian samplings men of doubtful orthodoxy like Edward White or, worse still, T. T. Lynch, both of whom held forth in Camden Town. Of these more or less heretical preachers Lynch has left on my mind by far the most vivid impression. He had been compelled to leave one church by charges of theological heterodoxy brought against the ideas in his book of hymns, "The Rivulet." He was now preaching, if I remember aright, in a new iron church in the Hampstead Road. His congregation made up for its smallness by the remarkable diversity of its individual members, among whom, I was told, was Henry Vincent, the Socialist. His sermon was a piece of subtly woven thought, abounding in ingenious conceits, and warmed through and through with the glow of a genuinely poetic imagination. The manner of the preacher's delivery had a certain weirdness. He would almost hurt you as he spasmodically gripped a vertical rod and, using this as a pivot, swung himself about it. These bodily contortions were accompanied by no less awry movements of the facial muscles. Yet if all this eccentricity of

manner was far enough away from the looked-for graces and charms of oratory, it supplied a forcible symbolic revelation of what was going forward in the preacher's soul—the fierce pain-whipped strugglings of thought and feeling towards a perfectly clear, harmonious form of utterance. Little of the substance of his discourses abides with me; yet my friend Whitby can recall one passage which won our special admiration. Preaching on the text "By might shall no man prevail," he boldly enlarged its scope, following up the words "*no man*" with "no, not even *an angel*—no, not even *God*."

These Sunday wanderings gave us a certain mappish acquaintance with London on its sleepy day. To any full inspection of the wonders of the metropolis I cannot testify. Want of time, aided perhaps by lack of the keener sort of interest, restricted our peregrinations. So it befell that I lapsed into the habit of viewing the great city as my big workshop from which I flew whenever I wanted a holiday—a habit which clung to me through all the years of my residence in the capital.

Our circle of recreative amusements was, of course, restricted. We had our private opinion that visits to the theatre might benefit young men preparing to be public speakers, but we knew that the churches still fought shy of dramatic spectacles. Music, on the other hand, was open to us, and I was able to avail myself of the Monday Popular Concerts (or "Pops") at St. James's Hall. These had been started four years before I went to Regent's Park, and during my residence there

and for many years later—after they had been supplemented by the Saturday performances—I found in them a chief delight as well as an excellent schooling for my ear. My second sister married, and settled in London whilst I was at college; and after this she would often accompany me to St. James's Hall. In this way a good deal of music, German and other, to the beauties of which these concerts first opened my ears, came to be associated in the closest possible way with hours of a rapturous sympathy between brother and sister. Other associations came later on to be formed with these musical treats—the sight of the blind youths from the St. John's Wood School when the joy of sound lit up their dull, vacant orbits, and of more than one distinguished writer and artist, for whose face I used to look out as for a sort of resonator which would help me to bear a weight of enjoyment too great to be carried alone.

When, years later, I heard of the demolition of St. James's Hall in order to make room for a huge hotel, I seemed for a long minute to live over again in epitome those delightful concerts. I saw again Joachim and his quartet shuffling up the steps into the visibility of the orchestra, and I tasted again the delicious thrill of those first *ahnungsvoll* tryings of the instruments. Other figures, too—grave ministers of the lyric muse—appeared to my fancy, such as the Abbé Liszt, Madame Schumann, Piatti, along with less dignified forms, such as Rubinstein hurling his fingers down on the keys and every now and then managing between the

thumps to throw back the big shock of hair from his face. As for the music, the Hall became for me at the hour of its fall a large sea-shell haunted by many interlacings of magical tones.

The most memorable of the public spectacles which I enjoyed during those college days was the entry of Garibaldi into London (in April 1865). A big crowd was expected, so we started early, taking up our position a little below the Haymarket about one hour before the hero was expected to arrive. It was my first experience of a London crowd, and I gave myself up to conning its ways—its rougher manners as well as its good humour. I was amused at the efforts of the shorter folk to climb above the heads of the grown-ups. One or two urchins, I remember, were bold enough to perch themselves on the pedestals of princely personages. The promised hour of two o'clock passed without a sign of our visitor. But the London crowd, I found, is used to delays, and it continued to indulge in its humorous outbursts. It was only when four o'clock left us still waiting for our General that signs of impatience grew ugly and threatening.[1]

At last our weary hours of standing and peering were rewarded. The flutter of a banner was discerned far down towards Charing Cross, after which came the confused murmur of many voices. The crowd, slightly disorganized by the long delay, was forced back towards the pavements, and room made for a procession of temperance and

[1] On the cause of the delay see G. M. Trevelyan's 'Garibaldi and the Making of Italy," pp. 289 ff.

other societies bearing their banners and music. After this came one more disappointment as the thread of the procession seemed suddenly to snap. Thus it happened that it was nearly seven o'clock before the longed-for figure greeted our eyes. A furniture van had been stopped by the sudden thickening of the crowd, and some of us managed to get a footing on its platform. The mounted police had now enough to do to clear a way for the carriages. Our easily recognizable hero appeared in an open carriage drawn by four horses. He was standing, supported by his two sons. Mounted police rode on each side of the carriage. There was no element of official grandeur in the spectacle, for the four horses hardly reached the level of scenic display. It was a purely popular function, the visit of a private citizen to an admiring people. So we thought when we concentrated attention upon the hero, wearing, one might say, his working clothes, the grey shirt and trousers, the bright red tunic thrown over the shoulders, and the low felt hat. His manner of acknowledging the cheers of the crowd by a gentle waving of the hand was, too, simplicity itself. Pomp and circumstance could have added nothing to a face in which, as Francis Galton has it, simplicity, goodness, and nobility were impressed on every lineament. It was the masterful fascination of a noble personality which kept our tired bodies straining to look, and still to look, as long as there was anything left to see.

The course of University studies grew more interesting after the dry matriculation work of the first year. By the beginning of my third I

had so far come under the spell of the classics, more particularly of Greek poetry and philosophy, as to begin reading for Honours. But philosophy put in the stronger claim, and as the year advanced I decided to try my chance of Honours in this branch. The course of philosophic reading, as understood at this time by our University authorities to be desirable, was not perhaps very soul-satisfying. Since my time the reading has been enlarged and enriched, more especially by the inclusion of a wider study of the history of philosophy. As it was, I had to find my chief nutriment in the writings of J. S. Mill, Herbert Spencer, and Alexander Bain. This was, no doubt, a one-sided representation of philosophy even as regards the less controversial branches of psychology and logic. Yet it should be remembered that the one-sidedness of the London curriculum was intended to balance another and opposite one-sidedness of representation in more than one of the older Universities. In any case, as even Oxford seems to have recognized, the predominant empirical philosophy of the hour supplied the most convenient, if not also the most natural, starting-point for philosophic study. I, at least, on traversing my student days, feel that much of any love of clear thinking which I possess is due to the characteristically British manner of philosophizing, which Mill and the others were further developing. To read Mill and Sir W. Hamilton concurrently, and with some critical comparison, was no bad exercise in distinguishing between a more exact kind of logical thinking and a looser

and more showy manner of presenting things philosophical.

For all his seemingly cold self-restraint, Mill appealed to the humaner side of me as neither Spencer nor Bain appealed. More than one student in our Baptist College had something like a pupil's combined reverence and fondness for him. It was in my third year, when philosophy became a leading subject of study, that Mill first stood as Liberal candidate for Westminster (1865). Accompanied by a fellow-student, I went down to hear him speak just before the election. The other political party, with the customary eagerness to score off opponents, had been plastering the street walls of Westminster with alarming-looking quotations from Mill's writings. And the evening on which we heard him he was pretty hotly plied with questions. He quietly but firmly refused to have anything to say about his religious opinions, herein setting an example not always rigidly followed by later candidates suspected of heterodoxy. But on other matters he was frank enough. I remember to-day what a thrill of fearful expectation—instantly displaced by a feeling of joyous relief—shot through me as I heard a man in the hall ask Mill whether he had actually used certain words by no means flattering to the working classes and Mill at once reply in a quiet, almost an indifferent, manner that he had used the words quoted; which plucky answer was instantly followed by loud cheers.[1]

[1] Mill himself refers to this incident of his canvassing in his "Autobiography," pp. 283-4.

The scene burnt itself into my memory: the sunken face, the large, calm brow, and the thin voice of the thinker, against the robust heads and commanding voices of his interrogators. The Garibaldi procession had shown me the great simplicity of the soldier; the meeting in the Westminster Hall revealed to me another simplicity no less great, that of the thinker schooled by long practice to so scrupulous a care in utterance as to have forgotten the very possibility of such a thing as prevarication.

In recalling Mill, I am apt to experience regrets which may well sound sentimental or worse. One of them has to do with his speech in the House of Commons against the proposed abolition of capital punishment (April 21, 1868). Even when face to face with the easygoing, matter-of-fact country squires and others who half a century ago made up the bulk of the House of Commons, he was not willing to relax his hold on first principles; and so the unaccustomed parliamentary ears had to do their best to follow him, as with masterly insight and precision of language he unfolded his reasons for opposing the amendment in favour of the abolition. Among other points, he urged that the punishment of death is, beyond comparison, "the least cruel mode" in which it is possible adequately to deter from certain crimes. He laid stress upon the function of an element of the unknown in quickening the imagination, and brought out the desirability of making punishments in reality less rigorous, rather than more rigorous, than they seem. He cast a historical

glance on the subject, contrasting the ancients' too little care for death with our modern too great care. He put the question, "Is death, then, the greatest of all earthly ills?" The speech must have fallen with more of a shock upon its hearers from the circumstance that only two years before he had led the "humanitarians" against Governor Eyre. I remember still the vivid impression which the reading of the speech made upon my mind. I have often regretted that I did not hear it, and in recent years I have caught myself indulging in the whimsical wish that one of our journalistic photographers—who seem to some of us often to waste their art upon such poor subjects as grinning brides and bridegrooms—could have taken a film into the House of Commons on the day of that speech, and added to our permanent possessions by fixing the changes of expression in Mill's audience as he brought down the light of the eternal ideas to illumine the sordid-looking problem of the hangman.

With the passing of the final examination for the B.A. degree in October (1866) my college career ended. Three years of strenuous reading for examinations had wrought notable changes in me. Spiritually, I felt arid and exhausted as by an air-pump. I had acquired the practice of putting questions to myself, and I knew it was impossible for me to fall back into the passive acquiescent attitude of my old religious days. I went to Liverpool and talked with Harry Foot, who had been my closest confidant during these

three years of intellectual and moral fermentation and regeneration.

The difficulty of the problem, how to return to the business of preaching, was shelved for a time by the proposal that William Medley and I should go to Germany for the next year or two to continue our philosophical studies in preparation for the M.A. degree. Göttingen was fixed upon, primarily (I think) as affording opportunity of prolonging our study of Hebrew under the famous Ewald. I feel pretty sure that it was our tutor, Dr. Benjamin Davis, who had most to do with the formation of this plan. He loved Germany, and knew Ewald. To his counsel our affection gave an unhesitating assent. The Germany that his kindly heart thought of for us was his own beloved home of linguistic scholarship. His simple undisturbed religious belief rendered him incapable of a thought of speculative danger in my case. Thus it happened, not without some appearance of the irony of things, that at this critical moment in my development the loosening of old attachments was to be carried to a further stage by the insidious influence of a complete and prolonged withdrawal from the sanctities of home, in a remote land, amid new currents of life, culture, and thought. Thus might I have conceived of the ordeal had the proposal been submitted to me a year or two earlier, forgetting in a moment of sentimental regret what my poet had taught me concerning the value of the "dead selves" on which stepwise we climb to higher things.

CHAPTER IV

STUDENT YEARS: GÖTTINGEN IN THE SIXTIES

I SET out for Germany with my college friend, William Medley, on January 11, 1867. In my case the strain of the three years' reading for a degree and the shaking of the supports of early beliefs had been followed by a depressing reaction, and the sense of drifting from ancient moorings was deepened as for the first time I saw the English coast disappear behind me. But the sight of a new world at Calais roused me to a pleasurable curiosity. The strange appearance of the boats, carts, and houses, of the men's tilted caps and loose tapering trousers, and of the women's short petticoats and white caps, brought a first thrilling sense of being abroad. The façades of the streets and squares in Brussels under a frosty, starlit sky transformed this first half shock-like sensation into one of pure delight. At Cologne we encountered one of the impressive contrasts in German life, the tight grasp of Prussian officialism and the laxity of the Continental Sunday. My love of music saved me from any unpleasant shock of Puritan prejudice on hearing the band play in the pretty gardens of the Flora and again, later,

on learning that our hotel was to be made gay by an evening concert. The landscape that lay about us on the way to Göttingen—rounded, companionable-looking hills clad in fir-wood, looking down on snowy valleys where high-roofed houses huddled together for warmth—drew us yet closer to the land which our favourite German poets had already half taught us to love.

Looking from our hotel window the morning after our arrival in Göttingen, we seem to be in a Russian town. The snowstorm has not quite hushed the streets, for the clang of the sleigh-bells and the fierce crack of the drivers' whips keep the place pretty lively. Everybody is thickly wrapped up, the men in long cloaks with deep fur capes and wristbands, the girls in thick woollen hoods and fur tippets. Children are being pushed to school in rough wooden sleighs.

Somebody had told us of the principal pedagogue of the place, a certain Dr. Morgenstern, who, among many accomplishments, had a fluent command of English, while his name held a promise of a welcome illumination over the first difficult passage of our pilgrimage in Germany. After fumbling over the intricate system of doors and bell-handles in a German house, we reached the doctor's flat. He received us civilly, bidding us "Take place!" as if he were a sort of creator and we as yet only unrealized ideas. In spite of some pedantic ways, he was a very nice little man, and did his best for us. In his room we had our first experience of the visitor in a German home, sitting confined behind a table

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on a stiff sofa, while our host added another wall to our prison by sitting and facing us on the other side of the table. I feel pretty sure that, though we could read German with ease, our conversational experiments were hardly better than those of our worthy host; though, whether from politeness or from a pedagogic seriousness which had no place for humour, he gave no sign of being amused at our slips.

For me and my friend, these first crude stages of linguistic performance were charged with merriment. So greatly did I enjoy the fun of it that later on, after attaining some facility in speaking German, I knowingly continued to perpetrate astounding solecisms. This impish behaviour on my part had for its object the entertainment of some young girls whom we used to meet when spending an evening at their *pension*; and it was amply rewarded by shouts of laughter. As to the early unintentional slips, I am pretty sure that they were bad enough. I had been told that the way to gain proficiency in the language was to talk and talk, not minding the mistakes which might occur and would pretty certainly be corrected by the good Germans, who seem to love nothing better than to set us ignorant foreigners right. I followed out this plan with good results, and stumbled along with something of the pluck of a horse fording a swollen river.

One of my instructors in German was a lady at whose *pension* we afterwards lived. She would think to encourage us on our thorny linguistic road by relating slips of a greater gravity than

ours, made by other English beginners. Among other "howlers" was the answer made by an English boy staying at her *pension* to an inquiry as to what he had eaten when dining out. Wishing to say "roast beef and potato salad," he managed by something like a stroke of genius to say "roast child and slipper salad," substituting *Kinder* for *Rinder* and *Pantoffel* for *Kartoffel.* But for the perfect candour of my good landlady's eyes, I should have suspected the authenticity of this story. It is more likely that the young Briton invented the clumsy confusion for her benefit. It was a comfort to learn years afterwards that Germans too, when first trying their hand at English, are apt to exhibit something of the same frailty. Perhaps one of the most amusing examples is the attempt of Richter, the celebrated musical conductor, to describe his difficulties when crossing the Channel. Wishing to say, "When I feel ill I must lie down, but when I lie down I get giddy," he said something like this: "When I am bad I lie, and when I lie I swindle" (*es schwindelt mir*).

Already knowing German grammatically, but quite uninitiated in the pronunciation of it, I secured the services of a student to whom I read aloud. He was a well-marked type, with a parchmenty skin and protuberant eyes, and kept vigorously sucking a long pipe, which he could go on sucking when moving about by clutching the mouthpiece with his teeth. He was an excellent stickler for the *nuances* of pronunciation; yet years later I had in Florence

a little girl of eight as my *maestra* in Italian, who (I am bound to own) was quite as good as, if she did not surpass, the German student.

Our first peregrinations about the old town were in search of lodgings: piloted by the good Dr. Morgenstern, whose idea of a student's "diggings" was an exceedingly modest one. Our explorations made us acquainted with certain curiosities of architecture in Göttingen houses as well as with certain oddities in their inmates. The atmosphere of some of the small upper rooms which we visited was not exactly inviting. The German mode of heating a room by the consumption of a stove-full of wood in the morning, and keeping closed double windows for the rest of the day, results in an indescribable variety of stuffiness. So offensive to nostril and throat was this foul composition that, though neither of us was a smoker, we welcomed the after-fumes of German tobacco as introducing a fresher and more wholesome element into the exhausted air.

We succeeded at last, with as little injury to his feelings as possible, in dismissing our well-intentioned guide, and set about a search for more habitable quarters. This took us into some of the queerest parts of the old town. Its primitiveness was written on its face, on the gutter rillets at the sides of the street which bore away their malodorous burden in the most leisurely fashion, in the rough-hewn many-cornered paving stones that made much walking a penance, and in the lamps suspended in the middle of the streets high above our heads. We soon began to

get used to the little drawbacks of the streets, and learned to like their expressive physiognomy. The old houses, which were elaborately timbered and topped with high-peaked red roofs, had a way of insinuating themselves into our affection. Now and then the vista of a street would be pleasantly broken by a high church tower ending in a short spire or in a dome. Of the shops, the most seductive to our eyes were the new and antiquarian bookshops. We soon grew fond of hanging about these, going so far as to peep into the latest unbound and uncut publications, sniffing their agreeable press aroma. The traffic of the streets, from the yellow *Postwagen* and the long cradle-like wagons with horses loosely attached, down to the little bakers' carts drawn by dogs that seemed to pant as with impatient zeal, had many an attraction for our unaccustomed eyes. We found the centre of outdoor life, the market-place, especially engaging; and our lingerings there were prolonged after we had made acquaintance with the old apple-woman, nicknamed *Alte Tante*, of whom tradition whispered that she had been Heine's sweetheart when he was a student in Göttingen—dividing his time rather partially between dry juristic studies, amusing inspection of the foibles of dreamy professors, and criticism of the dimensions of the Göttingen dames' feet. She was now a handsome old lady, who looked a little witch-like as she sat muffled up to the chin and plied her wily mercantile arts on a new generation of ingenuous youth.

We duly visited the fine modern University

building, the "Augusta," where we went through the not very tedious formality of paying our fees and obtaining our certificates of matriculation (*Matrikelschein*). No doubt we had an amused satisfaction in bearing away our University *testamur*; but I think we came nearest to a feeling of proud elation when we found ourselves addressed by the *Pedell* (beadle) or by a tradesman as "Herr Studiosus." The ponderous formalities of the German language have a way of giving a touch of glory to us poor mortals.

Göttingen was in those days a "little nest" of a place, in the life of which the University bulked large. Students were to be seen in plenty, more especially in the vicinity of the *aula*. Although they carried their notes of lectures under their arms, they appeared as little oppressed by any weight of learning as our Oxford undergraduates appear to be when, issuing from the lecture-room, they tuck their skimpy gowns under their arms. Unlike the latter, however, the Göttingen students do not hurry away after a lecture, but loiter and chat with a German's love of leisure and *Gemüthlichkeit*. Differences of rank among the students at once disclose themselves. The coloured caps mark off the several corps from the plain students whom they dub "Barbarians" (*Wilde*). The latter often look a little shabby in dress and pasty in face, whereas the corps students seem better off in both senses, and frequently add to their flourishing aspect by some decorative adjunct, such as a cane or a big Danish hound.

A favourite promenade of the students was the long Wender Strasse. Here they loved to crowd and talk and, aided by the barking of their dogs, would often make a pretty clatter. The best walk in Göttingen was on the broad ramparts or vallum encircling the old town. Here in the afternoon, under an avenue of limes, many citizens of both "town" and "gown" did their carefully regulated amount of slow post-prandial pacing. The afternoon procession included not only professors and other elderly persons, but young people of both sexes, who, however, always kept severely apart one from the other. We liked to come here at the frequented hour and watch the slowly advancing procession, each figure in its turn emerging from a speck-like insignificance into the full altitude of erect manhood. Of all these perambulating figures the most noteworthy type was the learned professor, moving with slow step and eyes fixed on the ground, and apparently lost in thought. By observing these quiet dream-like figures we began to understand some of the students' jocose stories of the absent-mindedness of their professors; as when it was said that a dear old *Gelehrter*, on walking out one moonlight evening, took all the tree shadows thrown across the road to be ditches, every one of which he proceeded with great circumspection to jump over.

From the quiet aspect of these professors, seemingly preoccupied in their respective lines of speculation, you would scarcely guess that the University has been, and still is, agitated by last

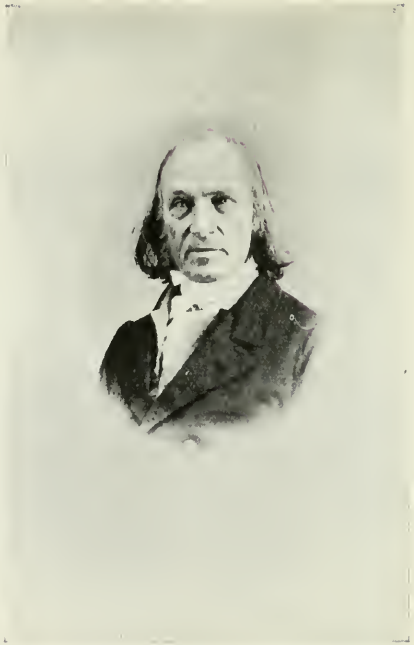
year's annexation of Hanover to the now masterful kingdom of Prussia. But stay a moment: here is another variety of cloak-wrapt professorial figure. He is white-haired and his face too denotes age, yet he holds himself erect as a reed, and advances with a brisk, energetic step. We shall hear presently more about this stalwart veteran, for he is a conspicuous figure among Göttingen celebrities, no other than the world-famous Oriental scholar and uncompromising foe to Prussian rule, Professor Heinrich Ewald, to whom we bear a letter of introduction from our Regent's Park tutor. I got to know his figure well among the promenaders on the vallum, and I think only once chanced to see another sample of an aged yet vigorous professor quite so picturesque, and that was F. W. Newman in the days of his retirement, when, dressed in a dark cloak and wide-awake hat, he used to face the wintry winds on the sands of Weston-super-Mare. To be one of the "learned" is a distinction in Göttingen, and our professors as they amble along the avenue are being ever saluted by the raising of a hat, which courtesy they unfailingly acknowledge.

We got our first glimpse of the new political situation in Göttingen from the gentleman in whose house we found agreeable lodgings. He was a very tall man, and had a strength of voice proportionate to his height. Like many another who has to make his meaning clear to an obtuse foreigner, he resorted to the obvious device of shouting at us. He had been *Rittmeister* (cavalry officer) in the Hanoverian army; but though we

addressed him as "Herr Rittmeister," we knew that his military career was ended. We suspected that the letting of his well-furnished rooms pointed to the pressure of reduced circumstances, and we ascribed something of irritability in his manner now and again to the low condition of his patriotic spirits. Could it have been that he saw in the two young Englishmen representatives of that England who had failed to stand by Hanover in the hour of her need?

As we arrived at Göttingen in the middle of a semester (the half-yearly term), rather too late to inscribe ourselves for a full course of lectures, we took advantage of the custom to *hospitiren*—i.e. to attend lectures as non-paying "guests"—in the classrooms of some of the more famous teachers. Among others we heard Ritter, the venerable historian of philosophy; Lotze, the psychologist and metaphysician; and Heinrich Ewald. By the kind permission of Ewald we attended the remainder of his courses as *hospites*. He had at this time but few hearers, but to us he was much the most interesting personality among the professors. He was one of the staunchest of the party loyal to the Hanoverian King, and he refused to take the oath to the Prussian monarch. He was threatened with expulsion, but in consideration of his eminence and his great age he was by some special arrangement permitted to lecture at Göttingen.

We heard exegetical lectures on the Psalms and certain books of the prophets. Ewald's appearance as he entered the lecture-room was arresting.



PROFESSOR EWALD.

ALEXANDER BAIN.

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He would step quickly up to the cathedra and at once, as if charged with a pressing message, begin in a thin, worn voice with the familiar "Meine Herren!" The white, ascetic face, with its prominent cheekbones and its bright, spiritual eyes, framed between two long wisps of white hair, and an ample white neckcloth, would alone have riveted our attention. But the magical power lay in the utterance. The mere sounds were wonderful, as a rapid passage given in a sort of thin falsetto gave place to slow tones of an unusual depth of pitch and richness of timbre. The quick movements, too, which accompanied the declamation, such as little energetic tappings of the closed hand when a point had to be hammered in, or the rapid turns of head and hand as the Hebrew text had to be brought near the speaker's eye, added to the intensity of the expression.

The psalmist's own deep passionateness appeared to overflow into the lecturer, as his utterance now rose to fierce explosive cries of invective, now sank to tender notes of pleading which took on something of lyrical rhythm and melody. We seemed to be listening at one moment to a poetical recitation, at another to a dramatic personification, rather than to a scholar's exposition of a text. We soon discovered that this tempestuous oratory was more than an interpretation of the words of psalmist or prophet. A new fascination revealed itself in those fiery denunciations when we understood that they were directed at the heads of the living, that this spiritual-looking

recluse was daring from his professorial chair to strike at his new earthly rulers—at the Prussian King and his minister, Bismarck, whose growing potency he envisaged as a *Frevel* (an outrage).

We took an early opportunity of paying our respects to Professor Ewald's family, and throughout our stay in Göttingen found in his home a cordial hospitality. Frau Ewald was of a dainty, *mignon* person. Her small head flanked with bunches of short black curls, her deep-set dark eyes given to sparkling with animation, and the two small patches of bright red on her cheeks, made up a charming whole. Sitting opposite to you in a plain brown dress, and leaning towards you as she talked with the head thrust well forwards, she captivated you as by the sweet winsomeness of a friendly bird. She surprised us with her knowledge of English literature, customs, etc. She had accompanied the Professor on a memorable visit to Oxford, of which beautiful city, as well as of their friends, the Max Müllers and others, they both loved to talk. The moral difference of attitude between a professor in the lecture-room and in the home was, I think, in Ewald's case, less than the usual one. As he came down, wrapt in his fur-bordered *Schlafrock*, from his study to the evening meal, he still bore in the whiteness of his face and the fading gleam in his tired-looking eyes traces of a recent rapture of spirit from the homely earth to the high realms of scholarly contemplation. Yet as a host, if a little absent-minded now and again, he showed a kindly and almost tender interest in his guests. The

fierce hatred of the Prussian conquerors threatened now and again to intrude upon the home, and I remember how Frau Ewald, in an early stage of our acquaintance, begged me never to allude to politics when conversing with her husband.

One visit to the Ewald family has impressed itself in a specially clear way on my memory. Towards the end of my stay in Göttingen I was invited to spend Christmas Eve with my kind hosts. The German way of observing this festival was new to me then, and the sudden throwing open of the door of an ante-room at eight o'clock to the dazzling spectacle of the illumined fir-tree, the outbursts of wondering delight, and the warm embracings as gifts were distributed all round, made a very agreeable picture of the older sort of German *Gemüthlichkeit*. A specially enjoyable incident in the festivities was the surprise which Frau Ewald had prepared for her husband and daughter in the shape of a new piano. The Professor had something of the look of a puzzled child as he gazed at the handsome new-comer in his home surroundings; and when his little daughter sat down in front of it and with unexpected skill drew forth from its keys a charming bit of music, his face positively beamed with joy.

Another pleasant time with the Ewalds that shines serenely in my memory was a picnic excursion which we made together in the summer, to the brace of hills known as "Die Gleichen." In this memory-picture, too, I see the eager young-hearted wife and mother doing her best to diffuse an atmosphere of gaiety, while the Professor,

still half preoccupied with his grave thoughts, follows her lead slowly and with difficulty.

We were invited to other Göttingen houses, where we had a better opportunity of studying certain aspects of German home-life and society manners. Though apt to chafe under the long sitting of the evening meal, we managed to recoup ourselves by a good deal of quiet quizzing of our new surroundings. We were duly impressed by the contrast between the jejune simplicity of the table and the ladies' dresses on the one hand, and, on the other, the high degree of cultured intelligence shown by the company. Here in a little out-of-the-way university town the problem of wedding high thinking to plain living seemed to us to have solved itself perfectly and with ease. The knowledge of English literature, old as well as new, shown by the young women surprised us, for it surpassed that of many English women of the same age. Yet we lighted now and again on some amusing gaps in the ladies' acquaintance with our country, as that indicated by the question once put to us by a middle-aged dame, whether it was true that we never saw the sun in London. The younger women were rarely pretty in face or figure, and they seemed to take little pains to tone down their plainness by decorative artifices. All the same, we soon found ourselves amiably disposed to the broad faces, which, when animated by conversation, would take on something of the charm of a spiritual expression.

Of course we had brought with us some of our home preferences. Quietly attractive as they were,

the Göttingen ladies had pretty obvious deficiencies. If in the freedom of their talk they showed themselves to be less haunted than their British cousins by the fear of Mrs. Grundy, they acquiesced a little too supinely, we thought, in the restrictions laid upon them by their male folk. We did not quarrel with their alacrity in bearing teacups to their guests, and otherwise encouraging male indolence in the home; but we strongly disliked the rigid separation of the sexes in the afternoon walks on the vallum and elsewhere.

One feature common to both sexes which struck me particularly was an unwillingness to trespass upon what is a main field of conversation for English people, namely politics. We soon learned that this reticence was not wholly due to the strong feeling aroused by the recent annexation of Hanover to Prussia. The German habit of leaving the officials to settle what is best for the country seemed to us to be only one illustration of the general belief in the expert, in everybody's having his special domain of knowledge—his *Fach* —outside of which he should be chary of offering his opinion. I remember one German professor (or was it a *Privatdozent?*) asking me in a quite concerned tone, "Is it true, Herr Sully, that George Grote, the historian, is also a banker?" With this respect for the expert there seemed to associate itself a dull uniformity of opinion about men, books, and other things, and an apparent timidity in expressing views of marked individuality. Even in those days one could see the

tendency of the Germans to allow their minds to be "over-drilled"—as I once heard an Italian scholar describe it—a tendency which the predominance of Prussia in later years has, I hear, made much more conspicuous.

Both young men and maidens provoked our British instinct for improving the foreigner by their anæmic parchment-like complexion, due, we thought, to living in unventilated rooms and the lack of the more vigorous kind of tramping and other exercises. They took our criticisms in good part: indeed, though they might cling to their mode of heating their rooms, they fully recognized the Englishman's general superiority to the German in practical matters. "Ach! die praktischen Engländer!" would often escape from their lips, as when we pleaded for less malodorous sanitary arrangements in streets and houses. How startled they would have looked had we been able to prophesy to them that in a few years Germany would not only have learned from English engineers how to supply her towns with pure water, but have surpassed "the practical Englishman" in many departments of industrial and other invention.

Study appeared to hold a small place in the affections of many of the Göttingen students. Even the workers would often join the idlers at the week end, making up for the ascetic restraint during the week by a good carouse. In these drinking bouts (*Kneipen*) an astonishing amount of beer would disappear. The swallowing of a regulation quantity was secured by certain devices,

such as a command from the president of the gathering to empty at one gulp a large glass (*Schoppen*). The effects of these copious imbibings appeared in the frequent stoutness of the students, some of whom attained the glorious distinction of being named "beer-casks" (*Bierfässe*).

The frequent sight of a slashed face among the students, especially those wearing corps insignia, naturally made us curious to learn about their duels and the strange code of honour which determined, among other matters, in what circumstances a rapier, a sabre, or a pistol was to be used. The rapier was the resort for most cases of wounded honour, real or assumed, and we found that there existed quite a lore as to the parts of the body to be protected and the proper parts to be aimed at. The nasal protuberance appeared to be a favourite object of attack. I remember once innocently asking a student whether the combatants took their big dogs with them into the duelling-hall, and was told that this was forbidden, on the ground that one of them might take a fancy to a human nose, which was still, by the semi-military laws of duelling, the wounded man's possession, and susceptible of being re-attached to his face. The degree of glory attained by a wound was measured by the number of stitches needed in sewing it up. The mark of honour had the advantage of great duration. At the time I write of, it was quite common to meet in Germany a middle-aged man with his face still scarred by some combat at the University.

The majority of the students, I suspect, made but few and short excursions into the country. An *Aufluckt* beyond the town ramparts, commonly reduced itself to a languid tramp of two or three miles, with frequent halts at *Gasthäuser* (inns). During the winter, longer excursions into the neighbourhood were made in sleighs. The high personages among the corps students would make a fine display on these occasions, with their rich furs, their elegant sleighs and horses, and their big hounds. Even we despised "savages" used to make up sledge parties. I took part in a very enjoyable one, got up (if I remember aright) by the son of Professor Henle, the celebrated anatomist. Our party consisted of twenty and odd men, each of whom brought a lady with him. Headed by a band of music, we set out in the early afternoon. A postilion sitting behind managed by frequent crackings of a long whip to keep the pair of horses up to their work. After a drive of seven miles over glittering snowy roads we alighted at a *Gasthaus*, where coffee and cakes had been ordered. The half-day's junketing wound up with a supper and a Cinderella dance. It struck me as a good illustration of the truth that, if we care to do without display, it is quite easy to secure a considerable amount of refined social enjoyment by the employment of a few simple materials.

Göttingen could boast of a small theatre which was duly patronized by the students. We naturally frequented it, if only to further our aural mastery of the language. Here one could see,

along with classical plays, already familiar in reading, lighter farcical pieces from the French. Better theatrical resources were to be found in the little Hofstadt of Cassell, easily reached by rail; and among the pleasurable recollections of my Göttingen days are evenings passed in its nice little opera-house, where the works of Spohr and other less well-known composers were represented.

The political upheaval which disturbed the academic serenity of Göttingen forced itself upon our attention in more ways than one. The newly imported Prussian officers were to be seen all over the town, with ears no doubt alert for any signs of the widespread disloyalty to the new masters. They were to be seen, too, at such social functions as the afternoon *Familien-Concerte*, at which the *gebildete* Göttingen families sit round tables and manage, along with some show of attention to the music, to get a good bit of chatting done over their coffee and cakes. From a gallery at the back of the hall I could watch the pretty scene as a student or two joined a table and "made the *cour*" to a fair maiden. Hither, too, might move with brisker step a Prussian officer, who cut an amusing figure as he executed the spasmodic hip-bend—a mode of salutation, by the way, which admirably illustrates Professor Bergson's conception of the ludicrous as something in human behaviour that looks like mechanical rigidity. His arrival would naturally cause a little flutter, since only a few families as yet ventured to concede the entrée to these flushed conquerors of their

King and army. The young lady who happened to be the object of one of these advances might blush and look awkward for a moment. But the sex has been known to be accommodating when one uniform displaces another, and while watching the pretty bit of acting we hazarded the remark that the stiff, angular obeisance of this new cavalier had probably seemed in her eyes to be *wunderschön*, if not *himmelisch*.

A poignant illustration of the divided state of feeling in Göttingen towards the new rulers occurred on the birthday of the Prussian King. The proprietor of a house in which we afterwards resided, wishing to show his speedy transference of loyalty from one crowned head to another, boldly unfurled on his housetop the Prussian banner. The more conservative citizens objected to this cutting down of the decent period of patriotic mourning for their dethroned monarch, and they began to assemble in front of the house and to throw stones at the windows. I heard, too, how bitterly divided were professors and others upon the burning question of shifting their loyalty. Friendships of many years were strained by these divisions, some of them, alas! to the breaking-point. It was my first experience of one of the painful consequences of a war of conquest, which, though apt to be dismissed as a small one, has to be reckoned in any adequate comparison of its good and evil aspects. It left a deep impression on my mind, and without doubt sowed the first seed of a lasting detestation of all subjugation of weaker by stronger States.

Towards the end of my sojourn in Göttingen I witnessed a weirdly fierce outburst of pro-Prussian enthusiasm. It occurred, of all places in the world, in the "Literary Museum," as we used, I think, to call it—a sort of club where members of the University and others could dine, read papers from all parts of Europe, and indulge in quiet talk. The perpetrator of this bit of execrable "bad form" was an American, who by some freak of European wandering had drifted to our retired university town. As a number of us, mostly Germans, were reading the journals, he began in a loud voice, apropos of nothing, to extol Count Bismarck. In the whole history of the world, he assured us with abundant emphasis, there had been only three really great human figures, Jesus Christ, Napoleon, and Bismarck. The juxtaposition of names was suggestive of an unbalanced brain, and we heard shortly afterwards that this eccentric orator had become quite mad and was confined in an asylum in the neighbourhood.

During my second semester I exchanged lodgings for a *pension* which was frequented by foreign students. It was kept by a Frau Heintze, and lay in a street known as Geismar (or Kleine Geismar) Strasse. Our good, solicitous hostess was of a weakly aspect, and wore a sad and shrinking expression. She was old enough to console herself for any pinchings in present circumstances by going back to a glorious past when she lived in Weimar and saw the still imposing figure of the Minister von Goethe. Among nearer events she

would narrate the doings of her son, who was serving in the Marines. She was supported in her table-talk by a daughter, a strikingly blonde maiden even in Germany, who had undergone a fine *Ausbildung* and was able to correct any inaccuracies in our German with perfect pedagogic seriousness, undisturbed by any side glance at their ludicrous character.

In this pleasant house I found not only my friend Medley, but a little reading party made up of Alfred West and old students of his father's well-known school at Caversham. We filled the late-summer days with youthful jollity. We dived and splashed in the Weser, the little stream that Heine pokes his fun at. We marched across the peasants' fields singing "John Brown's body" and other rollicking songs, thereby greatly incensing the good *Bauern*, who menaced us with angry cries and brandishings of pitchforks, and were, I think, only deterred by something uncanny in our outlandish figures from giving us worse signs of their displeasure. We explored the pretty ruined Castle of Haustein and Münden, finishing with a Sunday at Cassel, where we laughingly watched, along with the impressionable Cassel children and their elders, the quite enjoyable artificial spectacle of letting the water descend over a chain of cascades and pools from the heights of Wilhelmshöhe. Our enjoyment was darkened by no forecast of what was to come three years or so later, when the defeated French Emperor was interned in this princely pleasance.

I set myself now diligently to study. Ewald

still lectured, though he had been pensioned off by the Prussian Government, and I continued to hear him. In psychology and philosophy I was now able to profit from the lectures of Hermann Lotze and other teachers. Lotze was an odd-looking little man, with a black-cherry kind of eye. A high, stiff-looking black stock gave an aspect of rigorous severity to his figure; but this was relieved, when he spoke, by a queer little pursing movement of the mouth which seemed to me to punctuate some fine shade of ironical humour. He read his lectures in a monotonous way, and I was told that he varied them but little from year to year. At pretty regular intervals he would slow his pace, dictating a *précis* of the passage just completed.[1] He was one of the most popular professors at Göttingen, and his large auditorium was packed with students, including not only members of the philosophic faculty, but many of the medical; for, like Wundt, Lotze had approached psychology and the other branches of philosophy from the physiological side, and had won fame by his "Medecinische Psychologie." While I was at Göttingen he received an invitation to go to a larger university, and upon declining it, he was honoured by his numerous student admirers with a *Fackelzug* (torch-procession). His teaching did much to widen my outlook. Indeed, his particular standpoint in philosophy, from which he tried to do justice at once to Kant and to Herbart, if not

[1] These highly compressed summaries were after his death published in small volumes under the title of "Dictate."

also to Hegel, qualified him in a peculiar way to be the teacher of one like myself, whose reading hitherto had been rather one-sided.

Lotze lived in a queer little house outside the vallum, which the students had dubbed the "pepper-box." His *ménage* was noticeably simpler than that of the Ewalds, and one soon felt at ease in his bright and kindly family circle. I heard from him after I had returned to England, and he was good enough to help me in my later reading and wrote for me a handsome testimonial when I began to aspire to a Chair. Before I left Göttingen he had suggested to me that I might try teaching work in Germany, by setting up as a *Privatdozent*, laying stress on the value of teaching to a student of philosophy in compelling him to clear up and arrange his ideas (*in's Reine bringen*).

While busy reading philosophy in preparation for the M.A. degree of London University, I managed to continue lighter intellectual pursuits. I read as much German as I could, including poetry of Goethe, Schiller, Heine, prose works of Lessing, Schiller, and other authors bearing upon the æsthetics of poetry and art, as well as a fair amount of lighter literature. I continued to give some time to my musical studies, having discovered a most amiable young pianist who heard and corrected my performances on the instrument. He was of so nicely balanced a nervous organization that once, when I asked him to play a piece of Schumann just after smoking a cigarette, he declined in a shocked sort of way. By

way of contrast, I was reminded of him years later when, attending a smoking-concert in London, I saw a man quietly lay down a cigar and immediately begin to sing a rather exacting song. This young Göttingen pianist was an ardent admirer of Vischer, the author of what was at that time the most profound and exhaustive system of æsthetics, and he used to discourse to me enthusiastically on some of the abstruse Hegelian subtleties in Vischer's volumes.

My advance in the use of the German language enabled me to take a larger part in the social life of Göttingen. I joined a *Gesangverein*, and got to know, among other new things, Schubert's unfinished opera. I also shared in some of the lighter amusements of the place. At a dance I got to know two Scotch sisters who were staying in Göttingen. They entertained me with their first impressions of German life. Among other funny things they told me that when on a sunny winter day they opened wide their window, quite a crowd of citizens gathered in the street below to see this last vagary of the "mad English" (*Verrückte Engländer*). The proper function of a window is to remain shut, so as to keep the day's supply of stove-heat from being dissipated.

At the end of the winter semester 1867–8 I left Göttingen for good. If Germany had nipped off some early spiritual growths, she had fostered and matured others. During my year and a quarter in the country I had widened my observation of men and of life. I had come to know with some intimacy an admirable type of char-

acter—the *Gelehrter*, which unites with great knowledge and brilliant intellectual powers a singular moderation in desire and simplicity in mode of life. I held it to be no small advantage to an Englishman to have come into daily contact with men who seemed to be the best modern representatives of the wisdom of life as conceived by ancient thinkers. Germany's chief and most valued lesson to me was "Strive to be rather than to appear."

Of the personalities I met with during my stay, Ewald was by far the most impressive. Even to-day I can recall his features and movements more vividly than those of friends of much longer standing. I continued to get news of the Professor after my return to England. A letter from a Göttingen lady, dated February 1869, informed me that he had lately got into trouble by saying something against the King of Prussia. He was prosecuted, but in the end was acquitted (*freigesprochen*). In January 1870, Frau Ewald, on sending me a New Year's greeting, told me that the Professor was still giving daily an Oriental lecture. It was, I think, soon after this that he was elected member of the Prussian Parliament for the province of Hanover, to which assembly he was bold enough to transfer something of his deep-seated hostility to Prussian institutions and the Prussian spirit.[1]

To-day, when Germany, while making a

[1] The best English account of Ewald's life and work will be found in the volume "Heinrich Ewald," by Professor T. Witton Davies.

desperate effort to go on chattering about the culture which she once prized, seems at heart ablaze with the flames of war-fury, I find a strange interest in reverting to those distant Göttingen days. What a contrast in spirit and in aims does Germany of to-day make with her ancestress of the sixties! She has gained her political unity and along with it a richer material prosperity. But has she not lost something too? On leaving Göttingen my kind friend Frau Ewald gave me, *zur Erinnerung*, a dear little illustrated edition of Goethe's "Hermann and Dorothea," a poem which contains a touching description of the sufferings of poor refugees driven across the Rhine by the terrors and the desolations of war. The stalwart Germans of to-day, who are probably the most unsparing devastators the modern world has seen, cannot, one supposes, feel very grateful to their greatest poet for choosing such a sentimental theme. Perhaps some of the professors, who have not shrunk from offering apologies for such things as breach of solemn covenant and unprovoked attack upon a small State, will further exercise their patriotic wits by giving us a new cryptic interpretation of Goethe's poem.

In the lurid light of the doings of the German of to-day, the figure of Ewald takes on for my imagination a new and profounder significance. He was not only the learned interpreter of prophets, he was himself a prophet, anticipating with more than a vague *Ahnung*, with a clairvoyant prescience, how the Prussian brain and hand would transform his beloved people, forcing them to

bow the knee to false gods and to cast into the rubbish-heap all that was best in their old ideals. Was there not a prophetic strain in the withering question he put to an Englishman who came to study the Semitic languages: "Young man, is it a time to be studying dead languages when forty millions of Germans are governed by a devil?"

CHAPTER V

A FIRST WANDERING

Travel has been regarded as a suitable finish to study. Conformably with this idea, I decided to relieve the strain of study at Göttingen by spending four months of the summer semester in travelling through parts of Germany, the Tyrol, and North Italy. After a few days of historical dreaming over the fascinating scenes of Luther at the Wartburg and of Goethe and Schiller at Weimar, I made for the Saxon and Prussian University of Halle on the Saale, having received the valuable introduction of a letter to Professor Tholuck there. The venerable Professor was a little terrifying in his features, but he soon showed himself to be kind, and he at once introduced me to some of his theological students. These did their best to inoculate me—more or less playfully—with their enthusiasm for their master, or, as they put it, to see me properly "be-Tholuckt."

At Halle I heard but few lectures. The river, with its nightingales in the early summer, may have seduced me from the professors' auditoria. Yet I remember attending as guest at lectures by

Erdmann, the historian of philosophy; and I saw a good deal of the doings of students outside the lecture-room. Among social relaxations, I was initiated into the rollicking proceedings of a *Kommers* or *Kneipe*. It followed a concert given by the *Gesangverein*, and was attended by professors as well as students. A president was appointed to lead the proceedings and to maintain such order as was possible. Comic songs were sung, healths drunk, and mugs brought together with a lively ring. When the hubbub became unendurable even to *Kneipers*, shouts of "Ad loca!" "Silentium!" etc., came from all parts. I did not know then that by joining in these revels I was illustrating unknowingly a remark of George Meredith in "Victoria": "When one really takes to foreigners, there is a peculiar impulse (I speak of the people who are accessible to impulse) to make brothers of them."

I was so fortunate as to be in Halle during the celebration of the fifty years' jubilee which commemorated the union of the University with the older University of Wittenberg—illustrious by the shelter it gave to the heretic Martin Luther. I think I owe it to Tholuck that I was able to participate in the festivity. The town was filled with visitors, among whom one saw fathers, themselves, perhaps, former students of the University, linked arm in arm with present ones. The streets wore the gala attire of bunting and greenery, the joyousness of which was thrown into relief by the black and white device on the Prussian flag.

The more strictly academic part of the pro-

ceedings was worthy of the occasion. The ceremony of receiving in the *aula* the delegates and hearing their congratulatory addresses was especially imposing. The entry of the beadles, conducting to their seats the Rector and the professors in their velvet robes, offered a striking spectacle. The black robes of the theologians seemed to punctuate the warmer colouring of the members of the other faculties. Then the doors were thrown open, and a blast of triumph announced the entry of a second procession of delegates still more gorgeously arrayed. Among these was the Prussian Minister of Culture, Von Müller. The rest were professors from various sister universities, both Lutheran and Catholic, some of whom were already known to us by name, such as Kuno Fischer of Jena and Hitzig of Heidelberg. The congratulatory addresses were warmly applauded, that of Kuno Fischer—a rare orator among professors—being especially cheered. Hardly less vigorous acclamations greeted the tactful responses of the Rector, Professor Beyschlag, among which I remember the telling though hardly translatable shout, "Höchstgeistreich!"

The function of conferring honorary degrees (*Ehrenpromotionen*) held a pleasant surprise for me. Among the names of recipients of degrees was that of John Stuart Mill, whom the University pronounced to be *vir illustrissimus per omnem orbem terrarum celeberrimus*. Stress was laid on the Germans' respect for the scope of his researches, which embraced not only the sciences of Economics and Logic, but that of Law. The tendency among

Germans is to over-specialization of study, confining themselves within the boundaries of their prescribed *Fach*.

These graver academic functions were judiciously supplemented by some delightful excursions. One of them was a gondola procession to Wittekind, a pleasure resort on the Saale, about three-quarters of a mile from Halle. The professors and guests were taken in larger barges and smaller gondola-like boats, while the students paddled their watery way in canoes.

The Saale at Halle is a stream which fits the size of the University and evades the ridicule poured by Heine on the tiny Weser at Göttingen. It looks companionable and *gemüthlich* as it flows slowly between the Café Gardens and the low hills, and glides about the wooded islets, where the note of the nightingale may often surprise you with one of its rich *ahnungsvoll* utterances. The pace of the procession had a soothing German slowness, affording ample opportunity for seeing every detail of the scene and for giving adequate voice to our admiration. We lingered in the gardens of Wittekind, drinking our coffee to the strains of an orchestra, and on returning in the twilight our path was lit up with the flames of Chinese lanterns and fireworks on the banks.

The jubilee festival ended with a banquet, followed by a torchlight procession of the students, and a general *Kommers* or *Grand Kneipe*; at which last renowned professors might be seen emptying their *schoppen* with students who had yet to win

their spurs. A striking close to the celebration was given when the students, after extinguishing their torches in the market-place, burst into their favourite song in their *Kommersbuch*, " Gaudeamus igitur juvenes dum sumus ! "

The curious mixture of Christian and Pagan sentiment in our University customs was illustrated by the sequence of this Horatian strain of *carpe diem* upon the solemn sermon which Oberconsistorialrath Tholuck had preached the day before in the Domkirche.

In this way, to the dignity of the University proceedings was happily added an element of good-fellowship, and of the jollity, too, that became a festival in which youth filled so large a place. Both the boylike shouts of approval at passages in the Rector's adroit addresses and the free camaraderie of the *Kommers* struck me as *echt deutsch* in the best sense, and a welcome change from the more formal academic functions of our English folk, whom I once heard a German describe—in his haste, let us hope—as *kaltblütige Engländer*.

During my stay at Halle I ran over to the Moravian settlement at Gnadau, where another festival was to be held, the first centennial celebration of its foundation. It formed a curious contrast to the more imposing academic function at Halle. The simple, severe form of the village, consisting of a central square divided by hedgerows into smaller grass-covered squares, and liberally shaded by lime-trees, seemed to fit the serene name, " the meadow of grace." The Sunday

service which I attended was a little long, and its slowly drawn-out prayers and hymns had something of the melancholy effect of a Scotch kirk. Yet the whitewashed church looked almost pretty on the following festival day, when the pure masses of white on the walls, ceiling, and galleries found their complement in the white spots of the sisters' caps and shawls, receiving only a discreet touch of colour from the festoons and hangings of pink gauze which adorned its walls.

My visit to Leipzig synchronized with the holding of the celebrated *Messe*, or big fair. The gathering, though now smaller than it used to be, still gave the impression of a crowded city. One saw people of various nationalities, mostly Jews, I think, engaged in marketing. The buying and selling of books, once a chief feature in this central European mart, had, of course, declined. Among other curious experiences during my stay here was the Church of England service in the concert-hall of the Conservatorium, the celebrated Gewandthaus, where busts of famous German composers, from Bach onwards, looked down upon the English worshippers. Mendelssohn seemed to smile on the visitor from a land with which he too was familiar. One of the most enjoyable incidents in my visit was a day passed in the country house of Carl Tauchnitz, a member of the well-known publishing firm. He was a good specimen of the old-fashioned German gentleman, whose rather formal manners could not hide a deep and genuine kindness of heart.

We were a fairly large party, and I here saw German family life on a large scale, refined by an atmosphere of good breeding. Just opposite to us was a house in which Buonaparte had slept before the famous battle of Leipzig. On stepping into the omnibus which was to take me back to Leipzig, a man-servant handed to me a beautiful bouquet of roses and carnations.

At Dresden I first fell under the stronger spell of art. During my three years of study in London I had been too busy to make a serious study of our picture-galleries. Not only leisure, but a full flooding of spirit with the more playful holiday mood is needed for seizing the finer and more detaining charms of painting. I lingered again and again before Raphael's wonderful "Madonna di San Sisto," and was only a little less fascinated by the work of Titian, Correggio, and other Italians. The gallery was for me an admirable atrium to the temple of art in Italy.

Another art, already beloved, unfolded new beauties to me during this visit to Dresden. I was lucky enough to secure here a first hearing of Richard Wagner. The work was "Tannhäuser," and my German reading helped to make the drama understandable. Much of the music struck me as strange, and inchoate in form. But I felt something of its ravishing beauty, and later in Berlin acquired a fuller appreciation of its wonderful expressiveness.

The next stage of my wanderings was a plunge from art into nature. A tour, partly by steamboat and rail, partly on foot, through the pretty but

absurdly named Saxon Switzerland[1] into Bohemia, brought another joyous expansion of soul. I had not yet seen the Rhine, so that my trip on the Elbe by steamer was something deliciously new. The ever-changing scene, as we moved leisurely up the river, past hill-slopes and hollows where villas and churches glistened and terraced vineyards spread themselves out to the sun, past fantastic cliffs and peaked hills—from which might peep down some Royal summer residence of the Saxon King or some massive fortress—regaled the eye with a continuous, yet ever varying, feast. Still more enjoyable were the foot excursions to the Bastei, along a road flanked with masses of rock, whose crests were curiously crenellated by Nature's hand, and to the Grosser Winterberg, a mountain of some 1,700 feet. From the crest of the latter I witnessed one of my memorable thunderstorms. It approached us in long masses of black cloud with skirts trailing on the ground. From above and round about these dark masses white light streamed in, so that every part of the landscape in turn was wrapt in a deadly pall and then kissed back into life by shafts of shining light. In a bit of the landscape near the Elbe the clearing up of the storm reached its maximum degree of beauty. The clouds were now rent towards their edges, and white light shot through their fleecy streaks. These shafts of light looked like white columns supporting a huge black sarcophagus. From the same Grosser Winterberg

[1] The scenery might much more naturally suggest the name "Saxon Rhineland."

I saw my first mountain sunrise, a perfect example of the dramatic spectacle of the sun-god charming away the mists of night and throwing upon sky, cloud, and earth ever new gradations of pure luminous colour. This full reinstatement of sunlight after storm contrasts in my memory with the partial and half-sullen restoration of bright light after thunder which I once saw when leaning over a parapet at Cività Castellana, near Rome. I looked towards Monte Soracte, which retained, as if in smouldering after-wrath at the impious assault of the storm, a measure of its sinister darkness. Yet the conciliatory influence of the returning sunbeams touched and beautified the mountain's dark vestment, transmuting it into a robe of many colours, all rich and deep-toned, worthy of the wearer's majestic shape and of its sacred renown.

My excursion brought me in touch with more than one party of German fellow-tourists. I now began to feel more at ease in speaking German, and made full use of my new opportunities. I was rather pleased when a young Bohemian officer with whom I had conversed expressed his surprise at my behaviour by saying he did not know that an Englishman was so *zugänglich* (approachable). It has been my habit to try to show foreigners that we are not all stupidly shy, or worse, bearishly stand-offish, when confronted with foreigners. Since then I have learned more from a dear English lady, who made it her especial business when walking with friends in Switzerland to stop and talk with English strangers, persevering even when

the "touch me not" bristles would remain stiffly erect for some time before her genial and engaging mode of accost had succeeded in forcing them to relax. In these walks with German tourists I learned, in a lame fashion at least, to join in their profuse expressions of delight at each new wonder in the scene. I even caught a tepid English warmth from the glow of their *Schwärmerei*. Yet sentiment did not blind me to the amusing side of the German's ways—such as his large sightseers' appetite for artificial waterfalls, as we passed on the roadside a boy standing ready to let on the water of a cascade. Another outburst of German sentiment occurred when, walking down to Plebischthor, we heard the soft sounds of distant harps coming from below, and, drawing nearer, saw seated by the side of our path, under an overhanging rock, an aged pair of musicians. Of course I did my best to join in the cries of "Wie lieblich!" "Wie rührend!"

"Bohemia" sounded far from home, and I had at this stage a new and more lively sense of passing into a strange land. The feeling was quickened by some sharp contrasts between the racial type left behind and the new Czech type—the more swarthy complexion supported by a narrower and darker eye and by heavy moustaches and beards, and the less open and friendly glance. The "hundred-towered" Prague was the first foreign city I had seen beautified by a sheaf of aspiring pinnacles, to which the series of tall statues of Virgin and saint on the Karlsbrücke seemed to join itself, the whole looking like a masted town lying by the

river. It was, moreover, the first impressively Catholic city I had seen where "Madonna" is the supreme lady, so that all good citizens lift their hats to her as they cross the bridge, and where the poor hang upon the skirts of Christian charity at the church-doors. If the rather forbidding look of the men repelled me for a moment, I soon succeeded in getting on good terms with them.

At Nuremberg I was in time to see the mediæval town without its big ceinture of modern buildings. The profusion of carvings in its streets made roaming a delight, and I became so enamoured of the daintily peaked dormer windows as to try to sketch them standing. Looking back on these hardy experiments, I feel grateful that they were not carried out in a Prussian town, where I might have been stopped and suspected of espionage. With the quaint Gothic architecture of the old Burg, the Lorenzkirche, and the beautiful fountains, there harmonized pleasantly the costumes of the Bavarian peasants.

On my way from Augsburg to Munich I snatched a glance at the Alpine snow. Its pure unsubstantial whiteness won me as the white wing of an angel glimpsed high in heaven might have done; and, half consciously, my plan of a *Rundreise* in Germany was exchanged for that of a longer tour to include the Alps.

At Munich I worked my hardest at sight-seeing. Fate, making use of my growing facility in German, threw me into the hands of a student of art from the University of Breslau, and I did my best to accommodate my habits to his, doing three early

morning hours of tramping and inspecting, on a cup of coffee and a roll, supplemented by a *schoppen* of "Bairisch." My art-student drilled me in a more methodical plan of studying painting and sculpture. But the weather was hot, and the broad new streets with their white buildings glared cruelly after the narrow shaded ones of old Nuremberg. The head of the huge metal figure of Bavaria into which I climbed one hot afternoon was as a fiery furnace. The long strip of snow cornice, seen again or divined from this furnace, haunted my inner vision, and, though fascinated, I longed to leave behind Pinakothek, Glyptothek, and the rest.

At length we are off for the Tyrol and North Italy. At Holtzkirche we exchange train for *Stellwagen*. There are no seats on the top, but we somehow get leave to perch there, though liable to be swept off by the branches of cherry and apple trees which brush our heads. The wilder rocky scenery assures us that we have left the glaring brand-new city of minarets well behind. The high steep-roofed pattern of German houses now gives place to a lower building of wood, with flatter roof and deep eaves. We greet with a child's laughter the pretty Tyrolese costume—the peaked dark-green hats gaily tasselled and plumed, and the short blue jackets above the dark braided breeches. A delicious sense of coolness comes with the sight of the clear blue waters of the Tegernsee, into which there look down wooded hills with lawn-like clearings. We have a taste of old-world

travel when we start by post from Kreuth Baths at 4 a.m. *en route* for another picturesque lake, Achensee.

Just after crossing the frontier between Bavaria and Austria we come across a phenomenon (*Erscheinung*) which calls forth a more than usually enthusiastic exclamation from my impressionable art-student. It is a veritable Amazon modestly disguised as a waitress. She is not only very handsome in face, but her bodily structure shows admirable proportions. Nothing will cool the ardour of my inflammable art-student but a kiss, and the lady, with a just perceptible flush on the cheek, submits. As her worshipper is rather short, the lip greeting can only be effected by his standing upon a chair. The act of worship is carried out with all due restraint amid a group of smiling spectators.

Our drive along the banks of the dark-blue Achensee was made exciting by the narrowness of our road, which was squeezed in between the lake and the steep side of a mountain. A rapid descent brought us to Innbach in the Innthal, from which place we took train to Innsbruck. Here I felt myself to be very far from the modernities of Munich, and among old-world monuments, and thrillingly near the Alpine giants. From Innsbruck we again took train for Silz, and thence started on our trudge up the Oetzthal. The wonder of the place was enhanced when, as the shadows descended into the narrow valley, we heard the mellow tones of the "Ave Maria" issuing from a spire, and saw the women who were bind-

ing up the flax suddenly pause, kneel down with faces turned towards the church, and pray silently.

The Tyrol in those days was not exploited for tourists. I find from my notes that we procured at our first inn, for the modest sum of ninepence, a fine trout, an omelette, and a small bottle of wine.

The Oetzthal is a narrow, roadless gorge, down which tumbles a noisy torrent, the Oetz, which does its best to monopolize the valley by driving the footpath now and again up the steep sides. Nature, in one of her more savage moods, seemed here to grip us; yet high above the torrent and the overhanging rocks we could spy the solemn pines bathing their summits in the blue, and, higher still, the dazzling white shoulder of some snowy Jungfrau. The series of tiny villages we passed through seemed to be one long church procession, every whitewashed house-front being decorated with a rude fresco of the Madonna or with some hieroglyphic of the Saviour.

At Heiligkreuz we had to find a night's shelter at the curé's house. But for his clerical neckband, his high jack-boots, stubby beard, and rough manner of accost would have suggested rather the brigand than the priest. His housekeeper, in her delicate bodily frame, her blue eyes, and her soft movements, supplied a striking foil to his boorish robustness. Towards midnight I awoke with sharp agonizing pains—probably the result of a foolish excess in drinking the cold water. Then I learned how kindly a heart beat under mine host's rough exterior. The nearest doctor was more than ten hours off, so mine host had

to tackle the sickness. By prescribing *eau sucrée* within and hot fomentations without, he slowly wooed back my deranged internal organs to something like their normal manner of behaviour. The housekeeper, he told me, had undergone a miraculous cure in answer to prayers to the Virgin, and as she stole quietly in and out of my room, her white face half hidden in a shawl, she seemed to bear the seal of one just called back to earth from heaven.

After two days in bed I was out again and walking, alone this time, for I had insisted on my art-student's not waiting for me. In the company of a monk and a rough Tyrolese doctor, I managed to reach Fend, where I enjoyed a good supper and a prolonged night's sleep. The next morning—only three days after the attack—I crossed the Hochjoch (*Jugum altum*) with a trusty guide, enjoying my first near view of glacier and snow.

Then, dismissing my guide, not without a shred of fear behind my sense of liberation, I turned my back on the glittering heights and began my descent to Meran. It was a pleasure to rejoin the highest and most venturesome of the trees. Passing through the pretty, though ill-named, Valley of Schnalzerthal, I reached the Valley of Etschthal—that is, the Adige—where the vines again appeared. From here I looked down upon the garden of Meran, and had a taste of its heat in summertide.

Neither at fertile Meran, nor at the yet more closely mountain-girt Bozen, to which I journeyed by *Stellwagen*, did I linger about the enticing

arcades and fruit-stalls. I felt Italy coming to meet me, and hurried on with the Adige past the famous church of Trent to Verona, and my first view of Italy's monumental record of her past. I caught a sort of afterwave of the patriot's angry shudder as I looked upon the forts which had recently made one of the chief overawing strongholds of the Austrian domination. I looked, too, upon the city's fair streets and squares, where the cold, stately façade of a palace topped with white statues stands side by side with a more picturesque building all aglow with frescoes on its walls and coloured hangings over the door.

At Venice we were subjected to quarantine, all our clothing having to be unpacked and exposed to the fumes of chloride of lime. Then, in rich compensation, came the rapture of gliding over the watery streets in a noiseless gondola. I was fascinated by every complex movement of the supple-limbed gondolier, by every note in his strange musical cries. In those days, before the steamer had come upon the scene or the ruthless advertiser had begun to plaster the coloured walls with his garish prints, the traveller stole softly into Venice as into a cathedral. The gentle pace allowed one to register in memory the details of each dainty façade, church, and bridge. I felt the dream-city all about me, entering into me as if by some finer porous ducts, and begetting in me a whole new rapturous self.

As I began, so I continued, a dreamer gifted with

a somnambulist's keener divination of what really concerned me in my world. One day in a gondola I met for a moment the laughing face of my art-student. But as we now found ourselves lodged at some distance from one another, the close comradeship of Munich was no longer possible. So I began, trusting only to my guide-books, to find out what is best in art. The magic of the city's coloured walls, from the ancient mosaics in San Marco up through the several schools of painting, gradually enthralled me. I would wander far in quest of some altar-piece or other treasure, and I do not think that I was ever unrewarded.

The July evenings were thrilling experiences. The gay scene in the large piazza brought me there every evening. I watched the different " classes " sit together under the colonnade sipping coffee or some more cooling beverage, and listening to the military band, sometimes deigning to glance at the handsome vendor of trinkets as, with a most admirable restraint of manner, he would insinuate his tray under their eyes.

There was an unmistakable note of jubilation in the air. The uniform of the Italian musicians told us what it meant. This was the first complete Venetian summer since the disappearance of the Austrian, and the city was holding a long *festa*. The outburst of music was eloquent of a sense of deliverance, and as I listened I caught myself lapsing into a momentary hallucination, and spying the backs of the last of the white coats disappearing round a corner.

Outside the piazza the same air of *festa* meets us.

Under a deep arch of the Canale Grande a gondola full of men may stop and sing a patriotic song, which gets prolonged and multiplied by reverberations from the arch. At the sound of the singing other gondolas will pull up under the arch, making a pretty waterlily-like surface of colours on the water, while the balconies above fill and add new bouquets of colour. On the walls of Venice, as of Verona, enthusiastic placards still hung bearing the words "Vogliamo l'Italia unita!" and in the windows of the photograph shops caricatures of Austria were still exhibited. In the evening troops of Garibaldian volunteers marched through the streets, making a fine ado with their drums and fifes. Nor did the ladies fall much behind in patriotic demonstrations. If there was no Meredithian "Vittoria" to give a fittingly rich accompaniment of song to the hour's supreme gladness, the lady patriots were everywhere to be seen and heard. It was a delight at the end of the evening to watch the gala groups slip down into their gondolas, where they made new lovely flower patterns which repeated themselves in the soft vibratory movements of the water.

At Göttingen I had seen the sad initial stage of a war of conquest, the forcible annexation of once free citizens to a foreign yoke; at Venice I saw what happily sometimes makes a joyous end of such a conquest, the uprising of an enslaved people and the driving of the foreign ruler out of the fatherland. Henceforth the Austrian was to be for me no longer the unhappy, beaten foe of Prussia, but herself a hard

and obstinate usurper, got rid of only after a long struggle for liberty.

In order to enjoy a comprehensive *coup d'œil* of the city, I climbed, on one of my last evenings in Venice, the old Campanile (many years before its fall), whence one could look out over the islanded city and its watery mate, just as the old pilgrim-travellers used to look out over them when waiting for the ship that was to take them on their way to Jerusalem. More than one imaginative pen has described what I saw there.

Even into this city of delight there comes in a July night a harsh note—the buzzing mosquito, from whom a curtained bedstead offers but a partial deliverance. Always a lover of the sea bath, I was stung by the hot days and the mosquitoes' attacks into a raging desire for a "dip"; and in those days, before the Adriatic had been shut out from view by huge hotels and bathing establishments, the Lido offered a glorious opportunity. The thud of its breakers upon the sand seemed to tell the story of the Bride's long bondage and of her joyous deliverance, as of a later Ariadne.

My adieu to Venice was said later, on the fuller accession of night, when the stars came out as if in response to an invitation from the lamps mirrored in the water to dance with them there. From a favourite pontine lingering-place I gaze into the murky water, above which a feeble lamp scatters a sparse light. All is silenced now—the patriotic song, the laughter of the gay parties in the gondolas, the last faint stroke of the gondo-

lier's oar. The rocking of the moored gondolas is as restful as a mother's last cradling movement. As I look along the deep-shaded canal and glimpse that other bridge leading to the dungeons, there seems to add itself to the night's quietude another and larger repose, that of the mighty old city sated at last with conquest and power, and hardly more than half awake to those prodigies of her art which draw us visitors to her watery ways.

Whenever I look back upon this unforgettable visit to Venice, I see her lying in a golden mist. It was the most perfectly festive hour of my life :

> When Time now old was flying
> Over the sunny seasons bright and fleet.

I returned to Göttingen by way of Milan, the Italian Lakes, the Gotthard, Switzerland, and the Rhine. Travelling was still pretty slow in places, and one lighted on curious contrasts between the older and the newer modes of journeying. In going over the Gotthard I set out from Magadino (at the north end of the Maggiore) by voiture under a full moon, and at Bellinzona found quite a lively scene in the piazza, where three or four diligences met, and crowds of travellers mixed and got clamantly confused in searching for their proper vehicle. It was half-past ten when the Gotthard diligence started. The noisy voices had died down, and the only sounds were the rumbling of our coachwheels, the tinkling of the bells of the six horses, and an occasional crack of the whip. Every now and then I got,

as in a lightning flash, a bright glimpse of some moonlit vignette of dark ravine or shining rock. By six o'clock the next morning our diligence reached Airolo, where I took to my legs and managed to do a thirty miles' tramp over the Gotthard Pass, past Hospenthal to the Furka Pass. All this was delightfully primitive; whereas in the hotels at Lugano, Interlachen, and other frequented centres the crowd of tourists was more like what it is to-day, only that then there was a larger proportion of English to Americans, Germans, and other people.

My introduction to the Alps was unforgettable, and ever since I have kept up an enthusiasm for them, content to look at them from the height which perhaps gives the best pictorial impressions, say 8,000 to 10,000 feet. The full enjoyment of the vast expanses of snow, ice, and towering rocks came, in my case, only later. I find in my notes of this first inspection of them in the Tyrol and Switzerland that, after the first exciting view, the bare altitudes began to look monotonous and to take on a dreary and almost crushing aspect, and I put down this bit of reflection: "How much more beautiful is the coloured habitable world than the uniform grey and white world of snow and rock. If things were reversed, and instead of living low down we dwelt above the summer snow-line, what an experience would be an occasional descent into the genial region of vegetation!"

CHAPTER VI

BEGINNING WORK

On taking leave of Frau Heintze, she gave me a letter of introduction to her old *pensionnaire*, Professor Croom Robertson. During my stay in Göttingen, Robertson, through the influence of his teacher, Professor Alexander Bain of Aberdeen, and of Bain's friend, George Grote, had been elected Professor of The Philosophy of Mind and Logic at University College. Nor was he the only member of the college staff who had stayed at my *pension* in Göttingen. Years later, when I also was a professor at the college, I found that Thane, our Professor of Anatomy, had also listened to our good Frau Heintze's stories of Weimar and Goethe.

On reaching London I called on Croom Robertson, who in those days lived near Chalk Farm. He had won the Chair over the head of James Martineau, and the victory might naturally have inflated temporarily the self-estimation of an Aberdonian youth of five-and-twenty. In fact, a certain youthful dogmatism in statement chilled me off at first; but he received me civilly enough; and later, especially after his marriage, we grew to be warm friends.

In the summer I took the M.A. degree of the London University, and found myself unpleasantly faced with a high wall. To take up theology again was impossible. New experiences, the development of wider interests, and deeper thinking over life's problems had combined to wreck my old aims and plans. I still for a time coquetted with the idea of the ministry, and I consulted, among others, free-thinking Nonconformists like James Martineau and Edward White. But the recurring "No!" from a masterful voice within soon decided me to abandon the idea. In order to meet the crisis with the minimum amount of distress to my father, I accepted (in 1869) an invitation to be classical tutor at the Baptist College, Pontypool, the Principal of which, the Rev. Dr. Thomas, had become connected with our family by marriage.

But my thoughts were now turning elsewhere, and I began to write philosophical articles. Through the mediation of Croom Robertson I submitted one or two to Alexander Bain, one of the examiners in philosophy who had awarded me the M.A. Gold Medal. He wrote me very encouraging letters, at the same time proffering some canny Aberdonian counsel.

In 1868 I married: incurring apparently no serious risk—as my father was then a wealthy man—in embarking upon matrimony.

In 1869 I was recalled to my native town to be a melancholy witness of its political demise and burial. The Courts had decided that in the elections of the preceding year extensive bribery had

been resorted to, with the result that both the Liberal members, one of them our half-idolized "Eothen," were unseated. A Royal Commission was consequently appointed to make a full investigation of election practices in the borough during the last thirty or forty years. The occasion was sad enough to those who cared to think. Yet it had its amusing side. One felt the incongruity of the judicial scene—the assemblage of well-dressed ladies, wearing as cheerful an expression as if they were out for a morning's entertainment, and the three Commissioners, two of whom, at any rate, did their best to assume a solemnity of manner befitting a judicial inquiry.[1]

The revelations, too, though sordid enough in places, had their comic features. It turned out that a considerable number of the voters, whom from the hustings one candidate after another had addressed in flattering terms, had soiled their fingers by accepting a bribe or "consideration." They tried to make amends for their past dishonesty by now shelling themselves out, so to speak, in ample confession, describing to their judicial interrogators, among other things, the devices by which they secured as high a price for their votes as possible. The facts elicited showed that the accepting of a bribe was a common subject of jest among these corrupted burgesses. One curious feature of this bribery was the practice of rigorously keeping a voter to his promise of support

[1] I was told that the third gentleman appeared to be less interested in the details of the inquiry than in the ladies who filled the long galleries.

by shutting him up, till he had voted, in a room in one of the party public-houses, where, by obtaining ample allowances of beer, he would be likely to become still more pliant to orders. Into this room, carefully darkened, a mysterious stranger was introduced, whose function it was silently to slip the money into the voter's hand. The element of mystery was variously referred to in the names given to this unlawful donor of coins, one of which was "The Man in the Moon." The bluntness of conscience, for us of to-day, shown in this traffic in votes, must be attributed to the fact that the practice had for a century and more grown into a custom. Being a custom, how could it be wrong?

Among the features of the sittings which specially moved me was the long examination of Arthur Kinglake. Anstey, the most virulent of the cross-examiners, displayed a terrier-like fury of pertinacity when, refusing again and again to accept the sworn statements of so honest a gentleman, he returned to the assumption that the candidate must have had some knowledge of the bribery carried on by his agents during the recent election. In the end the gross abuses of interrogation resorted to by this too eager official, bent on unearthing human corruption at all costs, were fully exposed by the Court of Queen's Bench, when the Lord Chief Justice said, "I do not remember ever in the course of my experience to have heard—or heard of—such a cross-examination as that to which he (the plaintiff) was exposed." [1]

[1] Proceedings, Court of Queen's Bench. Queen versus Lovibond, January 20, 1870.

My father was among the victims of these prosecuting attacks of Anstey, which were often supported by the Chairman (Price). It so happened that shortly before he was summoned to appear he had fallen from a ladder, and was suffering from a severe shock. Anstey's fingers were eager to pounce on so promising a prey as the wealthy Liberal merchant and Dissenter. He began by doubting the validity of the excuse offered for his non-appearance; and when at last my father came, much too soon for his own comfort, he brought to bear upon him his most brutish prosecuting manner.

After reading this travesty of legal procedure the spirit of rebellion rose high within me. Relations of father and son had necessarily grown less intimate with the years, with separation by distance, and with the divergent lines which my development had followed. Here was a chance of showing that my old affection was still alive. So I sat down and wrote for a Bristol paper a longish letter in which I analysed and criticized the methods of the inquiry, as illustrated more especially in Anstey's treatment of witnesses. The Chairman showed, I think, a certain amount of courage by reading my letter in the Town Hall. But unfortunately, instead of meeting my charge of gross unfairness in the manner of the inquiry, he made some irrelevant remarks which implied that I had objected to its scope as including evidence of undue influence.

The result of the inquiry is familiar to everybody who knows anything of our political history. My

ARTHUR KINGLAKE.

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native town was disfranchised. It is no plea for mitigation of her sentence that other old boroughs may have been as bad as she. But it should be remembered that a certain number of Bridgwater men, among whom my father was one of the most strenuous, always and consistently set their faces against bribery, and used their influence to keep it out of the elections.

I thought of the Commission proceedings some years later when I met Kinglake in a London drawing-room. He was now old and deaf, and when I told him who I was, mentioning as gently as I could Bridgwater, I saw that I was touching a sore spot.

To return to the narrative of my first attempts at literary work. In 1869 Bain encouraged me to offer a paper to John Morley, who was at that time editing the *Fortnightly Review*. I sent him a psychological study of the belief in free will, and had it returned with some very agreeable words of praise. Growing bolder, I proposed to call on him at Chapman and Hall's office, from which he had dated his letter, with a view to discuss the likelihood of one or two ideas of articles simmering in my brain. To this I received a second and more cordial letter, assuring me that he would gladly serve any friend of Mr. Bain's. He added that he was living out of town, under the Hog's Back, but that if I could spare the time he would be happy to put me up for the night. I went, and with a bound entered into a new domain of experience. A well-appointed English country house, presided over by a gracious-looking lady,

and the company and talk of the most brilliant young writer that Oxford had sent to London for some time, made the moments swell with almost too much delight, in which I fear I forgot not only my plainer belongings in Pontypool, but even my dear Göttingen professors. I had tested my host's preference as to subjects, and I returned to Wales with a *tête montée*. Shortly after I got a letter from Morley accepting a paper, probably one of the essays on music.

This was in November 1870. A month later I received an interesting letter from Walter Bagehot which shows that I was just now bent on reaching the metropolis. He had stood as a candidate for Bridgwater, and my father had supported him. I had, I think, asked him about my chances of a school-inspectorship. I was at the time keen about Forster's proposed educational "reforms," and had recently lectured for the Birmingham League. Bagehot's answer was, I dare say, wisely cautious. "The London world," he wrote, "is a very Darwinian sort of scramble, and every one should accumulate all possible advantages who means to survive and succeed in it."

On the same day that I received Bagehot's letter I had another from John Morley, asking me if I cared to accept the post of tutoring his step-son and assisting himself with correspondence and proof-reading, duties which would leave me ample time for writing. I, of course, jumped at the proposal, and before the end of 1870 sent in my resignation to the authorities of Pontypool College.

In exchanging a tutorship in a Baptist college for literary work, I completed the rupture with my old religious aspirations and associations. The severance involved poignant regrets, not only at the moment, but for many a day.

Lodgings were found for us under the Hog's Back, in the pretty and retired village of Compton, which has since become more widely known from associations with the painter G. F. Watts. Hither we came one frosty day in January 1871, and found a warm welcome from Morley and his wife.

Morley generously fulfilled his promise of help, and I soon began to write for the *Fortnightly* and the *Saturday Review*. He also gave me his companionship; and the memory of talks with him in his house and in rambles along the Hog's Back is still one of my cherished spiritual legacies from the past.

Among the visitors that I met at Morley's was George Meredith, who, of course, held me spellbound by his brilliant table-talk. F. Greenwood was another guest on this occasion. We had to listen as best we could while Meredith made merry in his deliciously extravagant manner over the unlucky attempts of some *nouveau riche* to spread a luxurious table and select choice wines. Our host, shaken by laughter to the verge of tears, had at last to plead for a pause in the Rabelaisian torrent. It was then that I had the first of many walks with Meredith. I must have been excited enough at joining him and Greenwood in a tramp, yet all that I can recall of it is some piquant gossip

from the realm of "high life" that passed between my two companions.

Morley was interested in my experiences at Göttingen, and our talks touched such themes as the newer German philosophy and the recent advances of Prussia; but I fear I can have given Morley but little in return for his generous hospitality. I remember that he seemed to like my playing of Schubert and other composers, and that he praised my wife's singing of German songs. We were, of course, alike profoundly moved by the striking events taking place on the Continent. My sympathies had at first inclined to Germany as seeming the less aggressive of the two breakers of the peace. But the penalties demanded by Bismarck from his conquered foe induced a more friendly attitude towards France. Although bound to France by literary, and, I fancy, also by personal ties, Morley brought a cool judgment to bear on these events, recognizing what benefit Europe might reap from a united and powerful Germany. Meredith's attitude towards the trend of events was, I think, that of a saddened friend of France, restrained somewhat, as compared with the more passionate advocacy of his friend Maxse, by Morley's influence.[1] During our quiet rambles along the Hog's Back we talked of other things than the Franco-German struggle. Darwin had just brought out his "Descent of Man," of which Morley wrote an appreciation in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. All this

[1] See Meredith's letters to Maxse and his poem "France," published in the *Fortnightly* about this time.

made me feel as if I were in the innermost circle of men of letters.

My work for Morley was agreeable enough, and it left me ample leisure for writing. I got to like the reading of proof-sheets, especially when the matter was a story of Meredith's. My experience as proof-reader interested me as a psychologist. It made me familiar with the pitfalls that waylay the unwary corrector of proofs. I had many startling illustrations of the facility with which one overlooks misspellings and even omissions of words in reading the proofs of one's own writing, where knowledge of the matter makes one more than usually independent of close visual attention to the verbal forms. The most remarkable example I can recall of this danger was the overlooking of the impudent intruder, a capital "K," in the familiar name "Arabian Nights" (printed as "Arabian Knights"). I had passed this "howler" in three or four readings of the sheet, and only chanced to "spot" it just before sending off the revised sheet for press: when, allowing my eye to run carelessly down the page, the oddness of the look of the "K" arrested my glance. I have often found that this idle fashion of looking over without reading printed matter, either by running down the page or, better, by following the words from right to left, and the lines from the bottom to the top, has dragged into light some skulking misprint. Such indolent wandering of the eye eliminates the tendency to focus attention upon *meaning*, and forces us to concentrate upon the *look* of the verbal forms.

I may add that the "K" in this instance passed unchallenged by two friendly assistants, one a lecturer on English literature and the other a learned Cambridge lady versed in journalistic work.

Before leaving my work with Morley I had launched out in different directions of literary activity. Among these were some longer philosophical articles. In the pages of the *Westminster Review* (January 1871) I tried to defend Mill's utilitarianism against the attack of John Grote, the brother and philosophic opponent of the better-known George Grote. This was followed by articles on Free Will, Belief, etc.

The *Westminster* was no longer the formidable organ of earlier days when J. S. Mill and other doughty champions wrote for it. The editor was Dr. Chapman, whose larger fame rested, I think, upon the discovery of the therapeutic value of ice-bags applied to the spine. This frigid interest was supplemented by a warm concern for literature and young writers. It was he who in his boarding-house brought together George Henry Lewes and George Eliot. In my time he did not pay his contributors—at least not the fledglings,—but the omission gave more than one beginner a chance of publicity which might otherwise have been missed. He was ready, moreover, to invite members of his team to his house, and I remember meeting there in the early seventies E. D. J. Wilson, who was for many years on the staff of *The Times*. We talked over our experiences with Chapman when, twenty years later, we again met at the Weisshorn Hotel in the Val

d'Anniviers. For the *Fortnightly Review* I wrote on æsthetic subjects, such as "The Beautiful Aspects of Character," "Musical Form," and "Musical Expression."

Under Morley's advice I supplemented these more ponderous studies by writing lighter articles, more especially "middles" for the *Saturday Review*. He had himself written for this journal under the editorship of Cook, and he spoke well of it as offering valuable training in the formation of style. As I look back on my work for the *Saturday*, which dealt with such trivial matters as "Homishness," "The British Hebe," "The Philosophy of Shopping," "Pathos of Pleasure Seeking," "Carioling" (in Norway), I am disposed to smile; so little congruous does their texture and tone seem with those of my later writings. But I remember feeling at the time rather pleased with them. However slight their intrinsic value, the writing of them was a good discipline for these first days of apprenticeship. It forced upon me the lesson of simplicity and terseness in expression and of touching subjects lightly. It may have favoured the adoption of an unpleasant fashion of the hour, a superior and rather contemptuous critical tone. Yet it put me on my guard, not only against such older blemishes as the indulgence in pretty writing and in the sentimental vein, but against newer ones, such as exaggeration in statement and loose emotional extravagance. Because of these good services I still feel grateful to Harwood, the editor of the *Saturday*, for having so liberally opened its columns to my pen. We have since those days developed

a manner of journalism very different from that of the older *Saturday*. Yet it may be questioned whether the change of manner is wholly a gain, whether we have found an equivalent for the rather savage but very useful watchdog at the gate of letters, from whose detective eye no disguise of fine clothes could ever save the charlatan.

To the discipline of the *Saturday* was added that of the *Fortnightly*. Morley's own style, which had already assimilated something of the precision and lucidity, something, too, of the pointedness and happy phrasing, of the best French writers, was for me at this stage a particularly valuable model. It was just what I needed for the indicating and correcting of certain Teutonisms in my use of language, due, no doubt, to much German reading and speaking. Morley, I remember, set me reading George Sand, whom he regarded as an excellent literary model. Another counsel of my friendly mentor was to widen my literary repertoire, and especially to try my hand at biography and history. I regret sometimes that I did not follow the advice of so competent a guide; but I only made one or two excursions into this domain of letters, one of which was an article on Herder, which Morley printed in the early eighties.

In spite of this encouraging introduction to journalism, I decided to concentrate my energies on scientific work: beginning to recognize that I was not a born or inevitable scribbler. I worked slowly, and for the most part with a sense of friction. I did, indeed, manage, now and again, when particularly fresh, to reel off a "middle" at a morning

sitting; but, compared with such a nimble pen as Grant Allen's, not to speak of Andrew Lang's flying quill, mine was but a poor jog-trotter. My verbal memory was weak, and I could not before sitting down to write think out and retain in clear consciousness a detailed scheme of my article. To me a pen in the hand was as indispensable for literary composition as to an extempore orator the sight of a prepared audience. This weakness, aided by a low degree of visualizing power, handicapped me in an especial manner in all lighter descriptive writing. I was also one of the severe self-critics, and could rarely be satisfied until I had spoilt the look of my page by corrections.

Along with this recognition of a want of fluency and of the delightful sense of speed in writing, I experienced a deep, irresistible bent towards abstract thinking; and my special leaning towards psychology forced upon me the conviction that I needed some first-hand knowledge of the physiological processes that help to condition the currents of our mental life. This subject was now receiving attention in Germany; and though Wundt had not yet founded his famous school of Physiological Psychology, the many-sided savant, Helmholtz, had with excellent effect introduced psychological reflections into his epoch-making works on musical sensation and on the processes of vision. Drawn by his name, I conceived the plan of spending the winter of 1871–2 in Berlin.

My decision did not at first please Bain, who was keeping a close, fatherly watch upon my doings. But in the end he not only fell in with it, but arranged

to get some advantage out of it by inviting me to do some work for him in Berlin. About the same time Herbert Spencer also proposed to give me employment. He was now planning out his scheme of sociology, for which purpose he engaged a few younger men to collect pertinent ethnological observations for him. This offer I did not accept. One could, I thought, collect facts for a philosopher with the lines of a finished system in his brain only by becoming his whole-hearted disciple; and this, greatly as I admired him, I certainly was not.

Berlin had at this moment been raised to the dignity of the metropolis of the new German Empire. I anticipated the sight of the place with some emotion. I had paid two recent visits to that other capital which the triumphant German army had afterwards besieged and bombarded. One was in 1868 or 1869, in company with a Russian friend, Edward Berens, whose acquaintance I had made at Göttingen. We were on the top ("l'Impériale") of one of the big Paris omnibuses when suddenly Berens pointed to an open carriage and said, "The Emperor!" Instantly, as from some automatic habit, I raised my hat, and was astonished to see the Emperor and Empress direct their glance towards me and acknowledge my salutation. I understood this immediately afterwards when I observed that nobody else paid the Imperial pair any attention, and learned that Napoleon was very unpopular at this time. My second visit to Paris was in July 1870, when the murmur of the advancing war-storm was distinctly audible. I was now to visit the northern capital,

where the German States were organizing a spectacular expression of that Imperial unity which the success of their arms had effected.

The city had even then some imposing buildings. The spacious street Unter den Linden and the Thiergarten were the frequented resorts, and here we set about making ocular acquaintance with the owners of familiar names. The tower-like figure of Bismarck might be seen stalking along the primitive-looking *trottoir*, followed by a brace of daring little street urchins whose pigmy stature threw into relief the Chancellor's six feet four of height, and who, sticking as closely as possible to the giant's heels, skilfully managed now and again to get a saucy glance up at the terrible enigmatic face. At a stated hour—in the morning, I think—the big moustached figure of the Emperor was to be seen standing inside the window of his palace, to the delight of his dear enthusiastic subjects. In our little *pension* we had a peep into the genuine Berlin enthusiasm for its Kaiser. The mother of our hostess, a little wizened figure (from Posen, I think), would burst out now and again in rapturous praise of her "little golden Kaiser" (*mein goldenes Kaiserchen*). This lively old lady would pinch herself of what we should call necessaries in order to go to the theatre, now and then, to see her Emperor idol.

Court manners in Berlin still retained a homely simplicity, and one of the curious sights in the city was the noble form of the Crown Prince in military attire, walking arm-in-arm with the Crown Princess (our Princess Royal) along the *trottoir*,

like private citizens on their way to the market. The first meeting of the Reichstag occurred soon after our arrival. The opening ceremony was a brilliant pageant, and it gave us an opportunity of seeing Von Moltke and many other heroes of the war as they passed into the building.

I seldom came into contact with the military caste, and only once or twice noticed signs of the arrogant spirit in which I rather expected the Prussian officers to indulge.

My special work consisted in anatomical studies in Dubois-Reymond's physiological laboratory and attendance on Helmholtz's lectures, which happened this semester to be on physiological opties. He was particularly kind, and soon gave us the entrée to his house. It was at this time a rendezvous for distinguished persons, not only the *Gelehrte*, but writers like Adolph Stahr and Fanny Lewald, diplomatic officials and others. I remember Helmholtz showing me a grand piano which an American manufacturer had presented to him in recognition of his services to the science of music. We sometimes saw the Helmholtzs at the Opera, where, to my delight, Wagner's operas were frequently given.

Other friends stole about us, till we began to feel warmly fenced in with friendships in our cold-looking northern capital. I recall from among these the Von Pertzs, to whom our good English friend Mrs. Gertrude Coupland had kindly introduced us. Their children used to play with those of the Crown Princess. Frau von Pertz would tell us of the Crown Princess's exertions on behalf of

the higher education of girls: an innovation which was, I believe, looked coldly upon by many conservative Prussians, who suspected that their ideal of the useful, submissive *Hausfrau* was threatened. On the other hand, I was told that she offended the traditions of the Prussian Court by introducing a too homely English idea of her maternal duties. We also saw much of Solly, the Lector on English at the University. His wife was German, and the parents and children together offered a delightful example of a plain but cultured German home-life.

But our nearest and dearest friends were the Lachmanns, to whom our new friend in England, Mrs. Coupland, a sister of Mrs. Lachmann, had given us a warm letter of introduction. The family consisted of a mother and three young girls. The young husband and father, when giving promise of brilliant achievement in science, had been snatched away by death. The bereaved wife had at once set to work bravely both to support herself and to educate her children by organizing in her rooms a series of lessons to be given by outside professors, and she managed to win for this nearest approach in Germany to a private school a number of pupils from good families. The children, whose ages graduated downwards from twelve years, were the most interesting and lovable little trio I have ever chanced upon. It was always a fresh joy to welcome at our door the three dainty figures, with their braided pig-tails, tartan frocks, and fur tippets and turbans, and to hear the eldest begin in a soft, tender voice, "Mamma lässt Sie grüssen."

During my stay I managed to see something of

various sides of Berlin life. Besides the Opera House, there was the Hoftheater, where the veteran Döhring still acted in the great Shakespearian and other parts. I was particularly impressed by his rendering of King Lear, and of Nathan (in Lessing's *Nathan der Weise*). I sent an article apropos of the latter performance to the *Saturday*, under the title "Lessing and the Berlin Stage." We went to hear one of Helmholtz's popular scientific lectures, given before a gathering comparable with that of a Friday evening at our Royal Institution. A memorable experience during our stay in the German capital was the singing of Frau Joachim, the wife of the violinist, in a performance of Bach's Passion Music at one of the churches. I got a certain insight into the harder and more strenuous life of the people by attending a meeting of the Social Democrats, as I think the German Socialists were then called. I have the impression that Bebel was one of the chief speakers. The presence on the platform of a seated policeman brought home to me the sharp difference between the Prussian and English ideas of free speech. This experience, too, I utilized by sending a short account of the meeting to F. Greenwood.

The winter brought us a long reign of frost and abundant snow, and both the Linden and Thiergarten, as well as the wooded heaths of the environs of the city, shone with a new and dazzling beauty. We revelled in sleigh-driving and in skating upon the lake of the Thiergarten. Here one could look upon a brilliant social func-

tion and enjoy the new experience of fitting the ringing strokes of one's skates to the rhythm of music supplied by a military band.

I managed also during my stay at Berlin to do some heavier writing. Morley's continued interest in my work was shown by a letter (dated April 1872) telling me that Herbert Spencer and G. H. Lewes had spoken in high terms of my article in the *Fortnightly* on the "Basis of Musical Sensation," in which I embodied some of the fruits of my study of Helmholtz.

In the autumn of 1873 I set about stringing together some papers for a volume. Friends were very kind, and Bain and Morley wrote frequently, showing a continued interest in my projects. I visited Morley when he was staying at Tunbridge Wells. On my expressing a wish to see Oxford, he kindly gave me a note of introduction to Thomas Fowler, then, I think, Tutor of Lincoln College. I had reviewed Fowler's two volumes on Logic in the *Fortnightly*, and he was disposed to be agreeable. So I saw the colleges of Oxford at the beginning of the October term, when the creepers are ablaze, warming up the cold, grey walls.

In the same month I was asked by Spencer Baynes, the editor of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," to contribute to the ninth edition a philosophical article on æsthetics. Bain sent me a characteristic letter on the theme, apropos of Spencer's theory that echoes of ancestral enjoyments enter into our modern love of landscape. He wrote: "I never can see how so much stress

should be laid upon the *enjoyment* side of our ancestors' experience, seeing that the poor devils must have had so much of the opposite." During Spencer Baynes' term of editorship I wrote several other articles for the "Encyclopædia," of which the most important were a historical sketch of the philosophy of "Evolution" (written in collaboration with Huxley) and a psychological paper on "Dreams."

About the same time I was also approached by Miss Catherine Winkworth as to my willingness to give a course of lectures on the History of Music to a ladies' class at Clifton. John Morley had shortly before given me a letter of introduction to J. A. Symonds, at that time living at Clifton in the house of his father, the well-known physician. It seems that a movement had been started there for furthering the higher education of women.[1] Symonds took a keen interest in it, and himself gave lectures to the class. My course was given in the spring of 1874, and I believe I was bold enough to essay some musical illustrations upon a piano. When delivering the lectures I lunched with Symonds once or twice, and can faintly recall the paternal home: the large rooms of which were covered with Italian paintings that may have given to the future writer on Italian art his first inspiration. I do not think that he had much technical knowledge of music, but we talked in his garden of the analogies between tones and colours. Along with this teaching work, the

[1] See "Memorials of Two Sisters, Susanna and Catherine Winkworth," edited by Margaret J. Shaen.

æsthetics of music continued to occupy my mind, and I published in the *Contemporary* (1874) an article on "The Nature and Limits of Musical Expression."

My volume of collected essays bore the rather fanciful title "Sensation and Intuition." It reflected my two chief scientific interests, psychology and æsthetics—more especially my interest in the constituents of musical beauty. In all the papers the psychological attitude and method of treatment were apparent, even the sublime metaphysical problem of free will being treated psychologically. I was rather nervous as to the reception of my book. It was one thing to produce an article, quite another to publish so weighty a thing as a book, on which the critics might be expected to swoop down. But its reception alike in England, France, and Germany was amply reassuring. Bain wrote a pretty full notice of it for the *Fortnightly*. A reviewer in the *Saturday*, whom I was fortunate enough to get to know later, welcomed my attempt to bring a little light to bear upon the dark region of æsthetics. Warm congratulations came later from Theodore Ribot in Paris, R. Avenarius in Leipzig, and others. Presentation copies elicited favourable opinions from Herbert Spencer, G. H. Lewes, and Charles Darwin; the last writing with characteristic modesty: "I have read it with great interest, and regretted that it had not been published earlier, so that I might have profited by some of the discussions."

The publication of this volume brought new

proposals of work. William Minto, a pupil of Bain's, had just been made editor of the *Examiner*, then, I believe, the property of Lord Rosebery, and he asked me to write for his journal, proposing a revision of the forthcoming Oxford Edition of Hume. Apropos of this offer, Bain wrote telling me of the caution he had given to Minto not to be too sanguine. "Hume himself (urged Bain) is a stiff job (for a critic), but to take him from the arms of the Hegelians is beyond common prudence." About the same time G. Croom Robertson informed me that the new Mental Science Review, finally christened *Mind* (the design of which Bain had mentioned to me some time before), was to appear under his editorship next year, and he asked me to contribute to the first number. A little later Ribot wrote to me from Paris of his proposal to start the *Revue Philosophique*, and asked for my co-operation. These recognitions and proposals of work made me feel that I had completed the tentative stage of my literary career and was about to enter upon the more assured stage of regular work. The arrival of a little girl in our home was an impressive reminder that the *Wanderjahre* as well as the *Lehrjahre* were now over. So we set about the weighty business of establishing ourselves in a home. After in vain seeking a suitable dwelling-place in Hampstead, we fell back on the new suburb at Harlesden, not far from Willesden Junction. An allowance which my father was now making to his children enabled me to face housekeeping with a certain composure.

CHAPTER VII

RECUPERATIVE ITALY

About this time, owing, I fancy, to an undue emphasizing in Goethe's well-known maxim of "*Ohne Rast*," to the comparative disregard of "*Ohne Hast*," I had a nervous breakdown, and my father's generosity gave me the chance of a longer sojourn in Italy. We set out early in December by the beautiful route through the South of France and along the Riviera. The weather continued bleak as far as Lyons, but there the sunshine already seemed to have a touch of southern warmth. Nismes, Arles, the Pont du Gard, Avignon—the very cluster of names still sounds like a festal peal of bells amidst a scene of warm colouring, with gleams of more concentrated light from ancient marble and flowing river. We lingered at Marseilles to drink in to the full the first consciousness of being on the shores of the Mediterranean; and again at Nice and San Remo, to satiate our eyes on the sea's blue, edged with glittering buildings, palms and other tropical growths, and guarded by watch-towers and headlands. Only at Genoa were we sufficiently roused from our dream-mood to attack the business of

sight-seeing; after which, still clinging to the magic coast, we lapsed at Sestri Levante into another delicious reverie; lighting by happy chance upon a sweet peasant boy whose quick sympathetic wit shot ahead of our broken Italian speech and our unaccustomed gesture language, anticipating our every wish. The railway from Genoa ended at that time at Sestri, the long stretch of tunnel with its short, dazzling openings to sunny sea not having yet been cut. So we stayed at night at a picturesque townlet, and drove the next day up among interminable olive groves and chestnuts, and then down to the beautiful Spezzia Bay. After a visit to the glorious piazza of Pisa, we made for Florence, where we had arranged to spend our Christmas. Here, under cloudy skies and cold mists, we seemed to be thrust back into the bleak north, and the dismal experience decided us to travel straight to Naples. The sound of "Roma," as our train pulled up at the capital, sent a delicious shiver through the blood; and a short ramble through the streets, with a peep at one of its resplendent fountains, deepened our sense of committing something like a sacrilege in rushing past the Eternal City.

At Naples we lodged at an "English *pension*," kept by a Mrs. Turner, an Englishwoman who had adopted the excellent plan of marrying an Italian, thus securing a standard of culinary art for her establishment which an English housekeeper might otherwise have missed. It stood conveniently near the fashionable gardens and sea-front; although, since it ran at right angles

with these, it was for the greater part of the day cut off from the sun. It stood behind the fashionable resorts, in a street which was narrow and rather dark, but a few steps brought us to sunny Riviera di Chiaia. It was a joy on the first morning to emerge from the gloomy vicolo into the full sunshine of the gardens, where we soon dropped into the "sweet" Italian mood of idly watching the boats and the fishermen, and pretending to examine the coral and tortoise-shell, the *cavalli di mare*, and other curiosities which the street vendors displayed to us. Our quarters were comfortable enough, and as the season of the little "mandarini" oranges had begun, we were able to feast three senses upon the dainty fruit. From some old accounts I find that the price of *pension* (including room) was eight lire a day, or just £2 a week, a figure not noticeably different from that charged me in Naples thirty years later.

In those days Naples had not done much in the way of modern improvements. There was a good deal of squalid housing close to the front, and the magnificent Corso Vittorio Emanuele was in the early days of its construction.

Our company was rather cosmopolitan, though the English contingent was well maintained by the presence of a General and a Major. During our stay at the *pension* we had an unpleasant experience of the exclusiveness which English residents abroad are apt to show towards new arrivals until these have been properly inspected. A charming English girl appeared one morning at the breakfast-table, and her arrival alone greatly

shocked one or two of our ladies. She was one of the most refined-looking women I ever met, and nobody but a very stupid or very prejudiced observer could have failed to recognize in her an educated lady. She showed, too, unmistakably the signs of delicate health. Yet it was only after my wife and I had begun to make a friend of her that the English sticklers for the proprieties forgave her for daring to arrive without a chaperon. The foreign *pension* where the English forgather offers a fine opportunity for studying their instinct for "making a home"; that is, for joining with one or two others—say, in a railway carriage—in keeping out interlopers. This, as I understand it, is only a modification of our tendency to resent the approach of an unintroduced stranger. One of the most curious illustrations of this which I have met with was the behaviour of an English lady who, after an Italian gentleman had made way for her on the landing of an hotel staircase, and completed the civility by slightly raising his hat, told a friend that she had been insulted.

Little by little we began to exert ourselves, visiting the marvels of the Museum, making excursions to the heights behind the city, and to places along the coast, such as Pozzuoli and Baiae. The soft, crumbling tufa walls, the sulphurous springs, and Vesuvius for ever disgorging his fumes, made us feel all the time as if we were on the edge of a volcano. We made up for niggardly attention to the giant by passing some days at Pompeii. By this means we not only got to know the fascinating streets and buildings of the dis-

interred city, but won a fuller appreciation of the natural beauties of this resort of well-to-do Romans. The succession of the hours unfolded ever new phases of mountain, sea, and glittering marble ruin. It was during this visit to Pompeii that I first made acquaintance with that curious product of Western civilization, the American boy, who, in this case, half amused, half puzzled us by the way in which he assumed full authority over his begetters, dictating with the assurance of a trained courier their plan of travel.

After this we made a longer excursion along the coast beyond Pompeii. At Sorrento we lodged at a small hotel, the "Villa Piccola Sirena." With more appropriateness it might have styled itself "Piccolo Vesuvio," so energetically and obstinately did its little metal stove and pipe pour out their fumes upon us. We took longish walks in the neighbourhood, climbing the heights behind the orange gardens. For companions we had a boy and a donkey, both thoroughly Italian in temper, and both bearing romantic Italian names. We were told later that we had run risks of encountering brigands in these wild regions.

From Sorrento we crossed to the island of Capri, stopping at the Albergo Quisisana, in the village of Capri, some height above the sea. The village, if I remember aright, consisted of a group of low, flat or dome-roofed houses, with odd little windows, half Oriental in their physiognomy. It was a plain but comfortable albergo, which asked of its guests the modest terms of six lire a day. When we visited it the island preserved much of its

primitive charm. There was no large hotel, and the number of visitors was small, and consisted mostly of artists. The German colony had not yet overrun its recesses. There was no road, or horse, in the island, so that one had to get about either on foot or astride of a mule or donkey. We had come in the nick of time for enjoying the pristine wildness, for the sound of blasting admonished us that a "carriageable road" was in the making. The transportation of goods from the coast up the steep slopes was done either by mules or by the finely grown Capriot girls, who bore surprising loads on their erect heads. One of the sights of Capri was the long "scala" of five hundred and thirty-five steps, where these handsome, half Greek-looking contadine moved with a queenly stateliness upwards, or bounded joyously downwards, or, better still, rested and chatted at some turning of the Scala, breaking into laughter, and falling instinctively into charming arrangements of form and colour.

The painters on the island were, I think, mostly French and English. I remember being taken to a small hut-like building to see a huge painting of the Scala and resting girls, by a French painter, and wondering how he had managed to get his canvas through the little doorway.

I soon grew obsessed with the colouring of land and sea, cactus and Capriot maid. Ten years earlier I had discovered that I could, unaided by any lessons in drawing objects, make a pencil sketch of a lake or mountain group. But to reproduce colour was a very different matter. I had—pro-

bably at the suggestion of my artist brother-in-law—armed myself with a box of water-colours. One day I confided my longings to paint to Mrs. Anderson, a painter who was staying at our hotel. She advised me to try to find out for myself how to lay on the washes. I have often regretted that I followed her well-intentioned advice.

My health still forbade my doing much head-work, and I rigorously abstained from writing notes of my travels. But to sit in the morning on the warm southern slopes of the island, sheltered from the tramontana, and paint the Faraglioni needle-rocks—not white like our island's Needles, but softly flushed by a sunny haze—was hardly more than a *dolce far niente*. And however poor the visible result, the methodical and detailed inspection involved helped to train the eye to a finer observation of colour.

We heard a good deal of the little art-world in Capri, of the obstacles the painters sometimes encountered from a parent or priest in hiring models, and of the occasional marriage of a painter with a handsome contadina after the latter had been polished into the semblance of a lady at some school.

A party of Capriot peasants would sometimes come to our inn to show us their picturesque dances. Among these figured the famous Tarantella, of which our old travellers in South Italy have much to tell us. Its wild, impetuous movements were apt to give the dancers an appetite; and a part of the spectacle was to see them, on resting from their gyrations, eat macaroni in peasant

style, taking up the long worm-like threads and dropping them neatly into their mouths—red wine assisting the repast.

After a stay of a fortnight, we left Capri one morning early in March for Amalfi. We took a small sailing boat, rounded the Punta di Campanella, then hugged the coast of the Bay of Salerno, and passed at an excitingly short distance the famous Siren rocks. The wind was now from the land (*vento di terra*), and if it failed us where the coast-line rose, the sail would be lowered and long oars put out. The beauty of the scenery held us even after our recent drive from Castellemare to Sorrento. The passing of each rocky promontory disclosed a new and exhilarating perspective, the whole winding up nobly with a first sight of Amalfi, climbing stepwise up its tiers of white terraces, while a faint purplish streak beyond added a hint of the coast of Calabria. It looked a half Oriental city, and the impression was deepened when, on approaching it, we saw half-naked men, with skin baked a deep brown, unloading sacks of golden grain upon a wooden floor.

At Amalfi we found a room at the "Albergo dei Cappucini," where we again paid eight francs a day. We seem to have lighted upon the last bedroom, for it was ours only after we had accepted certain quaint conditions. A Prussian Prince and officer, a youngish man of imposing height, occupied a room beyond ours which could only be entered by passing through our territory. The gentleman in possession agreed on his part to retire at a

reasonable hour; while we on our part undertook to be out of our room by a certain hour in the morning, which the Prince, German and early riser as he was, must, I fear, have found anything but reasonable. All went well until on a certain morning we overslept ourselves. On consulting my watch, I was dismayed at the hour. We hurried with the dressing, keeping an ear on the Prince's door, which gave us no relieving sound. Could he, too, have slept late, succumbing, like ourselves, to some heaviness in the air? We hastened to the breakfast-room, and at the entrance confronted his genial face wearing a broad smile. He met the astonishment we betrayed upon seeing him by explaining that he had managed to let himself down from his bedroom window. Agreeable as he had been before, this amusing contretemps made us fast friends. He loved to plan new delights, such as an evening excursion by boat to some cavern, where men were engaged to light up the place with Bengal fires. Altogether, Amalfi gave us *das schönste moment* of our travel days. My eagerness to use the paint-brush now reached a climax, and I found ever new subjects in the buildings of Amalfi, in the dark archways of Ravella above it, and in the square towers on the coast towards Salerno.

At Salerno we stopped a day or two to see the fine old cathedral and to visit Paestum. The long day's drive to the famous Greek temples was made the more impressive by the circumstance that our road was picketed with troops—bersaglieri,

I fancy—while a mounted escort rode with us. The first view of the temples, the warm tint of the travertine deepening the sea's intense blue, excited a swift nascent movement of the hand, which I instantly recognized as blindly directed towards paints and brushes. I checked the foolish impulse, and was glad for once to sink into a mood of passive contemplation, noting how the tints of temple and prairie changed as we got near them, and how fresh notes of colour were added by the dark buffaloes and other objects now growing visible. Under the warm colouring of the midday sun the dreariness of the desolate, marshy region, and of the temples long abandoned to the elements, was effectually hidden. Thirty odd years later, when travelling up by railway from Messina to Naples, I recaptured by way of a vivid contrast the magic of the sun-bathed scene. The sun had just risen, but was still invisible, and the watery sky looked repellently cold. The temples had then lost every vestige of their warm tint, and their squat forms, seen from the train, took on the semblance of forlorn creatures crouching low.

In Rome we had an *appartamento* in the Via del Babuino. It was on the fifth floor, and we could get air, as well as views of the stone pines on the Pincio, by climbing a few steps to the flat roof. Rome summoned us to work, and we left our idling behind us at Naples. But after a week or two of sight-seeing, I was called back to England by the severe illness of my mother, and arrived only in time to follow her to the grave. On the

day of the funeral a telegram reached me from Rome, sent off by our friend A. D., telling me that my wife was down with gastric fever, and bidding me bring an English nurse with me. Our dear old stand-by, servant and friend, Ann, who had just nursed my mother, was selected, and I hurried back to Rome with her. She had never been more than a few miles from Bridgwater, and my second prolonged anxiety beyond the reach of news was lightened by watching her half-puzzled, half-amused attitude towards her new foreign world. I remember her contempt for the paltry Italian soldiers, who, of course, were ridiculously foreshortened when looked down upon from our housetop.

These anxieties prevented me from making a methodical inspection of Rome, and it was not till many years later, after lingering months together there, that it began to wear the look of a familiar city. I worked hard in the Vatican and other museums. It was a transition time in the relations of the Papal to the new secular government, and I find that, among other Papal permissions, I applied for one signed by the "Maggiordomo di S. S.," allowing me to see the "Camere" and "Loggie" of Raphael, the Pinacoteca and the Sistine chapel. The beautiful Villa Albani was then accessible, and I regretted, on a later visit to Rome, to find it so no longer. Among the few impressions I can still recall—besides those left by the more imposing buildings and ruins and gardens—is the mess made by the clearances carried on in the big piazza in front of the central

railway station—which, however, led to the excavation of some valuable antiquities. I was, too, duly impressed by some big spectacles, such as the illumination of the Colosseum. Royalty displayed itself generously in those first days of a united Italy, and the beautiful face of the Principessa Marguerita seemed to add a warmer smile to those of the marble princesses in the Museum.

As soon as our invalid was strong enough, we set out from Rome for Lake Como, stopping at Terni, Florence, Bologna, and Milan. We met the difficulty of choosing between the rival sites of Bellaggio and Cadenabbia by staying at each. In one of these places I happened at the lunch-table to hear of J. S. Mill's death. The announcement was met by the question "Who's Mill?" to which our news-bringer replied in a drawling voice, "Oh, don't ye know, he's the fellow that wanted to upset the Constitution." I learned later from Bain that I might have called upon Mill at Avignon when stopping there in the preceding December. But after his wife's death he was living in great retirement, and I had heard of the molestations of his privacy by the aggressively curious. Of another loss, a friend this time, I also heard at a lunch-table abroad. It was in a *pension* at Palermo that an Englishman in the spring of 1904 announced the death of Sir Leslie Stephen; though happily there was no second Englishman on this occasion to illustrate the usual ignorance of some of our best and greatest. From Cadenabbia we resumed our journey homewards by way of

Turin and the Mont Cenis Tunnel. So, for a third time within a month, I entered what was then the only railway passage through the Alps, which, however, this time seemed less dark from the removal of two weighty loads of anxiety.

CHAPTER VIII

IN FULL WORK

We now settled at Harlesden, a new, unsightly suburb, chosen by us as a compromise between a number of needs.

My literary work continued to be a mixture of the serious article with a relatively light variety. I followed up my contributions to the *Fortnightly*, and added to this valuable stand-by the *Contemporary Review*. The article accepted by the latter was a pendant to my musical studies. The title, "Opera," brought me a proposal from Charles Leland to contribute two articles on "Opera" and "Organs" to an American Encyclopædia which he was editing. The proposal tickled me, for though I had read on the history of opera, I had not the slightest technical knowledge of organs. In addition to these articles I wrote critical notices for the *Examiner*; and I contributed to the columns of the *Academy*, which at this time was the most learned of our weekly journals, and was edited by Dr. Appleton. Among the philosophical books which the *Examiner* sent me was a couple the reading and reviewing of which was a particular treat. They were both ethical disquisitions, and both original and deeply interesting. Yet

together they formed a striking contrast, alike in point of view and in mode of treatment: I refer to Henry Sidgwick's "Methods of Ethics" and F. H. Bradley's "Ethical Studies."

I now found a sure and more spacious opening for my philosophical pen in *Mind*, the new philosophic review, to which I contributed pretty regularly. Alexander Bain, who had brought it into existence, worthily followed up this paternal function by supporting his bantling handsomely from his own purse. He started with the generous proposal to pay for all contributions, though after a time he had to curb his rash impulse by restricting the honorarium to critical notices of books.

Another journalistic opening, offering scope for a sort of *tertium quid* between the more serious and the lighter kind of article, was the *Cornhill Magazine*. I got to know the editor, Leslie Stephen, and he seemed to be interested in my articles, the topics of which ranged from a German peasant romance up to such grave themes as pessimism.

By this time I had adopted a fixed plan for the day's work. From three to three and a half hours of the morning were my best hours, and these I allotted to writing, while reading and business were relegated to what I always found to be a good second best, an hour or two after tea. This left me with an hour of the morning and the whole of the afternoon for open-air exercise, for which I had a robust appetite. By this plan my health was kept good, and it was only rarely that I had to diminish the standard quantum of daily work.

Brought into touch with a number of fellow-workers, I no longer felt like a solitary digger in a mine. There was Croom Robertson, a most helpful colleague, with whom I had to discuss problems of "Mind"; William Minto, at his pleasant *Examiner* smoking receptions in the Strand, along with Theodore Watts,[1] Comyns Carr, and other good company. My *Saturday Review* work, too, brought me new acquaintances, including Frederick Pollock; and the Savile Club helped to enlarge my literary and scientific circle. It was here, I think, that I must have first got to know that genial shepherd of philosophic students in London, Shadworth Hodgson. And it was the same sociable club which introduced me to W. K. Clifford, the brilliant young mathematician and thinker; to F. Y. Edgeworth, whose many-sidedness of mind refuses to be contained even under two categories; as well as to other lovers of ideas.

By this time my writings had given me the entrée into houses where things of the mind were honoured. G. H. Lewes, to whom I had sent a copy of my book, invited me to the Sunday afternoon gatherings at the Priory. Here, in addition to the revered novelist, George Eliot, I first saw Darwin and other notabilities. The meeting with Darwin was a particularly agreeable one for me. It was a wet afternoon, and I found myself the only guest. Just as I was rising to go, the maid entered and announced "Mr. and Mrs. Darwin." Lewes turned to me and said, "You must not go now." A quiet elderly pair were ushered in.

[1] Afterwards Watts Dunton.

Darwin's bald dome of a head, with its deep curtain of grey hair and a long grey beard to match, deeply impressed me. The first number of *Mind* had just appeared, and Darwin spoke in praise of it, adding that what he especially liked was Mr. Sully's article on "Physiological Psychology in Germany." Lewes turned to me with a knowing smile, and said to Darwin, "Perhaps you would like to know the writer of the article." The great man was generous in talk, and pricked on, I think, by a funny story from Lewes, recounted some curious experiences of his own. One was the receipt of a letter from a learned American, who sought to demonstrate that the doctrine of Natural Selection was to be found in the Old Testament. Another was also the reception of a letter, this time from a canny young Scotsman. This young gentleman, having rather hastily undertaken the task of expounding and defending the Darwinian doctrine before a debating society, and finding himself out of his depth, struck out boldly for *terra firma* by writing directly to Darwin, asking him to send him a brief epitome of his doctrine. Darwin seemed to enjoy the humour of the thing almost as much as his audience.

Another house where men of science and of letters forgathered was that of Mrs. Hertz in Harley Street, to which I was introduced by Kegan Paul, at that time my publisher's reader. "Society" was new to me, and I did not yet shrink from the *salon* which Mrs. Hertz held on Sunday evenings. I met there a number of persons with awe-inspiring names, among others Goldwin Smith and Frederic Harrison. But the

crowded rooms, with their Babel-like confusion of voices, were not much to my liking. I remember once, upon entering the drawing-room, spying the tall figure of Edmund Gurney pinned by the slowly moving pack of guests against the wall in a corner. I managed to get to him; but alas! we were instantly discovered by our vigilant hostess, who cut short our talk by bearing one of us away to some lady who was "most desirous" of making his acquaintance.

Among the visitors whom I met in Harley Street, none gave me such a thrill of excitement as Robert Browning. I only had distant views of him, for of course he was drawn off from the crowd. I had seen him some years before in a Congregational chapel listening to the spontaneous and deeply moving poetry of the Welsh preacher, the Rev. Thomas Jones; and the contrast of atmosphere between the Sunday *salon* and the chapel could not but strike me. The third time I met him was at Leslie Stephen's; and here again the irony of things planned it that a revered poet should present to me a by no means dignified aspect. He amused us by recounting how one afternoon in Kensington Gardens he was chased round and round the Albert Memorial by a bevy of American lady admirers; and he followed this up by describing some not particularly interesting spiritualistic communications which a lady, recently widowed, had carried on with her husband. I naturally thought of "Mr. Sludge the Medium," and the contrast brought up a sigh.

Very pleasant were the small dinner-parties which

preceded Mrs. Hertz's receptions. Our hostess knew some of the secrets of a *recherché* dinner, and used her knowledge in attracting to her table some of the intellectual lions of the day. She was herself a well-read woman, versed in French and German as well as in English literature. She was smiled at by some as a lion-huntress; but she seemed to me to seek out distinguished and promising persons not so much to win for herself a reflected glory as to gratify a genuine and many-sided interest in letters and science. On the whole she showed considerable tact, though she was once, like Homer, caught nodding. The occasion was my introducing to her a friend who came of a family distinguished for learning. She received him with the well-intentioned remark, "I hope that the family talent has been transmitted to its youngest scion."

For some time I had been attracted to the subject of modern pessimism as represented by Schopenhauer and Von Hartmann, and in 1877 I published a book upon their theories. My temperament prepared me for understanding a subject which to most thinking Englishmen, I fancy, is hardly more than pretentious nonsense. Moreover, the Germans' way of stating the problem of the value of human life—making it a question of the preponderance of pleasure over pain—attracted me, because it could only be solved by a careful psychological analysis of our experience. I was sufficiently impressed by the arguments of the new advocates of pessimism to feel roused by it as a menace, and my book was the result of an effort

to rid myself of the gloomy suspicions which it had bred.

Much to my surprise, I found, on the appearance of my volume, that a good deal of curiosity had been excited in England about the subject. McColl of the *Athenæum*, I was told, had received an unusual number of requests to review my book. It appealed to a much larger audience than my essays had done. Among those who sent favourable appreciations of it was W. Wundt, the veteran psychologist, who is still active in Leipzig. F. H. Bradley honoured me with a quite lengthy letter upon the volume, of which he spoke in higher terms than I could have expected. But it by no means pleased all its readers. A doughty Swiss lady, a disciple of Von Hartmann, sent as a contribution to *Mind* a pungent reply to my attack on her master. I fear that this caused less vexation of soul to myself than to my overworked friend Croom Robertson, who wrote me that the article was written in such queer English that he despaired of "licking it into shape."

One result of the publication of "Pessimism" gave me almost greater satisfaction than the commendatory notices of the book. Kegan Paul told me that a man he was interested in, who had been troubled with melancholia and traces of suicidal impulse, showed about this time a striking improvement in tone of mind. On Paul's asking him what had led him to adopt a more healthy attitude towards life, he replied, "Reading Sully's 'Pessimism.'" I have wondered how many philosophic writers could say that a book of theirs had

produced, among other good effects, that of prolonging a human life.

I followed up this book with an article, in which I was able to disclose more fully my own attitude towards the question of the value of life. The article bore the title of "Scientific Optimism," and was published in the *Nineteenth Century* (1881). To my ear the pæan sung to evolution by W. K. Clifford and other young enthusiasts had been overdone; and I found even Herbert Spencer's attempt to construct an optimistic creed upon a biological base a rather cold substitute for the glowing optimism of the eighteenth century. I adopted, I fear, a hopelessly sceptical attitude towards each of the antagonistic estimates of life.

"Pessimism" brought me more acquaintances, and I tried the risky experiment of drawing nearer to them by taking a house in St. John's Wood. It was here that I became intimate with Huxley and his family. I was at this time writing a philosophical article on "Evolution" for Spencer Baynes of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and Huxley became my colleague in a peculiar way by undertaking to write for the "Encyclopædia" a biological article on the same subject. The informal evening receptions by the Huxleys in Marlborough Place were among my cherished treats, carrying me back in memory to the homely reunions of Göttingen and Berlin. What struck me most on meeting Huxley was his exceeding gentleness of manner. Of the doughty combativeness of the disputant with Church dignitaries and others one saw no trace in his home: on laying aside the pen

he seemed also to cast off his controversial armour. His talk was pitched in a low voice which could woo even the timid. There were only the shagginess of the eyebrows and the reserves of power in the jaw and mouth to remind one of his daring assaults upon ancient yet still formidable spiritual fortresses. He had something of the modesty of his friend Darwin. I remember one evening when at the "high tea" he began to carve a chicken. A lady at his side remarked to him, "Ah, *now*, Professor Huxley, we shall see how a chicken *ought* to be carved," to which observation he replied, "My dear lady, anatomists make the worst of carvers." The Professor used to amuse us by serving up some of his droll experiences as examiner. One of these was an answer to the question, "Briefly describe the circulation of the blood," which at least had the merit of brevity: "The blood flows down one leg and up the other."

Another agreeable house that I visited in this neighbourhood was Richard Garnett's. I had got to know him at the British Museum, where his charming old-world courtesy and his memory for bookish things—wonderful alike in its compass and its orderliness—endeared him to many readers, and was especially welcome to so readily forgetful a person as myself. I was much in the reading-room of the British Museum in those days. Once I had the pleasure of calling Garnett's attention to Mark Pattison, who stood looking bewildered at this big gathering of London students, mostly unacademic. The Garnetts were another of those genial and homely families in which I loved to

forget my work. A happy chance once made me their guest for a week in the little Devonshire village of Morthoe, and we agreed that the week had made us better acquainted than years of hurried London intercourse. Among younger men, I got to know about this time G. J. Romanes, the promising biologist. He was much depressed at this moment by the illness of a beloved sister, which proved to be fatal. A fellow-feeling drew me to him, for I myself had just had to pay my toll to death by losing a brother who had been the close companion of my early years. It was, I was told, the loss of this sister which led Romanes to brood on religious questions, and to pen a volume which he published anonymously under the title of "A Candid Examination of Theism, by Physicus."

I continued to work at a fairly even pace, my mind running on in many directions, now upon dreams and other illusions, now upon noises; but I soon began to feel that London, even in a sylvan suburb, was not the place for me. With a respectable power of concentration so long as my *milieu* was favourable, I was a "light" worker in the sense that even small noises and other interruptions had a fatally disturbing effect on my thoughts. To me such stories as that of Mrs. Somerville's writing scientific books in a room where children were at large, read like the superhuman exploits of Greek and mediæval heroes. Organ-grinders infested St. John's Wood (was it not John Leach who was tormented by them?), and they were apt to be unaccommodating when asked

to carry their music elsewhere, especially if the friendly face of child or maid looked down supportingly from a window. The noises of London began to obsess my thoughts, and I had to write against them, as I had written against pessimism, just to clear my brain of a haunting worry. The outcome was an article on "Civilization and Noise," in the *Fortnightly Review*, which won notice, and, I think, approval, too, from George Meredith.

The same preternatural susceptibility to the distracting influence of sounds was now having a bad effect upon my sleep. I was safe when once properly launched into a deep sleep, and sometimes even amused my family at the breakfast-table by telling them that I had heard nothing of a nocturnal thunderstorm which had made havoc of their slumbers; but during the process of falling asleep I was at the mercy of absurdly small noises, which sufficed, if they were not instantly stopped, to drive off sleep for half the night. Certain voluminous sounds, on the other hand, when not too powerful, had a soothing effect upon my aural nerve; and more than once in Switzerland I have for the sake of this lulling effect chosen an hotel with a big waterfall at a suitable distance.

In 1878 my lack of sleep hardened into a habit of insomnia. I consulted Dr. J. Hughlings Jackson, who sent me to the Swiss mountains. He had been reading an article of mine on "Dreams" in the *Cornhill Magazine*, and this interview was the beginning of a warm and lasting friendship between us. His acts of kindness to me are unforgettable.

Warned by this attack of insomnia, I left St. John's Wood and settled in Hampstead, towards which I had long felt drawn. Small houses were difficult to find near the Heath. But after much searching we discovered a cottage in the triangular space known as Windmill Hill. It was very old, the rooms were low, and the floors uneven and shaky. But its retired position behind a long strip of garden made it especially inviting to me. Here I was able to carry on work with a satisfactory amount of comfort. No organ-grinder, tradesman's errand-boy, or other noise-producer was permitted to enter the garden. It looked down the steep Holly Hill, which was flanked on one side by a high causeway, on the other by arcaded storehouses—a bit of Italy in London that attracted the brush of our local Italian artist.

In 1878 Hampstead was still a village detached from London : old inhabitants continued to speak of going into the village, and the morning bus announced its destination as "Lun'on." Yet the builder was on its skirts, planning the Fitzjohn Avenue and other magnificent roads. This necessitated the pulling down of queer little lanes and courts, which, though they may not have been too healthy, added something to the wrinkled physiognomy of the old place. Well Walk had at this time more of the look of genteel age, and Frognal still enjoyed its leafy privacy. Commonplace structures like Cannon Place and Gayton Road began to raise their heads. Yet only a few beginnings of the impending changes had been carried out, and when we settled on the Northern Height there

was still much in the old buildings, and in the old lime avenues, too, to feed the mood of dreamy musing on the past. And, better still, the Heath itself had hardly been touched by the improver; so that if guardians were reasonably permissive, small boys, in Kate Greenaway designs, could have their fill of enjoyment, running up and down the sandy declivities where exposed roots menaced naked shins, and pretending to sail ships in the shallow pools.

The Heath in those days had fascinating treasures for youngsters, besides birds' eggs and blackberries. If you walked towards the Spaniards in the evening, you might chance upon a rabbit's white tail scuttling away under a bush. A little farther past the Spaniards you might, in the right month and at the proper dusky hour, overhear the low thrilling notes of a nightingale. Late in the night those who lived near Church Row might hear the cry of an owl that had its eyrie in the church tower.

As there was no "tube" in those days, Hampstead could not offer a quick journey into the City or the West End. This circumstance helped, I think, to keep the suburb a resort of men of letters, artists, and others who wanted quiet. These cultured Hampsteadians had formed themselves into a more or less compact society, which kept aloof from the rest of the inhabitants. We were at once admitted into this higher stratum, and I think I managed, in spite of my Bohemian leanings, to fit myself fairly well into my new world.

We owed our rapid admission into this rather

close society to the Charles Leweses. I had got to know Charles at his father's house, the Priory, and we had met him and his wife in Switzerland just before we settled in Hampstead. They were most kind in welcoming us and securing friends for us, among whom were Miss Coats and Miss James, who had a beautiful house in Upper Terrace, the large drawing-room of which looked out upon the Judge's Walk and the West Heath. We were invited to delightful little dinners here; and Canon Ainger, a friend of the house, who lived a door or two away, would look after the male guests, when forsaken by the ladies. Both Canon Ainger and Miss James were lovers of music, and they would delight us by their renderings of our favourite German songs. The Canon was too serious a person to care for large society gatherings, and he was once caught by a lady at an evening party sitting on a tightly packed circular settee, his face buried in his hands. Being asked whether he was unwell, he raised a woebegone countenance and explained that he was just reflecting how happy he had been before he came to the crowded party. But with a few kindred spirits he could be jolly enough. Once in the Upper Terrace, after giving us a rather melancholy song of Schubert, he suddenly got up and, lowering his arms, as if daintily to raise imaginary skirts, executed a series of skipping *pas* through the whole length of the room, reproducing with admirable exactness the graces of a lady of the ballet. We made much of Canon Ainger in Hampstead. His clever readings from Shakespeare, in which by skilful changes

in voice, pose, and expression he passed easily from one character to another, were things not to be forgotten; and hardly less memorable were his lectures. When staying with the Sidgwicks at Newnham College, I heard one of them on Burns, in which he succeeded in winning the testimony of a Scotch student to the correctness of his rendering of the poet's dialect.

On the Heath the Canon was one of the familiar figures. There was a touch of the pathetic as well as of the picturesque in the slight, stooping form, crowned by the refined face and the silky white hair. The figure seemed to be created for the Heath—to focus its spirit, with the melancholy of its solitudes and the serenity of its unobtrusive life. He ought, I used to think, to have been accompanied in these gentle peregrinations by his beloved Charles Lamb. As it was, he had a meet companion in the artist Du Maurier, who now lived, like Ainger, but a few steps from the Flagstaff. They were often to be seen together towards the end of a morning moving slowly across the West Heath. Sometimes Du Maurier would be accompanied by his wife and young children, and then we knew where the *Punch* artist had found some of his models. They would bring, too, the fine St. Bernard, recognizably the "Chang" that had also sat (or stood) for *Punch*. I had met the Du Mauriers at the Priory, and at Hampstead we renewed a loose sort of acquaintance. He was a teller of good stories, among others one which had Chang as its hero. His master was once taking him to a house of call,

when a kitten opposed itself to the advance of the giant, bristling with all the manifestations of fierce wrath. The magnanimous Chang instantly went over on its back, paws in air, by way of deprecating any hostility on his part, and the kitten's rage was appeased.

Some of these early acquaintances in Hampstead ripened into long friendships. There were pleasant houses for Sunday afternoon tea or supper, where good talk and music could be counted upon : among others, those of the Wedmores, the Ewing Mathesons, the Gilchrists, the William Hills, the Henry Morleys, and Dr. and Mrs. Coupland. It seems strange to me, in looking back to-day, that we should have been able so soon after our arrival in Hampstead to surround ourselves with so goodly a circle of friends.

Besides these friendly families, I had the more frequent and more prolonged company of one whom I will call my bachelor chum. It was he who attracted me to Hampstead, quite as much, I think, by the prospect of having him as a neighbour as by his praises of the salubrity of the Northern Heights. I responded to his brotherly overtures by selecting for my home a cottage only a few steps from his abode. We met almost daily, now for a short after-breakfast walk, now for a longer tramp, in which Stanley Jevons might join, and now on a skating excursion to Hendon or Elstree. Later on, the bicycle came upon the scene, aiming a blow at our unhurried peregrinations on foot. I used to join him now and then, though knowing that I was a sort of cog to his

impatient wheels. In another bodily exercise I was quite unable to join him—the early-morning dip in the bathing-pond. Valiant as I was in attacking, on a hot summer day, ice-cold water in Switzerland or Norway, I could not in cold blood face the early-morning plunge in winter.

Our lines of study overlapped somewhat, and this, together with the multiplicity of his interests, made conversation fluent. His mind seemed to be ever simmering with new problems, and upon meeting him on the edge of the Heath, he would at once put me a poser of the form, "If you had so much money to invest, and the conditions were so and so, would you be ready to risk it?" I was amused at his supposing that I might be troubled by a superfluity of wealth, but did my best to answer his query. It was delightful to know, when starting for my morning view of Harrow-on-the-Hill, that I should find him somewhere near the White Stone Pond. I recognized his cloaked figure at some distance moving very slowly with bent back, and loved to startle him out of his fit of abstraction, to see him spring upwards with something of a bird's movement of flight, and to hear his cheery outburst, "Hallo, Sully!"

Although my junior, he seemed, as the older inhabitant, to take special care of me. This was due in part to the sweet courtesy of his nature, for he came from the isle of hospitality. Among those delicious memories to which I can return again and again was a week spent with him in his ancestral home, a summer week made the more

fragrant by his delicate attentions. Propinquity no longer makes it easy for me to get possession of his genial and sustaining comradeship. Nevertheless, I cherish the dream that, if ever I reach the Elysian Fields, I shall be welcomed once more by that sudden upward spring and that thrilling "Hallo!"

My removal to Hampstead coincided with a notable increase of work. In 1878 I was appointed Examiner in Logic and Psychology in the University of London, and in the following year Lecturer on the Theory of Education at the Maria Grey Training College. Literary work was henceforth to be supplemented by teaching and testing the results of teaching.

The lecturing, which I put into the afternoons so as to secure the morning hours for writing, did not trouble me much. My voice, it is true, was not strong, and had not yet been methodically trained. But then my classes were small, and made no heavy demands on it. The change of scene, still more the direct appeal to a concrete, visible audience, was refreshing after the isolation and self-absorption of the morning. I felt the subtle power of the sympathy which binds teacher and pupil when face to face, compelling me to note when a fair head would look up an instant from her notebook with a crease of perplexity in the brow, or when her running pen would fly still faster, as if in haste not to lose something she thought good. I did not write out my lectures, but trusted to half a dozen leaves of notes: the skeleton being always rewritten for a new delivery.

The examining work rather worried me at first. I had horrid misgivings as to whether I might not, according to mood and other variable conditions, unknowingly alter my standard. I had to test myself by re-reading the papers and varying the order. I soon found, however, that in work of this kind the standard has for the most part a way of taking care of itself—that one hits somehow in each case on a right judgment of value which sums up the cumulative results of a good many partial estimates, none of which need come into clear consciousness in the final appreciation. I discovered two tendencies to alter the standard: (1) an unconscious raising of it when the same poor kind of answer recurred *ad nauseam*, especially if it was a violent dragging in of a passage out of a textbook; (2) a reverse tendency to lower the standard when, after reading a number of papers, it seemed hopeless to look for anything better. These two tendencies appeared, however, approximately to neutralize one another. Collaboration with other examiners, some decidedly stricter and others decidedly laxer in their markings than myself, satisfied me that my relative estimates of papers, and so the order in classing them, agreed to a reassuring extent with those of my colleagues. After this I had peace of mind.

I found Stanley Jevons a particularly helpful colleague, and, as he lived near us, acquaintance soon ripened into friendship between the families. He was a valuable companion, full of all sorts of knowledge, gained not only from books,

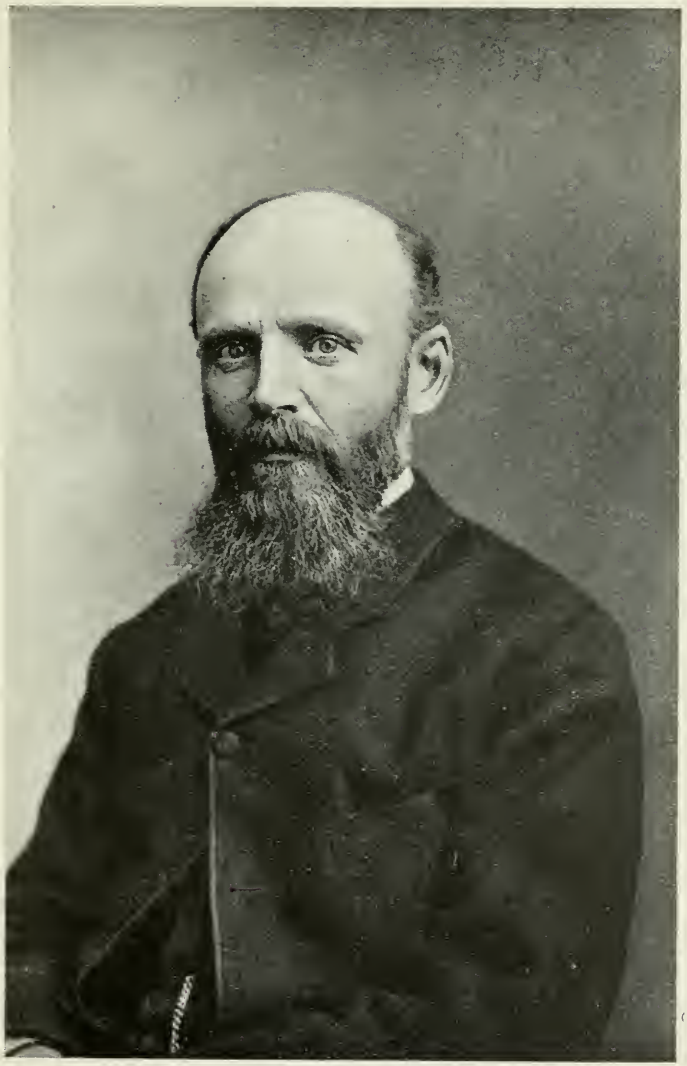
but from shrewd personal observation. He was given to rummaging in bookshops searching for out-of-the-way pamphlets, sometimes in most unpromising-looking suburban quarters. He collected a large number of such papers, which he carefully pigeon-holed. A common interest drew him and my chum together, and so we made a trio in many a pleasant walk and skating excursion.

The first years of my residence in Hampstead were saddened by the death of my good friend George Henry Lewes, followed a couple of years later by that of George Eliot. I had known them only a few years, yet their departure darkened my world for many a day. About the same time death deprived me of another friend, known also for too brief a time, the brilliant young mathematician and thinker, W. K. Clifford. His brave spirit, supported by so frail a physique, made him the beloved of many. His clever talk at the Savile and elsewhere made his removal an irreparable loss to us. Leslie Stephen wrote me a sad letter just after seeing Clifford off to Madeira, for he knew that he should not see his friend return.

CHAPTER IX

IN FULL WORK (*continued*)

The years 1879 and 1880 were anxious ones for me. My father wrote that he was unable to continue my allowance, and shortly afterwards he lost the whole of his fortune. A second child had come upon the scene, and I felt that I must work still harder. I had to trouble my friends, Bain, Jevons, and others, with inquiries as to possible openings for work. New lecturing employment came opportunely. Croom Robertson helped to get me appointed for a year as Lecturer on the Theory of Education at the College of Preceptors, an engagement which was made permanent a year later. I also gave a series of lectures on Art and Vision at the Royal Institution, where I was bold enough to essay some optical experiments for which Professor Tyndall kindly lent me his apparatus. I was now working at my volume on Illusions. Francis Galton, who had read some chapters of this book in the *Cornhill Magazine*, wrote with a charming modesty to say that he had thought of writing on the subject himself, but doubted not that I should "not only anticipate all I could say, but say it much better." Morley was installed



Photo] [*Elliott & Fry.*

GEORGE CROOM ROBERTSON.

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in 1880 as editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and he asked me to review books for him.

My acquaintance with Bain had steadily grown. I had met him again and again in London, sometimes by request in the large vestibule of the Athenæum, which we would instantly leave for the retirement of the adjacent Park. His appearance was remarkable. The little, weakly figure, the curiously modelled head and face, the quaint arrangement of the hair—thinned away over the occiput and husbanded in a long wisp, but allowed to grow to an almost goat-like exuberance on the chin—made a striking ensemble, to which his manner of talk, with its touch of Aberdonian accent, gave further piquancy.

In the summer of 1879 he invited me to stay with him for a week in Aberdeen, and was particularly hospitable, taking me for a week to Braemar. His health was anything but robust, and, like Herbert Spencer, he gave much thought to it. Having early discovered that his digestion was a preternaturally slow process, he decided to live on two meals a day, breakfast and dinner, with only a cup of tea to break the long abstinence. He had found great benefit from hydropathic treatment and from the Braemar air, a week or a fortnight's inhalation of which he tried to secure every summer. He was a thoroughly congenial companion, and would now and then tell amusing stories about Mill and other celebrities to the accompaniment of a mirthful falsetto laugh and shakings of the wee body.

In 1880 Bain surprised me with the news that he was resigning his Chair. He hoped I should stand for the post. The Chair was a Crown appointment, and the decision would be made by the Home Secretary, Sir W. Harcourt. He further informed me that Adamson of Owens College, Manchester, was to be a candidate, as also W. Minto, a former pupil of his, who had recently become more closely connected with him through his engagement to Mrs. Bain's niece. Croom Robertson, his most brilliant pupil, was, he told me, too strongly attached to London to care to exchange it for Aberdeen. Quite frank as to his own intentions, he said that he wished to keep Adamson out, and to secure a man who would represent his own school. He would act quite impartially as between Minto and myself.

I felt that, in the circumstances touched upon above, I had no option, and decided to become a candidate. I collected testimonials from Croom Robertson, Herbert Spencer, Lotze, Wundt, Ribot, and others. The only personal applications I made were one or two by letter. I explained the situation to Morley, who wrote in reply that he was rather in a fix about the matter, as Minto was on his staff at the *Pall Mall Gazette* office. Minto was elected.

In the next number of the *Spectator* the appointment was criticized in no sparing language by the editor, Richard Holt Hutton, who repudiated it as a political "job." Stanley Jevons and others expressed to me a similar view. Bain,

who was very angry with Hutton, wrote to me giving his version of the affair. He added the interesting detail that Harcourt had consulted the two Liberal members for Aberdeen, and that the election was determined in the last resort by local preference.

To me, too, as also to Adamson, this bit of Crown patronage appeared to be a transparent "job." But I was not heart-broken. Aberdeen, I was told, had its unattractive aspects, its asperities of climate, social as well as physical, for a weakly "Southron." I had done my duty by standing, and I sat down and enjoyed retrospectively the comedy of it all.

Perhaps the most striking comic feature of the situation was the patent inappositeness of Minto's appearance upon the academic scene. He had indeed written a book on English Composition, a quite subordinate subject of the Chair, as well as a novel, bearing a thunderous title which might by a loose thinker be said to show some "psychological insight." But those who knew him—philosophers and laymen alike—had laughed at the idea of his competing with a scholar like Adamson, a man of high ability who had devoted years of intense study to the principal subjects of the Chair. His Savile friends, at any rate, had failed to discover in his genial wide-roving talk a trace of the philosophic mind.

As between Minto and myself, the destinies had woven things in such a way as to make the result seem almost a joke. When he was editor of the *Examiner* he had handed over

all the philosophic books to me: he being engrossed in his proper subjects, politics and literature. Bain had recognized and publicly praised my books in so emphatic a manner as to make an impartial support of Minto anything but easy to a conscientious man. Morley, again, had not only published a number of my articles, but, knowing us both personally, could, one supposes, hardly have failed to catch a glimpse of the amusing contrast between the two candidates. Once more, Spencer Baynes—who, Bain told me, had written a very strong testimonial for Minto, whereas he had hesitated before giving me, as a late-comer, a rather meagre one—had employed me to write philosophic articles, such as "Æsthetics" and "Evolution," for the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and knew equally well what was Minto's special department.

It is, I think, a fair deduction from the facts that Minto could only have secured his academic backing on the ground that, being a mighty clever fellow, a sort of universal genius, a dry technical subject like logic would come as naturally to him as any other.[1] But one doubts whether Minto could have arrived anywhere near his goal—even had he been bold enough to enter for the contest—if there had not chanced to be at the moment in the political firmament so propitious a grouping of the stars. As editor

[1] The way in which a clever Scotch student used to apply for a Chair on almost any subject is naïvely disclosed in the account given by Bain in his "Autobiography" of his own applications for Chairs in very unlike subjects.

of the *Examiner*, and later as member of the *Pall Mall Gazette* staff, he must have been well known to English Liberals, while in Scotland he had made sure of the influence of the two Aberdeen members and others. His election was a bit of good fortune secured by boldness of grasp.

Minto's academic triumph suggests more than one reflection. The serious mind might take the incident as a text for a disquisition upon the mess party politicians are likely to make of it when called upon to decide such a question as a candidate's competence for teaching a highly technical subject like logic or psychology. To a less serious person it might bring home a plain truth or two; as that when a man wants to marry, his will to live—or, to use modern language, his will to power—is apt to grow extraordinarily fierce; and that, as the old logic books taught us, the best of philosophers, being but a man, is a fallible creature.

The failure of my Aberdeen venture did not deter me from making other experiments of the kind. The very next year I became a candidate for a Chair of Philosophy just founded in the new University College of Liverpool. It had, I was told, been endowed by some sound Presbyterians, who would be specially concerned to secure a "safe man," and would be the better pleased if that man combined with an unimpeachable orthodoxy the virtues of a Scot and the culture of Oxford. Again I forced myself to stand, hardly ignorant of the slenderness of my chances;

again failed to be elected, and again consoled myself with certain drolleries in the proceedings. What I especially enjoyed was the prejudice raised against me on the ground of my book on Pessimism. The worthy Presbyterians appear to have argued that a writer who chose such a subject must have had some lurking belief in it. We will hope that the new lectures upon logic since instituted in the city have helped the worthy Liverpudlians to demand a sounder argument than one which would go to show that an alienist who devotes himself to the study of mental diseases must be assumed to be himself infected by them.

This was my third shot at the academic target, for I had applied some years earlier for the Chair of Philosophy in Trinity College, Dublin. So I judged it best to cease pestering writers of testimonials and worrying myself by further futile attempts. I was too heavily handicapped in these contests. It was bad enough to be wanting in the *cachet* of the proper sort of "University man": it was quite fatal to be burdened in addition with the disqualification of not being the representative of an "orthodox" school of philosophy.

I was not downhearted under these rebuffs: knowing that I could reach men by my pen if not by my voice. Just at this moment the value of the pen was impressed upon my mind by the fate of a young writer who had produced an elaborate philosophical treatise, of which I was able to say some encouraging words in a review.

My modicum of praise was all that the poor fellow got, and not long afterwards I heard that the general indifference had so preyed upon his mind as to shorten his life.

My volume on "Illusions" appeared just after the futile academic experiments. Among others, Wundt wrote to me expressing satisfaction with the book, more especially with the treatment of illusions in the narrower sense along with analogous errors of memory, etc.

I now gave a new turn to my writing. Having managed to obtain a fair amount of lecturing, which was increasing, why, I asked, should I not make myself still more independent of the University authorities by becoming a teacher through my books? Bain's works on psychology, which for many years had been the only accessible textbooks upon the subject, were not particularly well adapted to the needs of the general student, while for those who were studying the subject as teachers they were practically useless. Students and others had urged me to write a handbook on the subject; and I may not have been indifferent to the prospect of challenging Bain's lengthy monopoly of the field. The work would be hard, of course—textbook-writing must at best be largely hack-work; and I found it yet harder than I had anticipated. To have your every step dogged by the doubt "Is this absolutely necessary for students?" was a most disagreeable experience. Corrections and rewritings of whole sections, and even of chapters, made the

work a worrying and fatiguing task. Such was the genesis of the "Outlines of Psychology."

I knew what I was doing by embarking upon this textbook-writing. The subjects that still drew me most powerfully, æsthetics and descriptive writing, would have to be neglected, and whatever lightness of touch I had succeeded in acquiring would probably disappear.

The writing of the "Outlines" took two or three years. Its success more than fulfilled my expectations. Students from Ireland and other parts wrote to thank me; and even philosophers like F. H. Bradley sent me very agreeable words of recognition. Croom Robertson wrote facetiously of young women who were to be seen in the Park hugging the massive volume. Grant Allen brought it down with him to Aldeburgh, where we were fellow-guests of our friend Edward Clodd, and dilated upon its merits. I knew I ought to be pleased, and did my best to feel so.

But my onerous task was not yet completed. An alarming message came from my New York publishers. The Copyright Act between England and America had not yet come into operation; and they told me that the "Outlines" had been pirated and issued, with no change save the addition of a few more references to American books on education, as a psychology for teachers. They urged me, if I wished to secure royalties in America, to prepare at once a new edition of my book with fuller sections on the application of psychology to education, and with a new title. I did this, writing as rapidly

as I could; and so "The Teacher's Handbook of Psychology" came into being. I paid for this bit of writing against time by an obstinate attack of writer's cramp; but this second textbook had, both in England and in America, a larger sale than the first.

My mode of publication brought me into unusually close touch with the printer. I feel guiltily sure that more than once I tried the patience of Mr. Thomson, of the Aberdeen University Press, by clamouring for proofs. Yet so gentle—almost maternally gentle—was he towards me that we never came near a quarrel. He just suffered my complaints, and in a short time I began to understand him, and to know how good a friend he had been to me; after which our relations were of the most amiable kind, and I had the pleasure of being his guest both at his London club and in his house on Deeside.

Hard pressed by the writing of textbooks, I nevertheless made a not wholly unsuccessful effort to maintain my hold on other kinds of work. About this time I was asked to examine for the University of Cambridge and for Owens College, Manchester. The publication of my books on psychology helped to procure me new lecturing work, both in London and in the provinces. A particularly interesting engagement was a course of lectures at the new Women's Training College at Cambridge. An amusing experience hangs in my memory on the name of this college. After one of the lectures the lady principal of the college asked me to come and have a

talk with her students. One of them asked me what was meant by a passage in a book which she read out. I did not myself for the moment quite catch the point of the sentence, and I asked her where she had found it; whereupon, with just a glimmer of triumphant laughter in her eyes, she instructed me that it was from my own "Handbook." I ought, no doubt, to have felt ashamed at having my weakness of memory exposed in this way. But the fun of it, which instantly captured my audience, caught me too, and I joined heartily in the laughing chorus. The incident illuminated me further as to my propensity, born perhaps of the literary habit, to rid myself of ideas that I had fixed in print.

I still managed to do a certain amount of lighter penwork, persevered with reviewing, and much enjoyed reading, and writing a notice of, Leslie Stephen's "Science of Ethics" for the *Pall Mall Gazette*; which service brought from Stephen a warm epistolary recognition. In this same letter he told me that he was giving up the editorship of the *Cornhill*, and so I knew that the pleasantest stadium of my literary activity was at an end. James Payn, into whose hands the magazine now fell, was not likely to consider proposals so unpractical as an article upon pessimism, or upon Spinoza. He did, indeed, print one of my little *hors d'œuvres*, the account of an adventure on a Norwegian glacier, and he gave me some excellent literary advice; but after that the ill-matched editor and contributor tacitly agreed to part company.

While plodding at the "Handbook" I managed to publish in the *Nineteenth Century* and other magazines three or four papers upon the Psychology of Genius (its precocity, relation to insanity, etc.). Up to this time my relations with editors had been particularly happy. Now I was to have my single passage of arms with one of these formidable officials. Although I had seen but little of the man, my work for James Knowles, the editor of the *Nineteenth Century*, had run smoothly enough: I had given him my name for his list of supporters when, after a dispute with Strahan (the publisher of the *Contemporary Review*), he started that periodical. On talking one day with Romanes about his recently published book, "Mental Evolution in Man," he made the suggestion that I should write an article upon it; which, he thought, Knowles would probably accept for the *Nineteenth Century*. I wrote to Knowles proposing the article, and he agreed to take it, provided I left him free as to the date of publication. To this I replied that I was fully prepared to give him a "reasonable margin"—"reasonable" to be interpreted in the light of the fact that the article would be on a new book which had been out long enough to secure more than one review. As Knowles did not answer this letter, I assumed, rather weakly perhaps, that it would be all right. The article, entitled "Is Man the Only Reasoner?" was duly set up in type; but it did not appear for over a year. I had spoken to Romanes about the delay, and

he had asked Knowles, once at least, when it was to be published. Soon after I had received the proof, Knowles sent me a cheque for the article, a proceeding which, I was told, he adopted when a contributor grew impatient. I felt distinctly uncomfortable in this new situation. My previous dealings with editors like John Morley and Leslie Stephen had not prepared me for such treatment. I knew that Romanes and Knowles were "friends," and I suspected that Knowles had accepted the article, primarily at least, to please Romanes. But further: my article was anything but a laudation of the more original part of the book, which tried to build an evolutional bridge over the gap between animal and human intelligences. Had the editor, I asked myself, assumed that my proposal implied that I was prepared to accept and praise Romanes' book? I could not but think it likely, and felt a real chagrin on realizing how dangerously near I had come to joining in a bit of log-rolling.

About the same time I wrote an article for an American Review on the connection between imaginative writing and dreaming—a subject I was no doubt led to think about by a talk I had recently enjoyed with R. L. Stevenson at Skerryvore. I gathered a good deal of material from novelists of various countries. These personal testimonies were chiefly remarkable for their wide diversity. At one extreme, Paul Heyse wrote that he had derived many of his motives, both scenes and incidents, from his dreams;

whereas at the other extreme W. D. Howells insisted in the strongest terms that "there is no parity between the dream-fiction and the thought-fiction—the involuntary and the voluntary." Between these cases comes a writer like T. Hardy, who, while sharing with R. L. Stevenson the ability to "alter the development of a dream to something else, if I object to it, precisely as in writing a story," had not made use of dreams in fiction; and Henry James, who, though a constant dreamer, sees people, things, places, when imagining them, much more clearly than when dreaming of them. Taking these facts along with R. L. Stevenson's well-known experiences, one is led to infer that there are two pretty clearly marked types of novelist. Howell's attempt to make all fiction "voluntary" activity—in the stricter sense of the word—will not do in face of Stevenson's account of how the little people, unknown to him, do all the weaving work.

Oddly enough I had, about the date of these inquiries, tried to get at the *modus operandi* of the novelist by help of a small experiment on myself. I had been a great devourer of novels, but, so far as I know, had never shown the slightest capacity for inventing a story. I remember how humiliated I had felt again and again when vainly trying to produce a fairy story for my children. One day some wily friend remarked, "You are a psychologist; why don't you write a novel?" adding, "You might, you know, earn more money that way." The force of "suggestion" asserted

itself. The idea stuck in my brain, and before I knew where I was, I had jotted down the outline of a short story. I called it "Friendly Rivalry." The scene was laid in a future Cambridge ("Eng."), and the heroine was, of course, a charming girl graduate, robed like Portia in the lawyer's gown. I could not say how it came to shape itself. Unlike my more serious writing, which was for the greater part a matter of fiercely conscious struggling towards the light, it spun itself out as easily and as smoothly as a spider's thread. The story was accepted, and at once printed, by the editor of *Harper's Magazine*. It brought me the largest honorarium I ever received for a contribution to a serial. And in remitting it the editor actually told me he would be glad to have more stories of the kind from my pen. The experiment appeared to me to confirm the view of Stevenson that—for some novelists at least—the fashioning of a story is largely a subconscious mental process. But unfortunately it did more than that. Hitherto I had retained some of my boyish awe for the creator of fiction. Yet here was I, wholly unpractised in the art, with a firmly organized bent of mind towards abstract thought—that is to say, the polar opposite of imaginative realization—succeeding on my very first attempt. I knew that, according to all rational theory, I *ought not* to have been able to dash off this and a couple of other stories which I then got printed. I could only suppose that the art of story-weaving is a sort of trick, dependent on the development of

some out-of-the-way corner of the brain, like precocious musical composition. This may help to account for the considerable quantity of acceptable fiction which gives no hint of a superior intellect. It may account also for an occasional display of the novelist's talent by people in whom the germ of it is, for the most part, hidden away, as in my own case.[1]

[1] The astonishing change of literary output in Grant Allen's case was, I thought, due to exceptional versatility of mind.

CHAPTER X

OUTSIDE INTERESTS

My professional work kept me fully employed during the eighties. The lecturing in London and elsewhere involved fatiguing journeys, and shortened the working day. Yet I contrived to keep in touch with outside interests. "Semi-recluse," as I was correctly described by a journalist, who once wrote an account of me and my work in an appropriately modest journal, the *Echo*, I had keen sympathies with much that was going on in the world. Even our tranquil Hampstead had its agitations. There was our Speculative Society, which used to discuss economical, social, and other questions in the Holly Bush Inn. We superior Hampsteadians rather liked to coquette with a risky idea like Socialism; and I remember a great occasion when W. Morris and Hyndman held forth to us on their creed in the house of one of the Speculative fraternity. Hyndman launched out vigorously against us brain-workers, who, he told us with admirable candour, were quite useless members of the community. I recall, too, how the noble leonine head of W. Morris shook and the face flushed

with excitement, as he rose to combat some of the anti-socialist speakers. One prominent figure in the Speculative gatherings was Sidney Webb. I have a misty idea that I first met Bernard Shaw as a socialist lecturer in some Hampstead drawing-room, and that his strongly emphasized super-manity struck harshly upon our Hampstead self-complacency.

Among matters of local interest was the plucky fight for the subscription-library. I was on the committee when the death-sentence on our little institution was about to be read. It was then located in a small building in Upper Heath Street, and quite hidden from sight. Some of us urged that, before closing its career, we should try the experiment of exposing it to the gaze of men. A small room was found in the High Street above a shop, on the windows of which its name was amply displayed. This proved to be the turning-point in its fortunes. The upper chamber was soon too small, and Stanfield House, where the painter of our sea-coasts once lived, became its fitting dwelling-place.

Of the interests lying outside Hampstead the one that touched my work most closely was the Metaphysical Society. This institution had been founded (in 1869) by James Knowles, who was at that time editor of the *Contemporary Review*, and who had secured the ear of Tennyson and others as the chief promoters of the movement. A glance at the names on the first list tells one that the word "metaphysical" was in this connection used in our loosest English fashion.

The "metaphysicians" were chiefly theologians and men of science, with two or three men of letters thrown in. Knowles made use of its discussions by printing some of them as "symposia" in his *Review*. As might have been expected, when men of various religious creeds were confronted with agnostics, the discussions turned largely on theological questions. As such they offered a good opportunity for doughty disputation. They offered, too, an opportunity to men who were apt to enclose themselves too narrowly within the boundaries of a particular set to find out something of the moral, if not also of the intellectual, worth that lurked in their opponents. Not long since, I heard from the lips of the Rev. Peter Hawthornethwaite, who acted for some time as chaplain to a Catholic member of the Society, W. G. Ward—or "Ideal Ward," as he was called by his friends—at Freshwater, a charming story of one of these *rapprochements*. The Catholic Ward and his agnostic opponent, Huxley, found that they lived near one another in St. John's Wood. So upon returning from the meetings of the Metaphysical they fell into the way of walking together from the Marlborough Road Station. In order to prolong some friendly colloquy, Huxley would accompany Ward to his door; the latter then returned the civility: the to-and-fro peripatetic discussion being often prolonged to a late hour. Possibly, if we could probe the deeper value of things, we should say that the founder of the Metaphysical Society never achieved anything finer than the bringing

of what might well have seemed an oddly assorted pair of inquirers into this spiritual fellowship under the benedictory eyes of the stars.

By the time I joined the Metaphysical the impulse of this reciprocal self-revelation had exhausted itself. Members were becoming wearisomely familiar with one another's points of view. If, as one of the early members once roguishly put it, a chief motive in the formation of the society was Tennyson's desire to consult the experts as to whether he had such a thing as a soul, the poet must, one supposes, by this time have received his answer. And so the eminent cardinals and other theologians lost their pristine zeal, and attendance at the meetings began to dwindle. In the year of my election a more serious attempt was made by Henry Sidgwick, F. Pollock, and others to turn the society into a strictly metaphysical debating club. But, as might perhaps have been conjectured, the love of pure philosophy was too weak in London to keep the discussions going after the fires of theological controversy had been put out.

Among my more tepid outside interests were the doings of the Authors' Society. My neighbour and friend, Walter Besant, had so fervid an enthusiasm for his bantling that I could not well avoid helping him. I recognized the desirability of guarding the business interests of writers by such a society; and the passing of the Copyright Act alone shows that it rendered yeoman's service to the cause. But I got rather

tired of the perpetual drumming on the relations of authors and publishers, which seemed to me to be inflated into *the* supreme interest of literature. Nor could I altogether stomach the common assumption of its promoters that fiction was the whole—or even the more important part—of literature. Then, too, the indulgence in dreams of a world-wide Eldorado, of which English writers of novels might take possession if only their property were put on a just basis, struck me as hardly likely to foster the worthier sort of interest in letters. It savoured, as R. L. Stevenson—a writer by no means indifferent to the financial side of his craft—once remarked to me, of "the commercial traveller with wings." [1] So after subscribing to it for a decent number of years, I withdrew my name.

One of the oddest engagements with which I saddled myself was membership of the Neurological Society. Dr. Hughlings Jackson was strongly of opinion that doctors who had to do with brain troubles should know something of psychology. He himself had been a reader of psychological works, and some of his most important ideas on the course of decay in the brain-organs showed him to have been a diligent student of Herbert Spencer's writings. I felt rather strange at these gatherings of medical specialists, and, of course, found some of the papers above my comprehension. But I reaped not only much pleasure but substantial profit from my association with the

[1] When I repeated Stevenson's words to Meredith the latter added, in an undertone, "Seraphic wings."

"brain-workers" in the complete sense of the term. I should like to be able to think that I had been of some assistance to a society which always treated me with rare consideration. My experiences among these distinguished specialists, supplemented by many kindnesses received from individual members of the profession, led me to place doctors high in the scale of humanity.

During the later seventies and the eighties I took what I fear was for the most part but a lukewarm share in the doings of the Convocation of my University. Being in favour of extending the whole curriculum of studies to women, I gave my vote accordingly. There were some hot discussions on this subject in the theatre of the University. On the occasion when Sir William Jenner made his stirring appeal against the proposed change, I was sitting high up near one of the doors, and Sir William was almost opposite me on the other side of the passage. As his fine head, with its silky white hair, appeared above the sitters, one could see that he was agitated. There was a discernible tremor of the voice, and I thought I saw the gleam of a tear in his eye as he urged his passionate personal argument. "Gentlemen," he said, "I have only one dearly beloved daughter, and rather than see her on the benches of a dissecting-room I would follow her to the grave." As his voice ceased there was a long hush: university disputes seemed for a long moment cold and almost unreal by the side of this baring of a father's breast. It was the most moving bit of oratory

that I ever listened to, and the very futility of the protest added to the pathos of it.

In the yet larger fields of activity I made, I fear, in these maturer years but a poor show. I was a hopelessly *un*-"political animal"—if by political is meant caring keenly about the special group of questions which the politicians—or their clientele—happen to make prominent at a particular hour. It was only when some cherished principle seemed to be at stake that I rose to a satisfactory pitch of political ardour. Consequently much of the party-wrangling left me provokingly unmoved. Thus in a matter that seemed to me one of supreme importance for a rapidly developing democratic community, namely, popular education, the squabbles of politicians over the religious difficulty made my political sentiments retreat out of sight like injured tentacles.

Yet in spite of the paralysing effect of this political fastidiousness—as others might call it—I did now and then take a leap into the arena of public affairs. Repugnances had their temperamental roots in me, and organized with these there was a strong impulse to denounce what I held to be unworthy. These proclivities were admirably contrived to lead me into difficulties. I remember how, on a Saturday night outside a public-house in the Tottenham Court Road, I ventured on the folly of trying to prevail upon a drunken man to cease pommelling his wife. To my astonishment, the injured lady, as with Quixotic haste I had taken her to be, turned fiercely upon me and, in the strongest vernacular,

bade me mind my own business. The experience gave me a new insight into the complexity of the marital relation.

It was this tendency to attack what appeared to me abuses which prompted me to get up a petition for the reduction of the penalty of one year's imprisonment in the famous case of Foote (1883). He had been charged with blasphemy under an old Act which had long lain rusty. Some of us felt that, to say the least, the sentence savoured of vindictiveness; and I undertook, with the assistance of Leslie Stephen and others, to prepare a petition to the Home Secretary (Sir William Harcourt) for the partial remission of the penalty.

The publication for which Foote was punished was, I knew (to put it mildly), shockingly coarse; but I failed to see how a strong dislike, which was as much æsthetic as moral, could justify such a harsh sentence. The bits of insight into some of the dark corners of human character which my invitations to sign the petition gave me proved very interesting. Some whom I had counted upon were first wobbly and finally declined to sign. Amusing episodes were not wanting to enliven the rather grim business. A distinguished author, who had not stuck at a very irritating offence to orthodox belief by writing the word God with a small "g" (which I thought rather absurd in one who presumably continued to write "Jupiter" and the other deities of polytheism with capitals), was known to be hesitating; and I received letters (one from an intimate friend

of his) rating him soundly for not coming to the help of a man who was being punished for doing a thing which, in its essence, was identical with what he had managed to do with impunity. We succeeded in mustering a good list of names, including those of Huxley, Tyndall, Richard Holt Hutton, Llewelyn Davies, Canon Ainger.[1] But the subject was no doubt an unpleasant one, and I was impressed by the appearance of so much timidity, not only among the clergy, but among representatives of freedom of thought. I had a polite acknowledgment from the Home Office, and that was all. Somebody—if I am not mistaken Peter Taylor—questioned Harcourt about the petition, and was informed that he did not intend to mitigate the penalty.

There were other matters of public interest, making a greater uproar, with respect to which my attitude was distinctly not the popular one. I had, I think, heard Bradlaugh speak before he was elected a member of Parliament, and had formed a strong opinion as to the honesty of his purpose. Feeling, too, that he was a brave man to face the opprobrium which is certain to fall upon a person of a pronounced singularity of views, I followed with a keen interest the constitutional struggle between him and the orthodox party in the House of Commons. I heard him, as he stood walled in by piles of heavy law-books, defend before the three Judges who

[1] On George Meredith's friendly attitude towards Foote, see the latter's article, "George Meredith, Free Thinker," in the *English Review*, March 1913.

tried the case his right to affirm instead of taking the oath, and I was impressed by the consideration, at once courteous and grave, which the Lord Chief Justice Coleridge bestowed upon his arguments.

As to the deeper significance of this long conflict within and without the House, I had a very poor opinion of the motives and aims of Bradlaugh's assailants. One could not believe that these pushing lawyers, capitalists, and other men of the world were quite so profoundly shocked by the impiety of Bradlaugh's behaviour as they wished us to think they were. They had, I conceived, a strong dislike to the man and to his teaching. More than this, they must have known that such facts as the taking of the Parliamentary oath by the member who had written the name "God" with a small initial had given the *coup de grâce* to the idea of any religious solemnity attaching to the performance. And it was precisely this knowledge which lay at the deeper and tougher root of their hostility to Bradlaugh's proceedings. For what he did was fully to expose the empty formality of this swearing on the Bible upon taking a seat in the House. As an honest man whose views were well known, he would not use a form of words which in his case carried no belief. Thus he became odious in a new way, making himself a "nuisance" by disturbing the good customs of the House and by claiming to be more conscientious than many of the gentlemen who had quietly complied with the ancient form. I did not fail to admire the

skilful manner in which Bradlaugh went to work, driving his opponents from one trench to another. It would have been strange indeed if the full fury of that hatred, which any vital attack on the deeper-seated prejudices of the Briton is pretty certain to arouse, had not burst upon his head.

Foote and Bradlaugh were both fitting targets for the fiercer kind of *odium theologicum*. A third figure less infuriatingly obnoxious to the properly framed English mind was Parnell. The doings of the Parnell Commission stirred me to the depths. Though no Home Ruler, I could not but regard the attack of *The Times*, as disclosed by the proceedings of the Commission and the collapse of Pigott, as a disgrace to English journalism. Nothing could have more clearly illustrated the lengths to which men will go, when spurred by violent partisan hostility, in shirking the duty of making reasonably sure of the truth of their statements, than the eager and fatuous acceptance by our leading journal of Pigott's wonderful story. The effect of this revelation upon me was to make me still less of a party politician than I had been before.

In spite of engrossing work, I took care to reserve a respectable slice of the day for recreation. The old allowance of open-air exercise was striven for, if not always maintained. Walking was my *pièce de résistance*. There were solitary walks, walks with my chum or other friend, as well as with a smaller or larger company. Of the latter kind of companionship I had not only the Sunday Tramps, but the Hampstead Tramps, and the

Hampstead Mixed Tramps—never to be confounded with purely male aggregations. They were all good, and served to refresh me. Perhaps the walk that came nearest to perfection was with one companion, if this "one" was nicely attuned, as happened when I was lucky enough to secure Leslie Stephen or Colonel Osborn as partner. Almost as good was a tramp with two or three others when these were carefully selected. Does an echo of Osborn's fine recitations from Shelley, or of the mirthful stories of our Irish friend, Lysaght, still linger on the Heath or in the lanes conducting to Hendon or Harrow? But the "mixed" tramping had its own attractions; and the wits of the male contingent would be hard put to it at times, as when the ladies indulged in "Austenolatry"—to use a word coined, as he himself told me, by Leslie Stephen.

To these walks were added skating parties in the winter to Hendon or Elstree, which added new verve to our vocal competitions. Later there came the mixed cycling party, a poor ghostly simulacrum of the sociable tramp, incapable, for the greater part, of producing more effective intercourse than an exchange of a few spasmodic monosyllables. Finally, there were the tennis parties on the Library Court, or on the hospitable court of Basil Champneys, when "silver" speech lapsed completely into "golden" silence.

Among my more quiet and sedentary recreations music held the first place. I was able to continue now and again the delightful visits to St. James's Hall; and when too tired to go into

town in the evening, there was the excellent series of subscription concerts at Hampstead to fall back on, where the Joachim Quartet and other excellent artists performed. I had also, but too rarely, the privilege of accompanying that scientific lover of music, Edmund Gurney, to the Crystal Palace on a Saturday afternoon to enjoy one of the Symphony Concerts conducted by A. H. Mann.

To these golden opportunities was added the frequent possibility of hearing good music at the house of a friend in or near Hampstead. To music I still clung both for my purest enjoyment and for my fullest spiritual refreshment. It has occurred to me that, great as are the facilities in London to-day for hearing good music, there remains still a want to be supplied. Many a lover of music living in the suburbs, whom a day's work in town leaves too tired to prolong his stay into the late evening, would, I think, be grateful for the opportunity of attending at the tea hour a short concert lasting, say, an hour or an hour and a half. A series of such short concerts might appropriately be named "On the way home."

Attendance at the theatre was more difficult for me to compass without interfering with the conditions of my work. My keen appetite for the drama had to cut down its rations to the beggarly war-volume of a rare visit. I had heard Salvini in the seventies, and managed to keep to some extent in touch with the stage: interest in which had been awakened in me by the writings of Lessing. In addition to some of our own dis-

tinguished actors,[1] I saw Coquelin (*père*), Sarah Bernhardt, and other foreign visitors. My taste for Italian opera had declined after I had made acquaintance with Wagner's Musical Dramas.

A visit to the theatre was thus for me a notable experience. The complete break with everyday surroundings and activities was undoubtedly refreshing, and in the full sense of the word re-creating. To this extent it was good for me, even if I was liable to have my nerves less ready the next morning for a resumption of penwork. The cost of the indulgence began to be realized even during the long omnibus drive—its last midnight journey—back to Hampstead. How we anticipated, on nearing the foot of Haverstock Hill, the dreary substitution of a creeping equine walk for a trot! The slowness of the horses appeared to be increased by their way of attacking the steeper portions in a zigzag line. The bus was lit only by a dim, smelly lamp, and all the conditions were favourable to drowsiness. On one of these slow home-comings, the figure of our dear Canon Ainger was discovered, curled up in an inner corner of the bus for an oblivious doze.

My chief indoor recreation, besides music, was novel-reading. I devoured a good many English and quite as many French stories, and got so far with my Norse as to be able to read some Norwegian novelettes. German fiction had not kept

[1] I regret that, like Edward Fitzgerald, I lacked the peculiar complex of qualities (both positive and negative) which is the basis of an enthusiasm for Henry Irving.

its early hold upon me. It was much later that I attained proficiency enough in the Italian language to enjoy reading its romances. I cared much for good writing, and found not a few popular English novels irritatingly lacking in distinction of style. In contrast with English novels, I found that fairly good writing, as well as a measure of artistic skill, could be counted upon in French romances; and I have often done in France and Switzerland what I should never have risked doing in England—bought at a railway bookstall a novel by a writer whose name was quite unknown to me. Although I could be thrilled by a strong situation and have my faculties stimulated by an ingeniously contrived plot, my interest in novels centred in the characters. As long as these were well studied and consistently developed—whether by a George Eliot or by a George Meredith—I was content; but could never bring myself to read a story in a detached attitude merely to satisfy an intellectual curiosity, as my friend Henry Sidgwick could.

CHAPTER XI

OUTSIDE INTERESTS (*continued*)

By this time our circle of friends had grown large enough. Time was testing degrees of amicable tenacity, more particularly with those at a distance. Yet some of my older friends were kind enough to pitch their tents on our Heights, taking the place of those who had been seduced into abandoning Hampstead for the vortex of London. Among these, I set particular store upon Cotter Morison, the Walter Besants, and the (Professor) Kennedys—a cheery group which brought a new gladness to our home. The retirement of the breezy upland continued to favour a growing knowledge and sympathy between friends. And then one sometimes had that most delightful of experiences, a visit to friends in the country.

One summer we spent at the Charles Lewes's cottage on Crockham Common, Kent. This sojourn in the heart of the country made a jubilee year for our children. In their fondness for climbing into trees they seemed to be reverting to the arboreal habits of their ancestors. Living things were an endless delight, from the half-tame rabbits and their funny little gambols up to the

nightjar sitting on her eggs, hardly distinguishable from her couch of brown bracken, with just a thin slit of the eye revealed—a wonderful picture of combined fear and wariness. How they rebelled against the presence of a meddlesome heath-keeper when they returned to Hampstead! As for me, I felt taken back to my home, to my Quantock heights. I got a quite new impression of London when it was no longer my workshop, now when I visited it with the certainty of sweet air and perfect evening stillness awaiting me in the Squerries Park, which I should cross returning from Westerham to the Common.

Another opportunity for social converse and for the warming up of friendships in the leisure of days in the country was supplied by our good friend Edward Clodd. The gatherings at Aldeburgh at Whitsuntide and other seasons must make an illuminated page in the book of memory for many men besides myself. So happy a conjunction of desirable qualities in a host one cannot expect to be common. To a generous hospitality he added a quickly responsive sympathy—which was at the bottom of his art of bringing the right people together—while his many-sided knowledge, his abundant humour, and his wonderful memory qualified him to be a lavish purveyor of entertaining talk. In my case the pleasure of these visits was enhanced by my recent discovery of the East Anglian Coast, with which I fell so deeply in love as to follow up some descriptive articles in the *Pall Mall Gazette* by a longer one in the *Cornhill*.

Among the pleasant glimpses of old acquaintances which my occasional excursions into the country gave me was a call on R. L. Stevenson and his wife at Skerryvore, Bournemouth, in what, I believe, was their last year in England. I had seen him now and again at the Savile, but had acquired since then a much deeper interest in him. Although I was his senior, the fact of our having joined the Savile about the same time, and still more the synchronizing of our series of contributions to the *Cornhill*, made him seem in a curious way a brotherly companion. Interest in him was especially aroused by the story I gathered from Leslie Stephen and others of the plucky way in which he was carrying on his struggle with poor health. And finally there was the magic of his books—"Virginibus Puerisque," "Prince Otto," "A Child's Garden of Verse," and others—which had captivated my fancy and made of me a warm Stevensonian. I called at Skerryvore one afternoon, and was shown into Stevenson's bedroom, where he lay with head and back propped up with pillows. A touch of delicacy, which the long illness had stamped on his refined face, threw into stronger relief the vigour of his long black locks and large, penetrating eyes. He began by asking me whether I remembered the last occasion on which we had met, and on my pleading forgetfulness, he added, "It was in the smoking-room of the Savile. You and Shadworth Hodgson were discussing the problem of free will, and I had the hardihood to cut into your talk." He said this

with a touch of genuine modesty, behind which glimmered the suspicion of a roguish smile. It was then, I think, that I learned from him the part that dreams had played in the "Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"—a point to which he returned later in "A Chapter on Dreams" (in "Across the Plains"). After a short half-hour's chat, he gently bade me go, inviting me to come again in the evening. On my return I met Mrs. Stevenson, and found her husband agile in body and brain, moving from point to point in the room, talking, gesticulating, and sometimes with a *soupçon* of attitudinizing as he leaned his lithe body over a chair or threw his long arms behind his head. Among many things touched on during these visits there stands out a proposal of R. L. S. to study individual character by sending round to his friends a *questionnaire*, of the form: "What fault (or vice) would you most dislike to be accused of?" His project interested me greatly, for I had always believed in vigorous detestations as a necessary ingredient in manliness, and Stevenson's inquiry promised to bring out some fine pet aversions. But though there was a talk of sending me a form to fill in, I cannot remember having received one; and perhaps it was only a passing idea flung out from Stevenson's teeming brain.

Not long after seeing Stevenson I renewed my earlier acquaintance with John Addington Symonds. I was at Samaden in the Engadine, and had just undergone a particularly painful experience of a glacier accident. I had arranged

with the chaplain of the place in which I was staying to walk up from the Bernina huts to the Diavolezza Pass and back again, on the distinct understanding that, being without a guide, we were not to return by the glacier to Pontresina. My poor comrade, it turned out, was one of the foolishly self-confident men who hold that guides are a superfluity for the climber. Seeing the foot-tracks on the glacier below him, he suddenly rushed down, and was on the ice before I knew what he was after. Full of gloomy apprehensions, I followed, urging him to come back. Then I saw him disappear under a puff of snow smoke. I hurried to the edge of the crevasse into which he had fallen, and asked him whether I could help him, but he bade me return to the hut and send up guides with a rope. The crevasse turned out to be a closed one, and the poor fellow must after a time have sunk into the icy water, where he was found by the guides. I sent to *The Times* particulars of the accident; and somebody wrote to an evening paper instructing me how I ought, by making a rope out of my clothes, to have hauled my companion out of the crevasse. This plausible-looking demonstration of my ignorance was shown by a second letter in the same paper from a member of the Alpine Club to be itself a singular illustration of want of knowledge.

Symonds had read of the accident, and a kindly prompting brought me not only words of friendly sympathy but a cordial invitation to visit him at Davos. This I accepted, and we had some

pleasant walks together in the mountain valley, free in these August days from patients and tourists alike, much longer ones than the fleeting hours had granted me in the garden of his Clifton home. It was good to hear him talk of his friends among the Swiss peasants, and of their excellent communal government. One saw that, like Lady Duff Gordon in Egypt and R. L. Stevenson on his island in the Pacific, he knew how to rid the invalided exile's lot of much of its dreariness by throwing himself sympathetically into the new life of the natives.

It so happened that the Master of Balliol was visiting Symonds' chalet at this time. But alas! he was out of health and provokingly taciturn. I had met him at Balliol, but only to exchange a word or two, and I hoped now to see something of the real Jowett whom his pupils speak of in such admiring language. But I was destined not to discover the secret of the great man's influence. Some years later, when staying at a country house, I found myself in the smoking-room with three men who suddenly discovered one another as pupils of Jowett. Now, at last, I thought, I am to see the casket opened, and the precious jewel of wisdom displayed. But unhappily, again, each of the Master's old pupils could only add another example of the neat little snubs he was wont to administer to freshmen: not one of which, I thought, approached in lustre of wit the well-known remark of a Cambridge Head to a junior fellow: "Ah! Mr. ——, we are none of us infallible, not even the youngest of us."

It seems curious that, whereas to the schoolboy a prig is the *bête noire* among nuisances, yet so many freshmen should—to judge from the good stories that used to circulate in the college common-room—appear at the University with intellectual tumours demanding the instant application of the sarcastic knife. I have a suspicion that in Jowett's case the persistent and vivid recollection of these early snubs may have been aided by the peculiar ensemble of his personality. An acrid rebuke coming in a low tone from one with so cherubic a head, and the look of one uplifted into the supernal regions of the "Ideas," might well carry with it a peculiar power of perforating the moral tissues.

New friendships came to me through my visits to Norway, which began early in the eighties. For the discomfort of crossing the North Sea I was fully compensated by the soothing effect of the inland excursions. The long night had no doubt the drawback of cutting down my hours of sleep, and a dark curtain which my friend Francis Bond advised me to take with me had no great success. Francis Bond, whom I met by accident on first stepping aboard of a Norway steamer, was an invaluable initiator into the right way of seeing the country. He insisted upon my learning to fish, and I found the pastime not only an effective way of getting through rainy days, but, later on, of great utility when I chanced to reach a poorly provisioned station and had to fish for my supper.

In Norway the summer snow is so obliging as

to come to meet the tourist at the low level of 3,000 feet, and I had in that country my first serious experience of snow-climbing and ice-inspecting. I carried out my customary plan of getting into touch with the natives and forming friendships in the country which received me. I recall more especially a half-shy learned lady with whom I have spent many agreeable days. She was a delightful companion on the mountains, where I heard her once say that all mankind were egoists—a statement that was far from being true in her own case. She gave me my first lessons in Norse when we were shut up for some days by rain in a hut in the Jotunheim, and invited me to her pleasant retired home at the head of one of the small "Dale" fjords. Here I had the curious experience of inviting myself to the celebration of her uncle's birthday; when I was rash enough to essay a speech—a becomingly short one—in the vernacular.

On recalling those Norwegian holidays I can always recapture something of their serene spirit. Among the beautiful things which return to me are the variously tinted mosses which make the fjeld a parterre of colours in August. Even less easily erasible from memory's tablet is a sunset seen after rain from one of the series of islets which girdle the coast. The peaked islands, named by the Norwegians after some resemblance, such as "lion," look at this hour almost black against the bright, warm tints of sea and sky.

I have revisited Norway within comparatively recent years, and no doubt indulged in the usual

doleful regrets at the "improvements." One can hardly avoid a sigh on reflecting that the hospitable clergyman, who used to take toll of all the Englishmen who drove by his sequestered manse by insisting upon their stopping and taking refreshment at his table, must have long since disappeared from the Norway of tourists. But the sturdy "Gammle Norge" can take a lot of spoiling yet.

In my ramblings for lecturing and examining purposes, too, I made a number of new acquaintances and some lasting friends. Among others were R. Adamson, of Owens College, and three Cambridge men, Henry Sidgwick, James Ward, and John Venn. My work extended my social world in another way, by bringing colleagues and pupils from abroad. William James became known to London philosophers by spending a good part of a "Sabbatical Year" in our metropolis. He appeared early in the eighties at our "Scratch Eight" gatherings—a dinner followed by a discussion. We took to one another, I think, in a quiet, steadfast fashion. Of Th. Ribot, editor of the *Revue Philosophique*, I formed a delightful impression at Oxford. He had considerable taste for architecture, and to his enthusiastic praise of Oxford buildings I owe part of my own admiration for them.

Foreigners would look in upon me now and again. Sometimes it was a colleague who had chanced upon some of my writings. At another it was a student who had heard of me. My habit of spending the summer holiday abroad

facilitated this intercourse with men of other countries. It was on the Dovrefjeld that by a happy chance I met Edward Westermarck, whose friendship has since been for me one of the good things of life. Another foreigner destined to write a notable book in English was Richard Wallaschek. To a knowledge of the evolution of music he added considerable skill as a pianist, and our Broadwood "boudoir grand"—chosen, as I was proud to tell my visitors, by Walter Bache—never responded more joyously to the touch of the artist than when he played Delibes.

Among younger men from other shores who honoured me by calling upon me and attending some of my lectures were one or two intelligent Japanese students. Their untiring curiosity about our English ways, and their ingenuity in trying to adapt them to their own people, were very engaging. I remember that in a talk with two or three of them about the state of religious belief in Japan, the idea was broached on their side that, since the Japanese religion was founded on ancestor worship, the Positivist religion might with advantage be introduced into Japan as a creed for the more enlightened. I encouraged their idea, and induced them to visit the Positivist church, and to make acquaintance with Frederic Harrison. Whether their ingenious proposal was ever put into practice I have not heard.

Nor was my new social world confined to professional and literary acquaintance. I was often attracted to men and women who had little, if anything, of bookishness, and was glad enough

to welcome a really fine nature untouched by the artificialities that are apt to characterize literary and academic folk. Wherefore a strong liking grew up for a man of business like Max Maas; who attracted me almost as much by his bonhomie and large-heartedness as by his superb violin-playing—an unequalled achievement for an amateur, so far as my experience attests.

Among my intimates I counted more than one artist. Briton Rivière had, in addition to his devotion to art, enjoyed an Oxford career, and I prized the frequent opportunities I enjoyed, both at Hampstead and in the country, of increasing my knowledge of him and his family.

Death is ever at work making ugly breaches in the social world we are so busy constructing. My little band of friends had to reinforce itself, so relentlessly was its number decimated in the eighties and later. Close upon the footsteps of G. H. Lewes, George Eliot, and W. K. Clifford, there passed out of sight two of my most valued friends, Charles Darwin and Stanley Jevons. In the sudden death of the latter from drowning on the Sussex coast I lost almost an older brother, so unfailingly kind, so wisely helpful had he been from the first. His good sense and his happy, genial temper made him especially valuable to one whose spirit was apt to be clogged with doubts, if not also with fears. My acquaintance with Darwin had been too short to allow of a close friendship. Yet since the Priory days I had met him more than once in his own home at Down, when the Sunday Tramps were allowed,

in spite of muddy boots, to drop in at the tea-hour.

In the second half of the eighties I lost my most affectionate and most patient friend, my father, well stricken in years. Among later companions, Edmund Gurney and Colonel Osborn disappeared at this time. I had been brought closer to Gurney by the meetings of our Scratch Eight and other social opportunities, and still more by my deep interest in his great book "The Power of Sound." I reviewed it—in *Mind*, I think—and, while criticizing it under some of its aspects, expressed my deep admiration for it. Looking to-day upon the ponderous tome, as it seems to weigh down my bookshelf, I recognize that it is one of the works—such as I, too, perhaps, am not guiltless of having produced—which are too large, too exhaustive, and too impartial to arrest the eye of any but a very few specially interested and patient students. For these, however, it will remain a monumental achievement, by far the ablest attempt yet made to solve the complex riddle of music. During his last years, while he was devoting his powers to Psychical Research, I saw less of him. I regretted the withdrawal of his fine powers from scientific work, as commonly understood, but knew that he, like Goethe, was still bent on the quest, *mehr Licht!*

I think none of my losses during this decade distressed me more than that of Colonel Osborn. He lived near enough to us for a neighbourly morning call, and his figure reappears to my memory as it used to move up our long strip of

garden, slowly and with a slight swaying action, that always seemed to me to express a gentle, conciliatory temper. The morning visit would sometimes surprise us still sitting at the breakfast-table. He always brought with him his knowing little smile, half enigmatic like that of the Jocunda, though far more winsome, seeming to hint at a contentment born of a happy solution of the world's riddle. He was accompanied by one or both of his young daughters and by one or more of his dogs.

His care of a number of canine pets greatly impressed one who was a keeper of dogs at more than arm's length. His affection for his quadruped protégés was just an extension of his predominant impulse to create about him a happy, smiling world. He was far too much of a gentleman to drive away a stray dog that flattered him by taking a fancy to his house, and so his little pack was apt to grow to quite imposing dimensions. Of their having affections akin to our own he never doubted. This came out clearly in a story that he told us of a dog's remorse. It was a Sunday evening, and the family, having supped on a cold chicken, had returned to the drawing-room. Shortly afterwards one of the dogs came creeping into the room carrying something in his mouth. In a shame-faced manner he made straight for the sofa—where, if I remember aright, his mistress was sitting—and deposited his burden under it. This turned out to be the remains of the Sunday chicken. Examination showed that he had scrupulously abstained from eating these remains.

Osborn's explanation of the creature's behaviour was that, under the momentary impetus of a brute instinct, he had made a raid upon the chicken and dragged it to the ground, but that at this stage a prick of conscience had not only inhibited the carnal impulse, but had driven him to get as near as he could to a confession of guilt and an act of expiation.

Osborn's humour was a spring that rarely ceased flowing, whether he was expressing himself in speech or in writing. I have preserved a jocose letter from him setting forth the charms of Hunstanton, to which place I thought of taking my family. "The bathing," he writes, "is so safe that people desirous of committing suicide never go to Hunstanton . . . swimmers are driven quite infuriate from their inability to get out of their depth. . . . They have to carry their provisions with them and to lunch in mid-sea." He was well read and finely discriminating in English poetry, and would often delight his companions by breaking out into a quotation from Shelley or some other classic. It was his literary gifts in part which endeared him to his friends, who included Shadworth Hodgson and Briton Rivière. To his modesty must be ascribed the circumstance that only a few of his acquaintance were aware of his learning; for he was one of those Anglo-Indian soldiers who manage to develop something of a scholar's knowledge of the Oriental world—in his case the history of Islam.

When I knew him he was a Radical in politics. He contributed articles to the newspapers, and

would also take part in our Hampstead discussions on socialism and other matters. But I think that, though a brave soldier, he lacked that slight dash of ferocity which seems to be needed to-day for a keen and effective kind of political debate. I liked him better as a half-humorous writer on his favourite pastime, lawn-tennis. His remarks in a manual on the subject on the ways of the duffer are still good reading. I may add that to Osborn I owe any proficiency that I ever attained in this delightful pastime. He died before he was fifty, whilst playing his beloved game with some well-known expert, on a warm spring day. A single exclamation of surprise, and the game of life was over. He once told me half humorously that he thought doctors a quite unnecessary class, and his sudden death saved him from the humiliation of having to admit himself in the wrong.

CHAPTER XII

SLACKENING THE PACE

EARLY in 1892 my largest work, "The Human Mind," was published. I began it as a new and enlarged edition of the "Outlines," but soon found that it was getting too big for that. William James, more than once "a friend in need," advised me to make an independent and advanced textbook of it. I accepted the suggestion, and William James christened the book "The Human Mind." The book won for me approving words. Henry Sidgwick wrote: "I hope to profit by it. I have a great respect for two volumes." From Ribot I received the message: "Grace à vous l'Angleterre possédera un Traité qui puisse être mis en parallel avec ceux de l'Amérique," and Dr. Hugo Münsterberg (then of Freiburg, Baden) assured me: "Sie haben ein Werk allerersten Ranges geschaffen."

In the spring of the same year Croom Robertson resigned the Grote Chair of the Philosophy of Mind and Logic at University College. This followed upon the death of his wife, and he himself died three months after his resignation. He had long suffered from a painful disease

which sometimes prostrated him for a week or more together, so that he had to count upon a possible substitute who could be called on at short notice. I came to his relief as far as I could. It was not easy to take up the thread of another man's lectures on psychology, or even logic, after exchanging but a few words with him as he lay in his bed. And then I happened to know that Robertson was a strikingly original and popular teacher. I had sometimes to go down to Gower Street in the afternoon to find on student faces the gloom of disappointment added to that of a foggy London; and I needed all my pluck to confront them.

I stood for the vacant Chair, and was elected. Warm congratulations poured in, and I realized that mine had seemed a hard case to more than I knew of. No message was sweeter than that of the warmest and most congenial of my Hampstead friends—Professor (now Sir Alexander) Kennedy. Whilst I had been doing Robertson's work, both he and his sympathetic wife had seemed to regard me as already belonging to the college.

The news of my appointment came to me, I think, when I was in Dublin, taking part in celebrating the tercentenary of Trinity College. This was a truly festive time for me, and I threw myself heartily into the banquetings, and even into the ball at Leinster Hall. I saw many new faces of interest among the college people as well as among the English and foreign guests. No figures struck me as having quite so much of the look of scholarly distinction as those of Lecky—still

bearing his unusual height perfectly erect—and James Martineau, whose stalwart form was bent a little as he moved about leaning on his daughter's arm. The Dublin spectacle was, as might be expected, a more gorgeous one than the Halle ceremony; though I missed the presence of the students who were so interesting a feature of the German commemoration. Nevertheless, I enjoyed it from beginning to end. The Provost (Dr. Salmon) charmed me, and a month or two afterwards I had the pleasure of meeting him at a Swiss hotel, and watching one whom I had taken to be only a brilliant mathematician set out on his morning walk with a volume of Æschylus or Euripides in his hand.

From the academic gaieties of Dublin I had to return to London to look after the International Congress of Psychology, which was to be held there in August. In the first Congress held in Paris much prominence was given to Psychical Research and other allied investigations into the more occult regions of mind. Henry Sidgwick, who was to be the president at the London Congress, made an effort to give to what he called "orthodox psychology" a more adequate representation. To this end he undertook a journey through Germany, Austria, and other countries, calling upon distinguished psychologists like Ebbinghaus and Hering. He asked me to be one of the two secretaries of the Congress, taking special charge of the orthodox branch, while the other secretary, F. W. H. Myers, was to look after the Psychical Research department.

The work was pretty heavy, involving a good deal of correspondence and arrangement of business beforehand, followed by a week of unrelieved high tension—dealing with the readers of papers and other guests, arranging for the several sessions, the printing of *précis*, and other matters. But, for all the heat of those August days, I thoroughly enjoyed the experience. Even when a nasty contretemps would surprise me, I generally managed to get something good out of the disappointment. One morning, just before the lunch hour, I found that Lombroso, the famous Italian alienist, was unable to come to London to read a paper which he had sent me. I asked Charles Richet to help me out of my difficulty. He kindly looked over the manuscript during the luncheon hour, and at the afternoon session gave an extempore *résumé* of its contents, turning over its pages in an easy, familiar way, and improving not only the French, but the literary form of the paper.

It was the only congress I ever attended, and I made the best of the opportunity. Now and again it may have been momentarily confusing to be asked questions in French and in German at the same moment; but on the whole I felt glad to furbish up my rather rusty linguistics.

The gathering had an ample decorative fringe of social functions—dinners and receptions: a circumstance which, while it made inroads on the sleep of a Hampsteadian, added another kind of keen enjoyment. It was delightful to meet men whose names had long been known to me,

such as W. Preyer, Alfred Binet, Ebbinghaus, and Paul Janet, especially when they were "jolly good fellows," like Delbœuf of the University of Liége. Not the least of my pleasures was to welcome my Berlin teacher and host, Von Helmholtz.

The Congress over, I rushed away to my beloved Switzerland: this time to the Weisshorn Hotel in the Val d'Anniviers. I seemed for the first time to be sounding the depths of peace when, on the morning after my arrival, I walked with friends under the spikes of the Rochers de Nava and along the high path to Zinal, cooling my eyes and brain on the whiteness of the group of mountains which rises up behind Zinal like a marble palace shutting in the valley.

My visit to the Val d'Anniviers was the first of a series of sojourns. The site of the Weisshorn Hotel, some 7,600 feet above the sea, had powerful attractions for the lover of seclusion and of mountains. A number of easy walks to cols and peaks of about 10,000 feet made us feel near the giants. The flora was rich and varied, adding its colour to that of the Blue Lake under Bella Tola. The roughly designed building which we called our "hotel" looked at first repellent—like barracks, as one of us observed. Yet if our quarters were plain enough, we knew how to make the house warm on cold, rainy days. The seclusion drew a number of interesting visitors, mostly English, including some well-known medical men and botanists. The altitude offered us some novel experiences. It was strange to find ourselves in the middle of August snowed up, and

extemporizing a snowball battle between the sexes. Very lovely was the reappearance of the delicate Alpine petals, as they seemed to carve out in the snow little cuplike holes, which helped them to breathe again. Yet more wonderful was the cloud-scenery. To be above the clouds and peep down under them into some valley where the sun was making a lovely mosaic of bright colour, was a delight which never lost its freshness. In the late evening hour we might find ourselves looking down upon a floor of cloud whitened by the moonlight. It was easy to imagine oneself gazing upon a white sea, and the illusion was supported by the semblance of dark promontories running out into the whiteness, and, what still more sustained the illusion, the appearance of a lighthouse on one of the promontories supplied by a light from some hotel far away below us. At our height we seemed nearer not only to the giants of earth, but to the starry firmament. A teleseope was put up outside the entrance door, whieh seemed to bring us much closer to the planets and their satellites.

The finest feature to me in our lofty outlook was the snow-cap of a part of the Diablerets. It took the form of a cradle, and we liked to think, in the childish way, that perhaps, when no mortal eye was looking, some tired angel bearing a message from heaven to earth might rest there, throwing herself upon the cool, spotless sheet of snow.

Exciting oecurrences would come to break the stillness of our eerie. Sometimes it was a stubborn

lady Alpinist, who insisted on walking back to Zinal when our landlord prophesied fog; from which foolish over-confidence issued an Iliad of evils, that fortunately just stopped short of the calamity of a death from exposure.

At another time the excitement had a merrier note. One evening our landlord, who bore an Italian name, announced that his cellar was empty. We insisted upon going down to verify this announcement, and to our delight discovered a good supply of "vino d'Asti spumante." We got him to supply us with the wine at a reduced price, and thus our return laden with bottles became a sort of joyous Bacchanalian rout. E. D. J. Wilson, whom I had met twenty years before at Dr. Chapman's house, took a prominent part in this raid.

As the snowball-fight suggests, the sharp mountain air made us surprisingly vigorous. We should have shocked a punctiliously correct observer who had happened to see us go forth for a day's walk protected with towels over our heads. Alfred Marks, the oldest and one of the most stalwart of our group, took the lead, his well-knit, upright figure looking, as one of the lady pedestrians put it, "the very image of Fate." The last time I was at the Weisshorn I saw him piling up stones into a conical *gendarme* to show visitors the quickest way down to St. Luc.

I found it a good plan when visiting Switzerland to stay from mid-July to mid-August at the Weisshorn Hotel, and then try a little walking tour into some frequented place like the

Zermatt or the Chamonix Valley, catching it just after the crowd had begun to melt away.

My work at University College naturally acquired a new interest for me now that I was officially placed on the teaching staff. The classes were not large, and tended to grow smaller, as philosophy, from having been a compulsory subject for arts students, was gradually thrust back to be one of an optional group of subjects. Fortunately, classes were open to women, who numbered a good half of my students. Science students, too, were able to take the subject, and I know that some of my colleagues, notably Sir W. Ramsay, would advise their students to broaden the curriculum by taking up logic and psychology. The smallness of the class was particularly depressing in the case of the more advanced courses of lectures. Yet there was a peculiar kind of pleasure in lecturing to a small number of appreciative students on a subject like Kant's "Critic." Some of these advanced students were keen-witted men, capable of putting a poser to their professor. I recall a Hindoo whose logical work could, I think, be compared in quality with that sent in at the Moral Science Tripos at Cambridge. These rare encounters with genuinely inquiring minds were the highest reward of my teaching. However small my class, it never dwindled to a single student, as it once did when I was lecturing at a ladies' college, when, of course, the student was duly chaperoned.

Later on, as the long-discussed proposal of a Teaching University approached realization, the

administrative work of the college began to take up more and more of my working hours. At one time I was the Chairman of one Board of Studies and a member of two other Boards; and the frequent meetings, together with the journeys to South Kensington, Gower Street, and King's College, made considerable inroads upon my working day. The many years of strenuous work, aided by the racket of the railway and bus journeys, began to tell, and I made an attempt (which I hardly expected to be successful) to get a Readership in Psychology at Oxford. As it was, I had to retire much sooner than I need have done had my professorial lot fallen in the comparatively peaceful retreat of one of our old university towns.

The final goal of my endeavours, the Grote professorship—though I was, I fear, ungrateful enough now and again to think of it in the words of an old poet as "but a chair"—secured me, no doubt, a wider recognition. I began now to be talked about, and tried to take these attentions in the right spirit.

To popular recognitions there were added those of experts. As early as the middle of the eighties honours began to fall upon me softly and unalarmingly. Richet wrote inviting me to become a corresponding member of a new Société de Psychologie physiologique; and soon afterwards Spencer Baynes of St. Andrews wrote to say that the Senatus of his University had awarded me the honorary degree of LL.D. To this last courteous overture I fear I sent but a churlish

response, merely saying that I should be ready to accept the honour provided it could be given *in absentiâ*. To my surprise, the condition was accepted, and I became a learned Doctor *malgré moi*. As this off-hand behaviour suggests, I attached but little value to titles and dignities in general. I knew too much about the intriguing and log-rolling which are apt to go with the bestowal of these honours; and the Radicalism of my early training had left deep down in the substructure of my being a deposit of that tough sort of pride which looks on all external labels as of very little value. Where, however, as in Richet's proposal, the recognition of an expert was offered me, I accepted it gratefully. I should have done the same when, a little later, I was invited to become President of the Neurological Society, had I not felt that it would be much better for the society if a medical member were appointed to the office.

To complete my list of attentions, I may add that, towards the end of the nineties, I received two flattering invitations from America. The Professors and Fellows of Yale University asked me to attend the two-hundredth anniversary of the founding of Yale College and to receive the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. This invitation was backed by a kind letter from my colleague, Professor Ladd, whose work in psychology I held in high esteem. To my great regret, I was not able to avail myself of the invitation.

The other voice of recognition from across the Atlantic had a less academic ring. It was a letter

from a New York attorney, informing me that about thirty lawyers in that city interested in philosophy and psychology had formed a club, which they proposed to call "The James Sully Philosophical and Psychological Club of Rochester." Later on, my transatlantic admirers sent me an account of their proceedings. The perfect spontaneity of the proposal disarmed my general objection to figure in this fashion. I felt, too, that this little philosophic society hidden away from the gaze of the world had the charm of something retired and almost bashful. These New York lawyers, escaping from the commotion of a great city to study philosophy, were for me kinsmen of my much-esteemed London friend, Shadworth Hodgson, who for years in a street off Regent Street led the life of a philosophic recluse, cheered by the visits of a few kindred spirits.

Imperious as were the demands of my college work, they did not prevent me from setting up one more book on the stocks. I had for some time been attracted to the fascinating puzzle of the child's mind, and the beginnings of something like a serious scientific study of it had been made by W. Preyer in Germany and by others. My psychological leanings led me to watch the unfolding of the infant consciousness in my own children. Friends, too, were most kind in sending me observations which they had made on their children.

A point of peculiar interest to me in connection with these researches was the tracing of an affinity between the ideas and impulses of the child and

those of backward races. In working out the analogies between them, I found it necessary to look more closely into ethnological records of the mental peculiarities of savage peoples, and also to seek information from anthropologists like Professor E. B. Tylor. This part of my work brought me one delightful experience, the making of acquaintance with General Pitt-Rivers. I wrote to him respecting some drawings by savages, of which (I heard) he had made a collection. He very kindly invited me to visit him at his country house near Salisbury. His drawings proved to be full of instruction for me. It was no ordinary pleasure to be shown the museum, picture-gallery, band-stand, and other arrangements which this inventive and large-hearted country squire had set up as a means at once of educating and of entertaining his tenants. As he drove me round the grounds I could not but ask myself how much more cordial the relations between the classes and the masses in rural England might have been to-day if more of the squirearchy had bestirred themselves, like my enterprising host, to engage the interest of their tenantry by introducing among them the rudiments of higher culture.

I indicated this turning of my mind childwards by publishing in the *Fortnightly Review* an article on "The New Study of Children," and, shortly afterwards, by producing a book of "Studies of Childhood." It won, as I had hoped, a considerable popularity, not only among psychologists, teachers, and parents, but among men of letters.

It was pleasant to receive favourable words about it from men like W. E. Gladstone, Leslie Stephen, and George Meredith.

Yet my excursions into the field of child-study were by no means wholly enjoyable. They once brought upon me a bit of painful discipline which I hope may have contributed to the "making" of my soul. I was invited to give an address to an educational audience at Manchester on the methods of child-study. I thought I had said enough about the more attractive side of the study, so I now confined myself to urging upon parents and teachers the importance of adopting in their observations as methodical a procedure as possible. The next day I travelled south. I chose an empty compartment and tucked myself up in a corner with a newspaper. Shortly before the train started two or three women and a man entered, and I presently heard them discussing my last evening's address. They seemed to be sadly disappointed—to judge from scraps of the conversation that reached my ear, such as "So uninspiring!" "So different from his book!" I kept the paper well over my face, but I do not think that they once glanced in my direction. The change from the evening dress to the travelling suit had sufficed to screen me. I did not once suspect them of consciously paying me out for sinking so low from my earlier inspiring level. It was a lesson for me on the need of living up to one's reputation. I was seized with a genuine feeling of shame. When a little band of strangers thus agree to blame you, it is well-nigh impossible

to believe yourself to be quite blameless: so mightily does the voice of the "social self" bear down upon one's consciousness, stifling for a moment any self-approving judgment that tries to make itself heard. On reaching home I wrote to my kind Manchester host, Sir Alfred Hopkinson, telling him of my adventure, and in response he gave me some no less amusing illustrations of how, when a candidate for Parliament, he overheard not too flattering opinions of his own merits. Such an indirect and unintentional bit of instruction from others may prove more salutary than a well-prepared admonition.

I had still one book to write before I relinquished office. The theme of the child and its ways pointed to a relaxation of the more strenuous work of writing textbooks; and now I further relaxed the strain by choosing laughter as my subject. The influences of early years helped to foster the habit of ruminating on this merry chapter in the book of human experience. My recent quizzings of the mental behaviour of children, and still more of that of savages, had helped to focus my attention upon the subject. I thoroughly enjoyed the writing of the book; though it was pronounced by some to be too heavy and too exhaustive of its theme; by others, to be written in an unsuitably serious vein; the critics being quite unaware that a thinker of the laughing Latin race, even if he be a Henri Bergson, is half expected to produce a serious essay on "Le Rire."

This stimulating critic and thinker honoured me by writing a particularly discriminating criti-

cism of my "Essay on Laughter." It touched me by its generosity, as I reflected how badly in the same volume I had treated his own theory of the subject. Then there were two favourable notices of it in the feuilleton of the *Journal des Débats* by Emile Faguet, to which George Meredith called my attention. These French appreciations made me feel a bit surer that it had been worth while to write the book.

Its appearance was greeted by one journal at least with a friendly welcome: the editor of the *Daily Mail* showed his magnanimity by trying to push the fortunes of a book written by one of the negligible small fraternity of Pro-Boers. He covered one whole side of a leaf with a number of skilfully executed caricatures of Mr. Balfour and other notabilities in the act of laughing: an exercise in which my book had bade its readers to indulge more freely. This bit of luck, my friends assured me, would give the newly launched literary ship a splendid send-off; but I knew better. The private comments, too, on the portraits entertained me; for it was half assumed that this friendly push was due either to a good thumping advertising fee or to some powerful personal influence. It is sad to reflect that a certain kind of journal is apt to be misjudged when it has one of its rare moments of generosity.

Amongst occasional outside activities during the last years of full work was a very small share in the movement that finally issued in the founding of the British Academy. In May 1900, shortly before the operation which gave his friends a

precious, if short, prolongation of his presence, Henry Sidgwick wrote to me about a proposal to form either an "Academy" (or "Society"), or a "new section of the Royal Society," to deal with other sciences than those already represented by the latter. He asked me to come with him as a representative of psychology to the Committee of the Royal Society which was now considering the question. Less than a month afterwards I received another letter from him, dated 18 Langham Street, where he was lying after an operation. I did finally attend a Committee of the Royal Society, but, alas! not with Henry Sidgwick. In the end the cry for an academy prevailed, and so the British Academy added a new variety to our learned institutions.

I had known nothing of the later stages of the movement, and felt free to quizz the result in a perfectly detached manner. A glance at the first published list of Fellows showed me how shrewdly Matthew Arnold had forecast the lines which such a body would be likely to follow. There was the proper English apportionment of values between "social" and official position on the one hand, and, on the other, well-recognized scientific achievement. Concerning the mode of election I found it impossible to get any information worth naming. How the *primum mobile*—the first electors in a chain of elections—came into official (or non-official) existence nobody seemed to know. Did they, I wondered, invest themselves or one another with this delicate function? But we must not, if we would avoid laughing,

examine too curiously how such institutions grow up.[1]

I should have been perfectly content to smile and afterwards dismiss the Academy and its proceedings from my thoughts. It would never have occurred to me that one might feel hurt at being overlooked by what appeared to be in its inception a somehow self-elected body of this kind. But I learned later that my old teacher, Alexander Bain, whose name did not appear in the list of Fellows, had his last years saddened by a sense of the injury done him. The oversight was certainly a remarkable one. He was one of the two or three British psychologists of the last century who had won a European reputation. He was a thinker of indisputable originality and power, who, while an adherent to the English tradition in philosophy, struck out a mode of investigation and a manner of expression which were all his own. He had the further and very rare claim of having proved his devotion to philosophy, not only with his pen but with his purse. He had financed *Mind* for some years out of his own pocket, at a very considerable loss to himself. The omission of his name was made the more unkind by the circumstance that another Scotch veteran, Professor Fraser, the attractive expositor and critic of Berkeley and Locke, was included in the list.

My experience did not lead me to regard Bain

[1] Leslie Stephen has a quiet laugh at the idea of an academy where men of letters would crown each other. See Maitland's "Life and Letters," p. 454.

as distinguished by moral heroism. He was a violent partisan, no doubt, and was over-zealous in pushing his disciples into University Chairs and other positions of influence. Yet in doing this he had at least one excuse, that he represented a heterodox and unfashionable school of philosophy which was visibly losing ground in England, and which he, no doubt, felt bound to champion to the uttermost.

That he was not a *persona grata* to many of his colleagues is at least suggested by the omission of his name from the list of Fellows; for more than one of those whose names appeared in it knew of his reputation and of his great importance in the development of modern psychology. A glance at the writings of James Ward, William James, and G. F. Stout—to name three of the more prominent recent contributors to the science—will show what a force Bain has been in advancing this department of knowledge.

The absence of Bain's name from a list of living English thinkers illustrates the ill-considered and ultra-empirical way in which we are wont to set to work in such cases. It would have been possible to ascertain from the body of professors and writers in several subjects what men they regarded as most fairly representing them. And if we had possessed the modesty of some nations, we could easily have discovered what names were best known outside our own country. But then perhaps the electors would have found it less easy to indulge a British impulse to keep "undesirables" out.

CHAPTER XIII

THE THINNING OF THE RANKS

The last years of work saw a great reduction in the ranks of my friends. Among these losses was that of my fellow-tramp, George Macdonell, a Scotchman and a lawyer, who seemed to me to have something akin to Louis Stevenson's brightness of outlook and elasticity of temper. At any rate, he drew me to him by one of the stronger and less easily defined human attractions. I long felt the absence of his friendly glance, his cheery greeting, and his full candid laugh. A still harder blow was Henry Sidgwick's death in 1900. I was in Norway at the time. I knew when leaving England something of the gravity of his malady, but, as friends must do, I hoped to find him still among us on my return.

Quite a little company of my old friends and colleagues passed away during my stay in Italy after retiring from teaching in 1903. In the first year of my sojourn there I read of the death of two of my colleagues in educational work, Sir Joshua Fitch and Canon Daniel, whose names had entwined themselves about a long stretch of my professional life; and of my first teachers in

philosophy, Alexander Bain and Herbert Spencer. I had last seen Bain at Aberdeen five years before, as he was walking in the garden, leaning on the arm of an attendant, when he greeted me with the half-sad accost, in which lurked the suggestion of a grim humour, "Well, Sully, you see I am trying to keep myself alive." However variable our relations might have been, the announcement of his death stirred a deep-lying deposit of grateful memories. Herbert Spencer's death had no such profound effect on my feeling, as will appear from my account of our relations. The death of my delightful companion of Hampstead days, Canon Ainger, renewed and deepened the sense of personal bereavement which I experienced when those days ended. Then, early in the following year, as a master-stroke, death robbed me of my idol among friends, Leslie Stephen. By this time I felt as if in coming abroad I had been running away from Death and was being pursued by his black shadow. The idea of returning to England, now reduced, like an ancient Roman road, to a place of tombs, was insufferable to me, and I lingered on in the Land of Consolation, trying to keep up my courage by much walking.

The following years brought other sore bereavements. All sides of my life were struck at by these blows. When a friend dies our thoughts are wont to revert to the beginning of our friendship. Richard Garnett comes back to me as I used to see him and hear him at the enclosed central desk in the Reading Room of the British Museum. His voice was, I think, high-pitched

and thin, and his speech was characterized by a certain deliberation and precision of statement. On being asked if he knew any good references to an out-of-the-way subject, such as infant prodigies, he would consider a moment, and then reply, "I think if you will consult such and such a book somewhere near a particular page you will find something germane to the subject." I do not remember ever finding him wrong in his conjecture. My high opinion of his abilities was raised still higher on hearing that he lunched upon a bun. This form of human diet was a horror to my weak stomach; so I could not but admire the physical courage of a man who was bold enough to attack it. But the bun symbolized more to me: as a form of dense stodgy food-material it spoke of the busy bibliophile snatching a hurried meal so as to get back as soon as possible to his books.

The name of Walter Savage Armstrong is pleasantly linked with two delightful holidays in Ireland. He wrote much poetry, and was a good reciter of verse. He knew his country well, not only its physical aspects, but its weird and fascinating history and legends. A walk with him in the Wicklow mountains stands out clear among the radiant summer days. He had a full flow of mirth, which was a further qualification for a fellow-tramp. To these valuable qualities he added a singular warmth of kindness, and had the genuine brand of Irish hospitality.

Another departure which darkened the sky for many a day was the death of our good neighbour

and friend, Mrs. Orrinsmith. In the years when the children ruled the home, there were frequent patterings of young feet between the two houses. A sister of Faulkner, of the Oxford pre-Raphaelite brotherhood, she herself was a lover of art, and had designed for William Morris; and both her home and her person reflected a feeling for refined decoration. To listen to her talk of the days when, as an eager girl, she was taken to the house of Burne-Jones, to see Morris and Rossetti, and sometimes even Swinburne and Meredith, was better than many costly entertainments. I urged her more than once to put down these precious girlish impressions, but she was either too shy to join in the new inrush of women-writers, or was restrained by some old-fashioned prejudice against turning the limelight upon things which have a certain sacredness.

Soon after this there came the tidings of the death of William James, who, though we may have drifted apart somewhat, still counted, I found, for one of the strong supports of my life.

Another friendship closed by the heavy leaf-fall of these years was that with Lady Victoria Welby. In the spring of 1892 Mrs. W. K. Clifford asked me whether I should be willing to take part in a symposium of savants and thinkers that Lady Welby was arranging for the Easter holidays. I accepted the invitation, and found myself at Denton Manor among old friends, like Shadworth Hodgson and Romanes, and others only heard of as yet, such as Oliver Lodge and Lloyd Morgan. With Denton Manor itself and

its charming household I was more than pleased. As it was my first visit to a "country house," I was interested in noting how smoothly things run, if only one brings naturalness of manner to meet that of one's hosts.

In the forenoon we met in solemn conclave, pencil in hand, while our hostess as president directed the discussion. I had known nothing of her intellectual aspirations, but soon got an inkling of the drift of her researches. Her whole soul was at this time concentrated upon certain aspects of language which she regarded as unduly neglected. She had quick and penetrating intuitions, and was deeply impressed with the many subtle ways in which words react, for evil as well as for good, upon our thinking. So completely possessed was she with this idea that she employed a secretary to write out passages from contemporary scientific and other writers which seemed to her to illustrate those abuses of language which, as she held, make for bad thinking. She was, I remember, particularly hard upon the darkening possibilities of metaphor, though I do not recall that she quoted the highly metaphorical William James among her culprits. Her absorbing study acquired in time something of the zeal of a religious propaganda, and she was especially anxious to rouse educators to a sense of its importance.

Her hearers at these gatherings fell into various attitudes. So admirable was she in person and manner, so arresting was the freshness and the penetrative insight of her discourse, that one could

Photo] [*G. C. Beresford.*

LADY WELBY.

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not but be respectful. Yet there were not wanting some who told her with an almost brutal frankness that she was on a wrong track. She held my eye enthralled when some one would strike in with an appreciative note, and the fine head would reach forward in eager anticipation of what was coming—every trace of deafness seeming for a moment to disappear under a preternatural tension of the brain. My own attitude was a rather complex one. I was interested psychologically in these courageous efforts of an elderly lady to strike out her own pathway of theoretic synthesis. I could not but recognize the skill she showed in forcing a word or a phrase to yield its buried ore of rich meaning: as when she once read me an exquisite little sociological and ethical study on the significance of the expression "mother-wit." Yet it was plain that both her difficulties and her efforts to surmount them arose largely from the circumstance that, at a comparatively late date, she was taking up branches of learning for which there had been no adequate preparation in the early and more plastic years. I tried more than once to explain to her that the subject of meanings—or "significs," as she at one time called it—could not be isolated and made a special branch of science. And when she told me that she had obtained the entrée for her message in *Mind*, and later in our principal Encyclopædia, I was more sorry than glad on her account; lest the friends who had helped her to secure this publicity might have rendered to her memory a very doubtful service.

The last of the comrades of my strenuous days to leave me was Shadworth Hodgson. Little as I had seen of him for many years, the news of his death carried me swiftly back to the time when his hearty greeting was one of the things that lit up life's road. At the Savile, and, better still, in his rooms in Conduit Street, I held with him much sweet discourse. The generosity he displayed, alike in making his books a joy to the eye and in presenting copies of them to his friends, made one feel it almost a duty to become his pupil; and if I did not succeed, like William James, in setting him among my masters, I became a diligent reader of his books, and found much that was interesting in his points of view and lines of argument. But, along with most of the friends, Colonel Osborn, Dr. Bridges, and others, who in the seventies and eighties frequented his rooms and partook of his dainty little dinners, I was more interested in his literary criticisms than in his philosophy. His room, packed with books, up to a point barely compatible with ample breathing space, contained many a choice volume. He had published a collection of critical studies, naming it, I think, with characteristic humour, "Rejected Essays," of which he gave me a copy. His friends were delighted on hearing of his being appointed president of the new Aristotelian Society. His plan of life seemed to be based on Aristotle's ideal, and something in the nature of a school was, we thought, all that he needed. For many years he found a happy self-realization in guiding his team of younger inquirers; though I

fear he may have felt it sorely when the day came—as it will come, if we persist in outliving our hour—for new men to arise who, restrained by no feeling of piety, unsparingly attacked his philosophic views. Some of us who outlived him speculated as to what the man in the street might say when he read of Hodgson's death: "Shadworth Hodgson? Shadworth Hodgson? Methinks I should know that name. But what on earth has he done?" Happily, perhaps, notices of his death were few enough to allow the man in the street to go on undisturbed in his ignorance. For those who care to measure other than surface-values, his death was the completion of a rare and noble life. The tragedy of his short wedded life, hidden in the dedication of one of his works (*meis mortuis*), was splendidly surmounted, and followed by a long solitary devotion to the search for truth in our huge noisy metropolis—in the very midst of its fashionable world.

During the last years of work, when Death was thus levying heavy toll, other friends became virtually lost to us without his intervention. Local removals in this huge all-absorbing London are apt to cut cruelly into the places of fraternal gathering; and I regretted these losses hardly less than those which the unsparing reaper had heaped upon me. There was no place for a peaceful resignation in their case. One was teased with the thought that, though practically lost to us, they were still living; and then there would come the melancholy foreboding that, even if chance were to bring us together again, we might

find ourselves unable to rejoin hands long estranged. I knew only too well that I should henceforth find no new friends to fill the place of the old ones. Yet the readiness to attach myself had not been quite exhausted; and during these last years I have, both in England and in Italy, been fortunate enough to add to the number of those whom I can claim as friends on the grounds of affectionate intimacy and the comparative permanence of the attachment.

The four odd years which, upon my retirement from official work, I passed in Italy helped to alleviate achings of heart and to restore vigour. The climate enforced at first a measure of *dolce far niente*. Gradually, however, the inactivity grew irksome, and I planned outlines of travel. Among the places where I lingered, both on the "continent" and in Sicily, were the high-pitched hill-cities which, in that fair country, are ever beckoning one to come up higher. In Sicily I worked hard at the Greek temples—both those still erect and those reduced to a mass of splendid ruins. In a town visited on my way to the ruins of Selinunte, I rejoiced to come upon a memorial to my old acquaintance Samuel Butler, in the name of a street ("Via Samuel Butler"). The curious composite architecture of Saracen and Norman in Sicily greatly pleased me.[1]

I fraternized with the people among whom I tarried; and, possibly because I was a lonely sexagenarian, they bestowed on me much kind

[1] An account of it is attempted in my "Italian Travel Sketches."

attention. I would sometimes, as at Orvieto, avoid the Englishman's hotel and take a room in a private house, eating at a restaurant; which was selected by noting the places frequented by officers. I found them very civil; and sometimes one of them would take me under his special guardianship, shouting at the waiter if he seemed too negligent of the "*forestiere.*" Apropos of these modest *alberghi* and *ristoranti*, I remember once staying in a tiny inn near the ruins of Syracuse. Besides myself there was only a pair of Austrians, a brother and a sister, both painters. The meals were surprisingly good, and an extra flavour was given to the viands by our nimble host, who, after serving us with a dish, would pop his head through a small opening in the wall, presumably intended for conveying dishes from the kitchen to the meal-room, and ask, "*Va bene?*" ("Is it all right?"), to which would be responded an emphatic "*Benissimo!*" ("First class!")

One pleasant incident in these wanderings was my meeting in a Sicilian town with a young professor of English. At the evening meal I caught sight of his inquiring glance, and before the repast was over he came across and asked me if I were not English. We soon "chummed," and he became an excellent cicerone and companion during my stay. Not quite so agreeable was my encounter, on a road not far from Monreale (outside Palermo), with a driver of one of the pretty Sicilian carts on which are painted heroic deeds of the age of Saracen and crusader. He stopped and urged me to "have a lift" and rest awhile. The "repose"

in the springless vehicle turned out to be a highly disagreeable and fatiguing series of shakings and bumpings. So, hard as it was, I had to beg him to put me down on *terra firma.* The experience explained, I thought, in connection with the rough, uneven roads, how it is the peasants adopt so slow a pace when driving in their cars. The old Sicilian cart is, in one respect, the exact opposite of the new motor-car: its delectabilities are enjoyed by the outsider only, while its horrors are allotted to the occupant of the vehicle.

PART II

PEN-PORTRAITS OF FRIENDS

CHAPTER XIV

GEORGE ELIOT IN THE SEVENTIES

I FIRST caught sight of the Leweses in the concert chamber, St. James's Hall, from the balcony of which one could watch Lewes take off his heavy fur-lined cloak and help to make George Eliot comfortable, and could note the passages in the music which appeared to give them special enjoyment. I was then but a poor outsider, able to offer incense to my deities only by stealth. Others, like Sir Frederick Leighton, distinguished also in appearance and reputation, were at this time subjected to a harmless gaze from us unknown worshippers in the Hall. It was towards the end of 1874 that I first called at the Priory to get some help from Lewes in my reading. On being shown into the library I was received by a man with a queer un-English type of face, lanky black hair, a thick moustache, and a rather ungainly stoop. He welcomed me cordially, and at the end of our interview invited me to call on a Sunday afternoon, emphasizing the value of his invitation by saying, "Don't tell G., if you happen to know him."

I soon plucked up courage to pay my respects to the great novelist. In the Priory she was

hidden away from public gaze as in a nunnery. In response to the bell the entrance gate opened, yet so slowly and suspiciously as to give me for a moment a throb of trepidation. Whilst passing from the gate to the front door I had an awful glimpse through a bay window of a lady in a lace cap, who fortunately was not facing me. In the long drawing-room, to which I was conducted by a quiet middle-aged woman, were a number of persons—mostly men, I think—sitting round the fire, in a semi-oval arrangement. I was taken up by Lewes to the farther end of the oval and presented to George Eliot, the lady I had glimpsed through the window. She looked elderly and a little worn as she sat on a low chair. Her strong face, with its prominent cheek-bones and its unusual length from mouth to chin, is known to everybody. What is less well known is the marvellous transformation of the heavy features when expression gave the alchemist's touch. As she extended a long, thin hand to me and smiled, the grey eyes seemed to light up, while the ripples of the smile broke up the heavy facial masses with sweet and gracious lines. It was, I think, this metamorphosis of a face, looking in repose decidedly heavy, which led one well qualified to judge of faces to speak of it as the plainest and the most fascinating he had ever seen. The captivating effect of the smile was supported by the charm of the low-pitched voice, which had a rich timbre and was finely modulated.

In my time the Sunday afternoon gatherings lasted from about 3.30 to 6. The talk would some-

GEORGE ELIOT - 18 - 4

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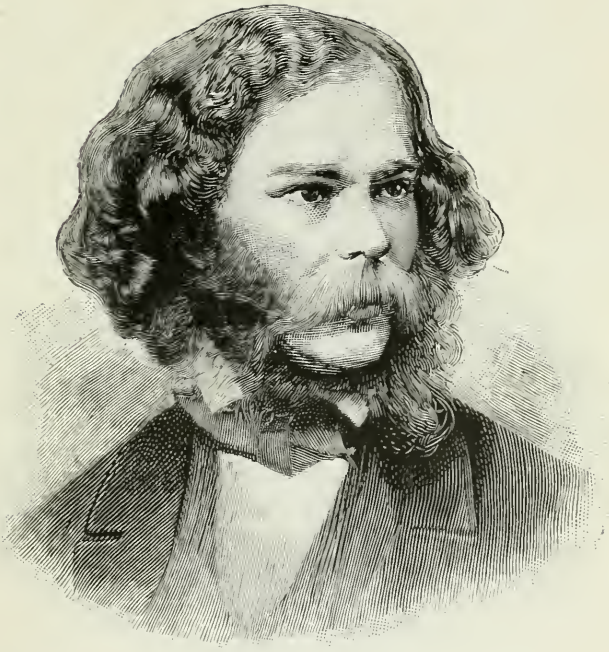
times be general, but when the number of guests was large it tended to split up. George Eliot had her own quiet chats with one or two of the visitors at a time. Lewes would now and then bring up a guest, and generally would keep his eye on her so far as to see that she was not wearied. The other end of the elliptical curve was his special domain. Here he could entertain the men at the tea-table after he and his son Charles had taken cups to the ladies. I saw nothing of " the mercurial little showman " of whom George Meredith writes,[1] indulging, I suspect, his most merciless vein of caricature. Lewes was much too occupied with his half of the company, from which he got a good deal of entertainment, to make a proper showman. He and I used to talk " shop," exchanging our views, often unflattering enough, of the philosophers of the hour and their productions. He was an excellent story-teller, and would throw himself into what I guessed was an oft-repeated jest with wonderful *élan*, accompanying his recitals with a good deal of gesticulation and mimetic action. The son of a comedian, and himself a connoisseur of the stage, it might seem to any one listening to his stories that he was more than half acting the incident narrated.

One of the stories I can still recall was told on an afternoon when George Eliot did not appear. The conductor of a bus is collecting his fares, and on demanding twopence from a foreign-looking gentleman is offered a penny. He repeats his demand again and again, growing louder and

[1] " Letters of George Meredith," ii. pp. 539-40.

holding up two fingers by way of a clearer demonstration of the amount claimed. All his efforts having failed, the disgusted official turns to the rest of the company on the bus and asks: "Is there any gentleman here who knows the French for 'b——y foreigner'?" When writing to me Lewes would manage to quote something funny that he had just come across, such as the story sent him by Lytton from India of a native student who, being asked in his competitive examination to describe a horse, replied: "The horse is a noble animal, but if he is irritated he will not do so."

There were many distinguished guests to be seen at the Priory: among others, Leslie Stephen, the Frederic Harrisons, the Du Mauriers, and W. K. Clifford. Some foreigners of note would now and again come in, including, I believe, Ernst Haeckel of Jena. Sometimes a name was announced which sent a thrill through me. The appearance of no visitor surprised me quite so much as that of Tennyson and his two sons: it was, I thought, a striking proof of the completeness of Society's acceptance of an irregular connubial relation. Lewes soon monopolized the poet. Their talk got upon the topic of "thick-skinned people"; and Tennyson, no doubt led on by his roguish host, fiercely upheld the popular doctrine that thinness and thickness of the epidermis are indicative of fineness and dullness of sensibility. Lewes contended that this was bad science, and maliciously drew me into the squabble, knowing that I was bound to support his view. Then, growing really angry,



GEORGE HENRY LEWES.

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the poet drew up his wristband and pinching a bit of the skin, exclaimed: "Look here, Lewes." It was a strange experience for me; for Tennyson had been the poet of my adolescence and early manhood, and this was our first and last meeting.

Another caller at the Priory who left a deep impression upon my mind was the great surgeon, Sir James Paget. I can still recall the tall, erect figure and the magnificent black eyes, which searched you through and through, yet with no unkindly intent.

As I have hinted, some of the company were young, promises rather than realizations of achievement. Among these, one was so young that he besought me not to reveal his age. But he had perfect aplomb, and would join in a general conversation with what to me was an enviable assurance. He was fresh from a German University, and, fired perhaps with something of the *Schwärmerei* of the Fatherland, would air his views to us on the desirability of a proper infusion of the emotional into the human composition. His language was speckled with quaint Teutonisms, as well as with such metaphysical terms as "objective" and "a priori." The appearance of this unruffled exponent of a rather naïve philosophy in a London drawing-room was welcomed by the company as a gay interlude in the more serious proceedings, and heads might be seen slightly turning one to another with a discreet smile.

If Lewes amused his company by his jocosities, George Eliot enfolded her auditors in an atmosphere of discriminative sympathy. She had a

clairvoyant insight into mind and character, which enabled her to get at once into spiritual touch with a stranger, fitting her talk to his special tastes and needs, and drawing out what was best in him. Her conversation ranged over a large area of subject, touching not only English, but French, German, and Italian literature, and passing easily from homely everyday topics up to art and philosophy. She had read Schopenhauer, and spoke warmly, almost indignantly, of his conception of human life. She could not understand, she said, how any one who had the ability and the opportunity to better the lot of others could sink into pessimism. She herself, she added, held a view midway between those of the optimist and the pessimist, to which she gave the name of Meliorism; and when I was about to bring out my book on Pessimism she allowed me to quote her words, if I "found it useful for the doctrine of Meliorism to cite one unfashionable confessor of it, in the face of the fashionable extremes." Among writers of fiction she spoke highly of Turgeniev, urging me to read him.

Now and again I heard from the Leweses when they were out of town. In a letter written from Rickmansworth, Lewes speaks of the "undisturbed country life where *les jours se suivent et se ressemblent*, and we can work like steam-engines."

Not long after George Lewes's death, Charles told me that his mother (as he always called her) would like to see me, to talk over the plan of my assisting her in the revision of Lewes's posthumous volume of the "Problems of Life and Mind," as

well as an article on Lewes's life and work which I was about to write for a review. It was a dark afternoon when I called, and the lamp was not yet lit. I found a stranger talking with George Eliot. Shortly afterwards he left, and I had my turn. I could see that she was very solicitous about my proposed article on Lewes, and it was a relief when, after I had sent her a proof of it, she wrote to assure me that she had "read the article with very grateful feelings."

About this time Francis Galton was making experimental inquiries into variations of visualizing power among individuals. He told me he particularly wanted to get George Eliot's "co-efficient." I brought up the subject during my visit, and she at once said she could carry about so distinct a picture of the faces of her friends, that not only photographs, but nearly all portraits, disappointed her by their incompleteness.

This was the last time I saw George Eliot. The visit was made unforgettable, too, by a strange occurrence, unique in my experience. While the stranger I found there was in the room, I had not the slightest suspicion that he was familiar to me. But on reaching the gate when leaving, a singularly vivid image of Watts's portrait of Burne-Jones flashed upon my mind's eye, and I instantly recognized that the stranger I had met at the Priory was the original of this portrait. In general, while good at recognizing persons when present, I am particularly bad at recalling their features when absent. What curious psychical factor, I asked myself, had delayed the re-

cognition in this case and made it dependent upon a memory-image? The experience seems to suggest that the recent psychological view of recognition as a wholly imageless process may have to be revised.

From my conversations with her I did not get the impression that George Eliot was closely acquainted with science. No doubt Lewes talked to her about it and interested her in many of its aspects. But I suspect that Leslie Stephen, in his biography of her, rather overrates the influence of Lewes upon her intellectual development. One must remember that she had read philosophical books, and shown a strong bent towards abstract thought, before she came under that influence. And had there been no Lewes, her reflective disposition would pretty certainly, as she grew older, have encroached upon the dominion of her vivid imagination. However this may have been, in judging of the influence of her association with Lewes upon her genius, we should remember that it was he who discovered her great imaginative gift and first fostered it by warm encouragement.

CHAPTER XV

JAMES COTTER MORISON

Cotter Morison was one of the happy group of mortals whose lot was extolled by Aristotle—the men who have a strong bent towards the intellectual life and at the same time sufficient independence and leisure for its full fruition. His father, who was believed by his large clientele to have discovered a remedy for some of the ills which flesh is heir to, left him a competence; and a love of ideas and of their expression in literature prompted him to turn his good fortune to noble uses.

The early years of Morison's life did not conform to the customary pattern. He lost his father at the age of eight. After a short trial at Highgate School, he was removed by his mother, a bright and attractive lady, so tradition says, who held a view of education excellently suited to the boy of genius when you can be sure of him, namely, that education was altogether unnecessary, seeing that it never made stupid people clever, while those who were clever would pick up learning for themselves. Travelling is a good way of putting the "picking up" theory into practice,

and Mrs. Morison frequently took her boy on foreign tours. But—alas for the pedagogic systems of bright young mothers !—Cotter appears to have grown tired of perpetual holiday, and in the year 1850 he took his education into his own hands, and entered at Lincoln College, Oxford.

At the University he is said to have won popularity by his social qualities, and some reputation as an "oar" and a fencer. Here, too, he formed some of his lasting friendships, among others with the Rector of his College, Mark Pattison, and with John Morley. To Morley he remained warmly attached, and he would speak with enthusiasm of his rapid rise to literary fame. He told me, with a look of pride, of his having had much to do with Morley's appointment to the editorship of the *Fortnightly Review*.

He began literary work by joining the staff of the *Saturday Review*. I have often wondered how so gentle a person could have managed to attain to that sharpness of stroke which was in those days considered requisite for a *Saturday Reviewer*. But he was soon to try his hand at a very different kind of writing. The "Life of St. Bernard" would have been a fine example of the sympathetic interpretation of a saint even had it been written by a fellow-Catholic; as it is, it may claim to be regarded as a literary wonder, a highly successful attempt to render intelligible and appreciable a manner of man, not only remote from the pattern of to-day, but alien, one might have supposed, to the writer's special tastes and intellectual habits. The ex-

[Photo] [The London Stereoscopic Co.

JAMES COTTER MORISON

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planation is probably to be found in the many-sidedness of Morison's mind and the wide range of his sympathetic insight, as also in the strong aroma of mediævalism which characterized Oxford when Morison went up. In later life he told one of his intimate friends that at one time the sight of John Henry Newman sent such a thrill through him that he could have fallen at his feet and kissed his hand. It was the same many-sidedness and large emotional responsiveness which predisposed him to take up Auguste Comte's idea of a religious cult in which Humanity was to take the place of Deity, and immortality to become a survival in the hearts and lives of posterity.

Two incidents connected with the writing of the "Life of St. Bernard" are worth noting. Whilst steeping his imagination in the subject, he obtained the privilege of passing some weeks in a Cistercian monastery, submitting himself to the sternest forms of monastic discipline.[1] This action suggests, along with the fascination of his subject, a turn for scientific experiment. The other incident illustrates how, at this time, he fell under the spell of a different type of mystical writer, Thomas Carlyle. Morison took his MS. to his friend George Meredith, who, having found the style too Carlylese, proceeded to impress the fact upon the writer by reading out portions and exaggerating the traces of Carlyle's influence. Morison bore the ordeal for a time, then got up, and in tones of despair announced his resolve not

[1] Related by Frederic Harrison in the obituary notice of Morison ("In Memoriam").

to publish his work; whereupon Meredith reassured him by telling him that the matter was good, and that all that was needed was an improvement in the manner. Morison took the advice with characteristic docility, and by giving a year or two to the rewriting of the work, produced the excellent piece of literature which we now possess. It was probably about this time, just three years before Mrs. Carlyle's death, that he used to visit Chelsea, and learned when smoking with the sage to send the smoke up the chimney, in deference to Mrs. Carlyle's wish.

After his marriage Morison appears to have lived in Paris. Later, in the Quartier Latin a flat was taken which became a gathering-point for a select number of men of letters and others, already distinguished or destined to become so. Among these was a group of Comtists or Positivists (followers of Auguste Comte), which included Pierre Lafitte, Comte's successor as head of the community, who dined with the Morisons regularly once a week. Distinguished Americans, like Emerson and Lowell, when they came to Paris, were also among the visitors.

In 1878 his wife died, and he took his young family to London and settled in Montague Place. This new home became another centre for literary workers. The proximity of the British Museum secured a good supply of visitors; for Morison kept an open luncheon-table. It was about this time that I got to know him, and was cordially welcomed at the lunch-hour when I visited the Reading Room of the Museum. I was drawn to

him by his geniality, in which there was a *soupçon* of French gaiety, by his kindly interest in the work of others, and by the stimulation and charm of his talk. The bright, alert look, the winning smile, a mode of questioning you which had nothing of intrusiveness, but flattered by its wish to be in close touch with you—these things emerge for me to-day out of the dark spaces of memory. His friendly accost, which seemed almost an expression of gratitude for the pleasure of seeing a friend, was in itself enough to win you. His mobile and versatile spirit seemed to love before all things to keep in touch with young and growing minds. He had an eye for genuine talent, and his house in Montague Place had as a frequent visitor M. Jusserand, then, if I remember aright, attached to the French Embassy.

I have often regretted that R. L. Stevenson was not able to include Morison among the types of talkers which he distinguishes in a well-known essay. His talk had a manner and a quality all its own. It was earnest and researchful, yet lightened by a certain playfulness of mind—a love of the fencing game with words as well as with swords. It was never monopolizing, but seemed rather to be inviting his interlocutor to give of his best. In this respect it reminded me of the quiet obstetric art of George Eliot—with the difference that the woman seemed to desire to know your ideas in order to know you; whereas Morison, though he was friendly and sympathetic, always made you feel that he was interested in your ideas for their own sake. He had something of

the eagerness of mind of the old Greeks, something, too, of their dialectical agility and of their delight in discussion.

While he enjoyed drawing out the ideas of younger men, Morison was quite ready to meet his equal in the art of conversation. I can recall memorable talks in the hospitable house of our friend Edward Clodd, at Aldeburgh, in which he encountered, among others, Grant Allen, who also was a prolific talker and had a mind stored with various and curious lore. Morison was one of the few who could venture to strike in now and again when, at Montague Place, his friend George Meredith would hold his other hearers spellbound. His flow of talk was supported by an excellent memory, and he was fond of relating to his family how he and Robert Browning had once engaged in the pastime of quoting poetry against each other.

In 1880 he called upon us at our Hampstead cottage, and, taking a fancy to the old-world toy of a house, took it off our hands for the two months of August and September. I saw him there in August, and found that he quite enjoyed the compression of his family into the small rooms; which, after the capacious apartments of Montague Place, must, one imagines, have recalled to him his tenure of a monastic cell. His visit was undertaken with the object of trying the far-famed Hampstead air, and of looking round for a possible home. I rather think he had told me shortly before that the organ-grinders, John Leach's tormentors and one of my own pet aversions,

were beginning to trouble the dignified repose of Montague Place. In the end, one of the houses in the new Fitzjohn's Avenue was decided upon. It was some way up the road on the right-hand side.[1] On the gate was printed in biggish letters, "Clairvaux," the name of the abbey of which St. Bernard had been the head. The name looked a little odd on one of the palatial fronts of the Avenue, and it must, one supposes, have puzzled even some of the *Illuminati* of Hampstead. I was glad to have him so near me, and it was a new pleasure to run across and have a chat with him, or to encounter his kindly smile at the Baker Street station on our way home.

The home in Hampstead carried on the hospitable usages of Montague Place. While near the Heath and its large spaces of quietude, it was also sufficiently near the clubs and the houses which Morison loved to visit. His dinners were among the most delightful of my social entertainments. Conversation never flagged, and the choice and piquant dishes seemed to add to its flavour.

His vitality and youthful spirits led him to associate much with men who were younger than himself. He would enjoy taking his son to the well-known Saturday luncheon-party at the Savile Club. I well remember an evening at the Savile, when another Hampsteadian and myself had as our guest our friend Colonel Osborn. After dinner, in the smoking-room, Morison came in, and we invited him to join our trio. Conversation

[1] At that time No. 19; now, I think, No. 30.

somehow turned upon certain events in Byzantine history, if I remember aright. Morison was talking away in his delightfully easy fashion, when the Colonel gently interrupted, correcting a slip in a date. Morison not only took the correction in good part, but from that moment specially addressed himself to Osborn, seeking to draw out more of his historical knowledge, which was both extensive and minute. At the close of the evening he asked us the name of our friend, and spoke with a glow of admiration of his good qualities. It was a charming example of Morison's freedom from the weaker kind of *amour propre*.

So perfectly sociable a man could hardly fail to be a delightful companion to his children. I remember his once taking me down to the basement of "Clairvaux" to see a bout of fencing between himself and his son. The nervous tension and the swift succession of vigorous movements excited him, and he threw himself into the intoxicating exercise with all the gusto of a youngster. Nothing, I think, gave him greater pleasure than to hear one say something nice about one of his children. He seemed to take it just as if it had been tendered to himself.

Although he knew Besant, Du Maurier, and other neighbours, Morison did not, I believe, figure in what was known as Hampstead Society, which, it may be observed, was then beginning to lose its old local distinctiveness. He lectured occasionally, but for the most part in town. I got him to give us a lecture in the Subscription Library of Stanfield House on "The Conservative

and Progressive Tendencies in Society and Human Nature." But alas! his name was not widely known, the title of the lecture was perhaps a little appalling, and, worse than all, the weather was atrocious, so that the audience was reduced to a pitiable number. I remember with what a sweet grace he turned aside our expressions of regret tinged with disgust.

His literary output was a small one. His projected *opus magnum*, a study of a certain period of French history, was never completed. I remember paying him a morning call and finding him sitting in his study before a pile of neatly written MS., smoking a cigar. I had not seen a cigar in the mouth of a scholar at work since I was a student at Göttingen, some fifteen years before this. The smoker on that occasion was a student of Oriental languages and a Parisian; and it occurred to me, that morning at "Clairvaux," that the habit might have been acquired by Morison also in Paris.

Some years before death came, Morison knew that he was held in the grip of an incurable disease. He bestirred himself at length, and adding the high courage to the humility of his Saint, he planned a critical and constructive treatise on religion. The first and critical part was published one year before his death, under the title "The Service of Man." It is a sharp attack, more serious and less ironical in its spirit than that of Gibbon, on the moral results of Christianity. Left as a torso, it unhappily suggests a wanton attack.

Any attempt to reduce Morison to an organic

unity, as he loved to unify men, seems to be thwarted by the presence of opposite tendencies —gaiety and a half-religious brooding on things, the worldly and the spiritual mind—each fairly well developed, even though one may have attained the larger empire. In him there was something of that moral dualism which he points out in "Madame de Maintenon." Yet his friends will not be inclined to apply the common ethical tests too severely. They know that his ever youthful temperament and his varied responsiveness to the many solicitations of human life were a prominent part of what they loved. They may argue, too, that in a historian, to whom in a special sense nothing human should be foreign, this co-existence of wide and vivid interest in the world, with a deeper sentiment for the great mysteries, constituted one of the rarer qualifications.

CHAPTER XVI

HENRY SIDGWICK

I FIRST heard of Sidgwick from my friend Alfred West, who was one of the Cambridge reading-party that joined me at Göttingen in the summer of 1867.[1] When later he went up to Trinity, he sent me a little account of Sidgwick's manner of lecturing. Apropos of my review in the *Examiner* of Sidgwick's "Methods of Ethics" (1875) he told me a good story. In this review I had remarked on the absence in Sidgwick's book of a sufficient reference to the work of Herbert Spencer, and West followed this up by asking Sidgwick why he had not dealt more fully with the bearings of the doctrines of Evolution upon ethical problems. The answer was characteristically Sidgwickian. "In the first place," he said, "he hadn't omitted the reference; and in the second place, he didn't think it had any business there." West added the interesting bit of news that Spencer wrote to Sidgwick complaining of "the irreparable injury" done to him by his scanty allusions to his views. "Hundreds of people," he urged, "will see your criticism who will never see my remarks." It was only after

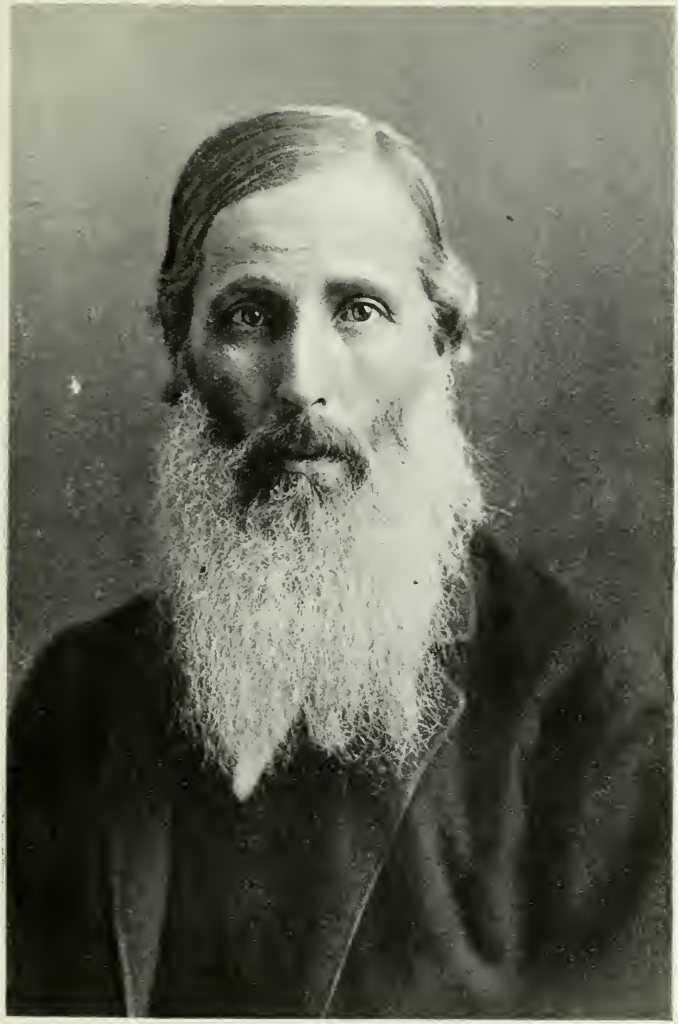
[1] See above, p. 98.

Sidgwick's death and the publication of the "Memoir" that I learned his favourable estimate of my review of his book.

Neither West nor myself, when we met in Göttingen, knew that Sidgwick had spent two years there studying Oriental languages under Ewald. When, many years later, I heard of this curious parallelism in our *Lehrjahre*, I felt yet more closely attached to him as by some secret decree of the Fates. Epistolary intercourse between us began on my side. In 1879, when my dream of an adequate fortune received a nasty blow, I wrote to Sidgwick asking him if he thought I should be likely to find work at Cambridge, either by lecturing or by starting a private hostel for women students. He responded to this bold suggestion of mine very kindly. And thus I got at once my first glimpse of his neat little handwriting and of his kind heart. The year after (1880), I was elected a member of the resuscitated Metaphysical Society, and I remember my first sight of Sidgwick at one of the few meetings of the moribund society, when he was accompanied by his pupil and friend, Arthur Balfour.

In 1881 I received from him the first of a series of testimonials as to my qualifications for teaching philosophy. He speaks, of course, of my writings, which he lets me see he has read, referring to my last volume, "Pessimism."

Soon after this he invited me to assist in the Moral Science work of his University. This first appearance in the august seat of learning took the modest form of reading the answers to some



[Photo] [Elliott & Fry.

HENRY SIDGWICK.

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papers on the Theory of Education, which the setter of them (James Ward) was prevented by illness from undertaking. The following year brought me the more important proposal to examine for the Moral Sciences Tripos. In the first year Sidgwick was my fellow examiner, and showed himself particularly helpful, and he followed this up in the second year by sending me full and explicit directions as to my part in the proceedings. A more flattering attention was paid me later when Sidgwick sent me a warm invitation to stay at his house ("Hill Side," Chesterton Road). He regrets, he writes, that he cannot give me any work on Ascension Day, but if I will stay over Thursday night he will take me to feast in Hall on that day. So the intimacy gradually grew till, in 1895, when I was again asked to examine for the Tripos, the old form of accost, "My dear Sir," had given way first to "Dear Mr. Sully" and then to "Dear Sully."

Meanwhile other modes of collaboration were making us better known to one another. The year 1892 was a red-letter day in the progress of our friendship. It was then that I stood for the Chair of Philosophy in University College (London), rendered vacant by Croom Robertson's death. Sidgwick gave me a strong testimonial, bringing out precisely the strong points in my claim, and even hinting at differences of relative claim between myself and others. I was told that my election to the Chair was largely due to his recommendation.[1]

[1] Sidgwick here reveals a characteristic emphasized by Lord Bryce: "He was of all the persons I have known the least

A yet more uniting association with Sidgwick was involved in the official work connected with the Second International Congress of Psychology (held in London in 1892), which has been described in Chapter XII. Sidgwick, as our President, asked me to take charge of "Orthodox Psychology," as distinct from "Psychical Research." [1] This collaboration with Sidgwick helped to reveal and to endear him to me. Though at first looking up to him as my senior and teacher, I found myself, under the softening influence of his geniality and kindness, little by little stealing into the warmer relation of friendship. As a host he was truly delightful. His unobtrusive consideration of possible wants and wishes was a thing to win the heart. I remember, among many such winsome attentions, his insisting upon carrying my bag, as we walked from the room where we did the Tripos work to his home. Another and more delicate kind of consideration was shown me when, with the Sidgwicks, I attended a meeting to promote the idea of a Woman's Secondary Training College for Cambridge. By the end of the autumn afternoon the daylight had fallen to a misleading degree of tenuity, and upon stepping down from the platform I slipped and fell. Sidgwick, who was behind me, hastened up, and at once brushed away every trace of annoyance by sweetly re-

disposed to be warped by partisanship" ("Studies in Contemporary Biography," p. 334).

[1] In the "Memoir" (p. 516) he speaks of my branch of the subject as "*ordinary* experimental psychology," while that of Myers and himself he styled "the extraordinary element."

marking, "How kind of you, Sully! But for your warning I should certainly have fallen." He showed, indeed, something like an art of divination in anticipating and finding a solution for my difficulties, such as that described above.

In the use of one solvent for teasing little difficulties Sidgwick was a past-master. His eye had a way of catching the humorous side of a situation. When, for example, at the Congress, we had to decide some nice question—whether a paper should be honoured by being read at the general afternoon sitting, or whether a distinguished foreigner should be allotted such or such a lodging among the houses which offered hospitality—Sidgwick would relieve the seriousness of the problem by some deliciously humorous comments.

In addition to this many-sided and tactful helpfulness, my co-operation with Sidgwick disclosed to me other of his amiable traits. He seemed to me to have nothing of that insistent assertion of superiority which one is apt to attribute to the don. Rather, indeed, did he appear to be wishing to bring his junior forward, himself taking a back seat. He showed this in a number of directions. I remember one afternoon, when walking with him and Mrs. Sidgwick in the Fellows' garden at Trinity, I happened to call attention to some fine tree, when he exclaimed, "Why, Sully, do you know the names of trees?" just as if this knowledge were one of the *arcana* of the specialist. He showed a delightfully unphilosophical capacity of wonder, which he would express with something of the zest of a child.

Many things were full of interest to him which many excellent men would have passed by as of trivial import. When, for example, I told him of Bain's remark, "I am trying to keep myself alive," he said with a curious emphasis, "That's *very* interesting."

There was much in Sidgwick's appearance and manner that impressed me. The beautiful calmness of the face exercised a strange fascination on me. His whole appearance, indeed, seemed to me to be softened and ennobled by a rare gentleness of disposition. Some of the distinguished guests at the Congress remarked this, and it was Ebbinghaus, I think, who observed to me, "He is a perfect English gentleman." The eye that would be winsomely turned to you now and again when arguing out some point had a *soupçon* of the retirement and the self-effacement of the recluse, while the soft voice seemed ever to be breathing a message of peace. Certain movements deepened this impression of a singularly gentle nature. More particularly, the trick so familiar to his friends of stroking his long white beard when talking, struck me as curiously suggestive of a gentle, peace-loving and conciliatory spirit. Did the gesture, I wondered, illustrate one of Darwin's laws of emotional expression by serving as a generalized symbol of smoothing out intellectual or other difficulties?

Even the stammer, which was apt, on first hearing it, to sound confusing and even painful, took on in time the quality of an additional channel of ethical influence—perhaps because he was so

brave and pertinacious in surmounting the obstacle. It has been remarked that the stammer seemed to give an extra point to some of his piquant utterances. I should especially have enjoyed its effect in the reported conversation with a German professor: "In England you have no *Gelehrten*, have you?" "Indeed, we have." "So! What then do you call them?" "We call them 'p-p-p-prigs.'"

Yet the rare sort of pleasure which the company of Sidgwick afforded me was not wholly due to the winsomeness of his moral traits. I found no less fascinating the play of his remarkable mind. Despite the suggestion of a dreamy recluse which his manner would at times raise, he showed himself when drawn into discussion to be particularly alert and "on the spot." Here he would often show himself to be as much the learner as the originator of new ideas. He had a large, magnanimous way of meeting the suggestions of other thinkers; herein showing himself perhaps to be more of a philosopher than Herbert Spencer, who was tightly shut in by the barriers of a "System." What I think he especially enjoyed when taking up the dialectical rapier was to get at new points of view. A considerable part of the enjoyment of listening to him, in my own case at any rate, arose from the half-playful freshness of his ways of approaching a subject. You could but rarely say beforehand on what side he would attack it, but you might be sure of its being a novel and an arresting side. This held good of all sorts of problems, from that of

determining the " class " to be assigned to a given set of examination papers to that of pronouncing upon the merits of a new novel. A considerable part of my enjoyment of this play of the Sidgwickian mind came from the amusing appearance of whimsicality in many of these ways of quizzing a subject.

Though a diligent and penetrating self-critic at the right moment, he would show no inclination to go back upon a conclusion after it had once been carefully thought out. And so it befell that one who, as I conceived, had an exceptional readiness in assimilating others' ideas was sometimes spoken of as obstinate in his decisions.

The intellectual enjoyment which I derived from the closer intercourse with him was, of course, enhanced by my previous familiarity with his writings. It was interesting to observe how those traits which I had learned from his great book, " The Methods of Ethics," to regard as characteristic, reappeared in his talks and more formal discussions. Among these I should instance the perfect control of a zealous and even eager quest of truth by an adequate critical caution, and the habit of viewing things and their values in their relations to one another. To these prominent intellectual virtues there corresponded such moral characteristics as fairness or impartiality, which made him for me quite as much an ideal of the just man as of the wise man. And—to touch on a characteristic which was reminiscent, not merely of his Greek masters but of his no less revered teacher, John Locke, who first taught us a modest

English way in philosophy—Sidgwick illustrated in a remarkable degree the attitude of a thinker who consistently subordinates philosophic speculation to a practical end. The practicality of his thinking used often to peep out in our little discussions of this and that bit of concrete business, in forms which even the plain man could recognize, though to me they appeared now and again to show the impress of a speculative habit.

So happy an intercourse as this presupposed a good fund of common sympathies and common attitudes towards persons and things. Yet I always felt that there were differences too, both of feeling and of standpoint, betwixt us. As the fact of my writing a book upon modern pessimism suggests, I was much more inclined than Sidgwick to the despondent moods.[1] Yet such temperamental differences hardly counted as checks to our happy intimacy. I should rather say that his sunnier outlook upon the world, as well as his happy assurance of life's giving him "a main current of calm well-being," drew me more strongly towards him, as towards the brightness and warmth of a southern clime.

Towards the end of his life he would talk to me about his insomnia, which he knew I shared with him. He gave me particulars of his experiences. "At Cambridge (he writes) I am liable to run down to five and a half [hours' sleep], four and a half, three and a half—the latter figure alarms me." But five days at Brighton brought

[1] The "Memoir," however, speaks of his *wanting* only to be an optimist.

his record up to six hours again. The improving effect of Brighton he connected not only with the air, but with the soothing effect of a walk by the sea.[1] He told me also of other remedies for sleeplessness that he had tried; and here he gives a delightful example of his respect for the Aristotelian "mean" between two undesirable extremes. Thus he finds that the books most conducive to sleep are those which, like Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations," always remain mildly interesting yet, through their familiarity, never become over-exciting. Similarly he discovered that when he tried to induce sleep by solving some practical problem, he had to select one, such as planning the next summer's holiday, which had a certain importance without being pressing. He told me further of his wooing sleep by repeating verses, and added the valuable bit of information that he found his ability to commit poetry to memory in no way diminished by years.

The end of our twenty years of intercourse was darkened by more than one shadow. His first response to the copy of my protest against the Boer War, which I sent him (in November 1899), was sympathetic. He would like, he wrote, "to help in preserving the independence of this brave people." He thought it, however, most undesirable to publish anything of the sort at that crisis. Traces of a like good-will towards us Pro-Boers disclosed themselves when, towards the end of the year (1899), I paid him my last visit at Cambridge. As I entered the library he pointed

[1] See "Memoir," pp. 547-8.

to a copy of the *Daily Chronicle*, in which the editor was making a valiant fight for the Boer cause, and said, with a rueful sigh, "You see I still read my *Chronicle*. I have always been a lover of peace." In the end, however, he wrote me declining to sign, and giving his reasons.[1]

The following year I was called to his bedside in a nursing home, where he lay after undergoing a serious operation. He stretched out a white hand, and remarked, with a faint smile, "Well, Sully, you see me reduced to the part of a spectator." To this I replied in the same slightly facetious key, "Yes, but it will still be the part of an Impartial Spectator," which brought a more decided smile from the wan face. Some business matters were then lying rather heavily on his heart. Two months before he had written to me that, in view of advancing years, he wished to put our philosophical journal *Mind* on a financial basis independent of his personal aid, and would like to propose my name as one of the vice-presidents; and he now touched on the project of forming a new Academy, or section of the Royal Society, which was at the moment being considered.

I first heard of Sidgwick's death in August, on my return from a holiday in Norway. On looking back I see our leave-taking three months earlier as a most fitting and beautiful termination to a comradeship which, in the midst of strenuous work, seemed to be always smiled upon and made delectable by Sidgwick's serene spirit.

[1] See "Memoir," pp. 581-2.

CHAPTER XVII

HERBERT SPENCER

My relations with Spencer were a little mixed. I should almost smile at the suggestion of our having ever been friends. By this I do not mean that I had too much awe of the great man to dare to think of him under a name so equalizing as "friend." Other men I had known and revered were, I never doubted, true friends, who were not only needed by me but seemed reciprocally to have something like a need of me. As his "Autobiography" tells us, Spencer had friends—like Huxley and Morley, for example. In a letter I received from him he spoke of a serviceable editor as his "friend." But I always thought of him as being so deeply absorbed in his vast philosophic venture that any warmth of intimacy could come to him only by way of a recognized discipleship, or at least of a large acceptance of his teaching.

I first saw him by appointment when he wanted to engage me to collect relevant facts for his sociological tables. He was then residing in a boarding-house in Queen's Gardens, Bayswater. I was struck by the lofty brow set off by long tassels of hair about the ears. His spare figure

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had just a suggestion of a severe temperance or habit. The Bayswater lunch was not tempting to an excessive indulgence of appetite. As we sat and talked, he proceeded to explain to me, with a characteristic reference to first principles, why in his case the philosopher should select a London boarding-house as dwelling-place. A boarding-house, he urged, at least when it was in Bayswater, would effectually protect him against bores, both those who wanted seriously to talk philosophy and those who were irreverently bent upon "pumping" a philosopher. I was able to understand his wishing to shut out all "shoppy" talk at meal-time; what puzzled me was how such a severe lover of abstract thought could tolerate the tittle-tattle about passing nothings which is apt to pass for conversation at a London boarding-house table. He gave me no hint of possessing a self-protective humour, such as that with which Oliver Wendell Holmes endows his dear professor, helping him to get a rich entertainment out of boarding-house talk. Nor could he, I suppose, as yet venture to clap on those terrible ear-flaps by which, later, he would extinguish human vocalization when it began to weary him.

He began by making a smiling acknowledgment of the fact that I had been one of the early subscribers to his system of philosophy, which he was at this time issuing in fascicules; and then he proceeded to sound me on my willingness to assist him in collecting facts for his sociological tables.

I naturally compared Spencer with Alexander Bain, the other philosopher whose acquaintance I was making about the same time. Both were spare of body and of a slightly ascetic aspect. But the dissimilarities were greater than the similarities. When measured with the wee dimensions of the Scotch professor, Spencer's figure was of an impressive height. In facial aspect the contrast was quite as great. Bain's odd little piquant features were charged with alertness, and the rapid flow of his speech and movements deepened the impression of a mind sharply focused for the tangible world. Spencer's face, on the other hand, held a deep imperturbable repose, and something of the large detaching philosophic vision. His speech, too, was slow and meditative, forming a curious contrast to Bain's more staccato kind of utterance. Not less remarkable was the contrast between the quiet, complacent smile of Spencer and the explosive and slightly malicious laugh of the Aberdeen professor.

After our first meeting we exchanged civilities now and again. Spencer would sometimes, like Bain, ask me to meet him in the vestibule of the Athenæum Club. But as he was considerably more of a recluse than I, most of our intercourse was epistolary. He wrote me after I had reviewed Sidgwick's "Methods of Ethics." I had suggested in this notice that more space might have been given to the bearings of the doctrine of Evolution upon Ethics. Spencer was exceptionally vigilant—even for an author—in noting anything which seemed to have a bearing upon

his views, and he wrote to me expressing his satisfaction at my remarks. To Sidgwick also, as I have said, he wrote a pathetic letter complaining of the "irreparable injury" which had been done him by Sidgwick's nonchalant treatment of him.[1]

One mark of Spencer's favour I must not omit. He refers in a footnote to an article of mine upon "The Basis of Musical Sensation." Grant Allen called my attention to the fact that this was the only instance of Spencer's having expressed his indebtedness to a contemporary writer, even in a footnote.

Spencer further showed his good-will by offering to put up my name for the Athenæum Club. I regretted that he had not asked somebody with a larger coefficient of clubbability than I could boast of. Apropos of the Athenæum, an amusing story was told of his having been allowed to improve the system of ventilation or some other part of the Club arrangements, and of the disastrous results which followed the attempt to apply first principles to a knotty practical problem. Towards the end of the seventies I wrote asking him to accept some office or title. He was in Cairo at the time, and sent me a long letter all in his own handwriting. I was, of course, flattered by this attention until I read the postscript, which ran as follows: "Had I with me a copy of the lithographed circular which I use for abridging my correspondence, I should write this reply on the fly-leaf." His sociability was carefully measured

[1] Cf. the chapter on Henry Sidgwick, p. 277.

out and never allowed to interfere with his great philosophic undertaking. He joined the Savile Club, in addition to the Athenæum, in order to be able to enjoy a game of billiards on a Sunday. He would even now and then visit the homes of some admiring friends; and an amusing story relates that on one of these occasions the dietetic and other exactions involved in the due satisfaction of the philosopher's system of needs put so severe a strain upon the devotion of his hosts that, after a long endeavour to live up to the situation, they fled and left the philosopher in sole possession of the house.

In the nineties, when he moved to St. John's Wood, I wrote from Hampstead expressing my pleasure at hearing that we were now to be neighbours. I proposed to call upon him, and, knowing the inelasticity of his habits, asked him to name the most convenient hour for a call. He surprised me by suggesting the not too hospitable hour of a quarter to two or two o'clock. This forced upon me a long walk upon a hurried early lunch, which had cut into my morning's work. The interview was of the shortest, and on both sides, I think, strained. I had hardly sat down and ventured a few words, when he began to betray all the signs of post-prandial somnolence. I at once came to the rescue by saying, "Now, Mr. Spencer, will you please be quite frank with me, and tell me whether you are not in the habit of taking a rest after lunch." A heavenly smile answered my inquiry. On my way back I mused on the unpredictable possibilities of human be-

haviour when a man has a system of philosophy to carry about with him. I made one or two further attempts to see him when he was living at Brighton, but was put off with characteristic excuses.

These little rebuffs left no smack of bitterness behind. I was beginning to know my philosopher. More than most men, I fancy, who are burdened with what they believe to be an undertaking of supreme importance to mankind, Spencer attributed to the worker the unique value of the work. Thus it happens that, in reading his "Autobiography" and other writings, we are tempted to exclaim now, "What splendid devotion!" and now, "What colossal egoism!"

Between these less agreeable manifestations of the self-emancipation of the superman, he gave me signs now and again of a real impulse towards friendliness. He seemed to be almost touched by my attempt to get up a congratulatory address to him, a proposal which was ultimately abandoned in favour of a memorial portrait. There is a peculiar sweetness in the reward of virtue, when the virtue consists in serving a sublime philosopher and the reward is a heavenly smile.

I was in Italy when Spencer died, and was much struck by the Italians' appreciation of his work. From the Chamber of Deputies at Rome a message of condolence, full of Italian warmth, and beautiful Italian language too, was sent to our country on the loss of her great citizen. On reading it, I tried in vain to conceive of the English House of Commons expressing in like manner its

sorrow on the death of a distinguished foreign thinker. So far was such a message from our frigid English customs that, as the official Italian paper *La Tribuna* pointed out in an article headed "The Coldness of the English Public," our legislators appear to have taken no notice of Spencer's death. The journal added that Spencer had been "the great philosopher of the nineteenth century for all countries except his own."

This utterance of the Italians was no doubt an exaggeration; for Germany, at any rate, had not so accepted him. Yet their pronouncement may help us to "place" Spencer in the philosophical scale. Like the German system-maker, Von Hartmann, the philosopher of "The Unconscious," he was a thinker for the people rather than for the academic world; and he was, I think, most highly prized by Americans and the Latin races. His work has had for all of us its real and considerable value. He rendered a worthy contribution to thought by bringing the large aspects of the world, and of humanity too, together under the new concept of evolution—loosely defined as the general movement of things in orderly progress from a simple to a complex form. By the time of his death his ideas, in a modified form no doubt, had become so largely assimilated into our thought and our forms of speech that we had half forgotten their originator. We of to-day all talk of Evolution, whether we are thinking of the material cosmos, or of life and mind, or even of art, morals, and religion. It is too soon to judge of how posterity will

estimate the Synthetic Philosophy: at present there is a reaction against it. But I cannot say how much Spencer was to me in the early stages of my thinking. His clearness, which, after the fog of some metaphysicians, came as a delightful refreshment; his way of bringing remote facts together by a "fetch of similarity," as Bain would say; the splendid constructive ingenuity of his mind—these qualities made the reading of those heavy volumes a delight: a delight I still feel in a modified degree after studying what scientists and philosophers have said of his limitations.

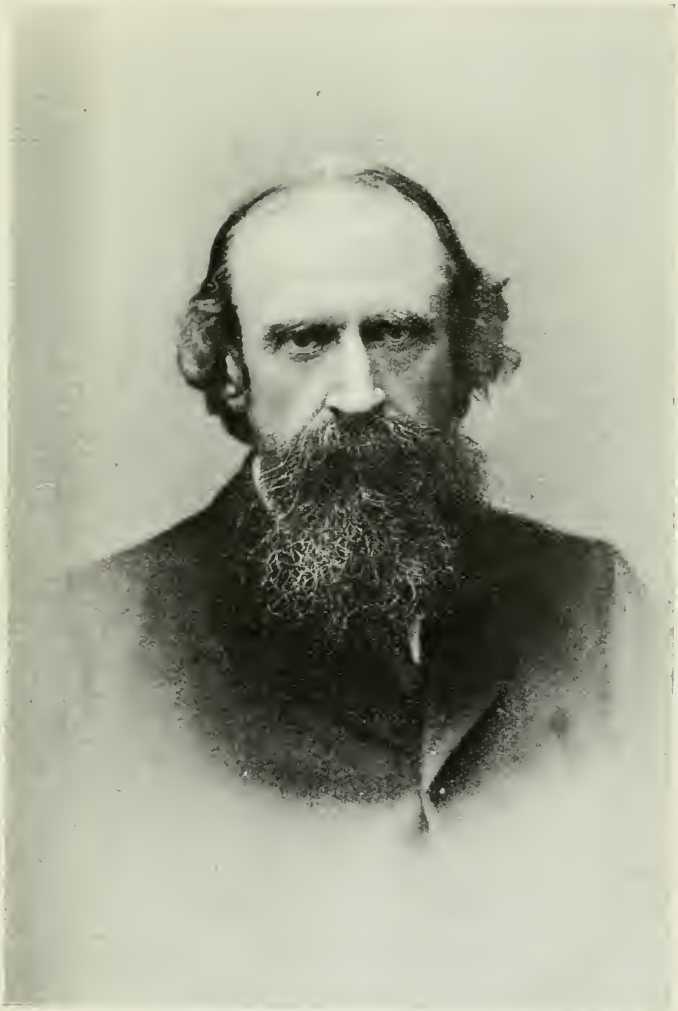
Shortly after Spencer's death my old friend Leslie Stephen, in a letter dictated to his daughter, touched upon the event. Like all of us, he had learned much from Spencer. Yet his message to me in this letter, shortly before his own death, was this: "I hope that other men will be born with the same vigour of mind as Herbert Spencer, but trust that they won't think it necessary to invent new philosophical schemes for the world."

CHAPTER XVIII

LESLIE STEPHEN

I HAD heard of Stephen by the beginning of the seventies. His name became familiar to me in the pages of the *Fortnightly*, and I was deeply impressed by the high courage as well as the devotion to truth shown in his "Essays on Free-thinking and Plain-speaking."

It was about four years after his appointment to the editorship of the *Cornhill Magazine* (in 1871) that I first came to know him. I had already seen him at one of the Sunday afternoon gatherings at the Priory; and I recall him seated there in the social crescent at the end nearer the door and away from the window near which George Eliot was accustomed to sit. His distinguished aspect could not but impress one even in an assembly which was carefully selected. I seem to see still, as in some Venetian portrait, the slight yet commanding figure, the long, finely moulded head and face, showing something of the delicacy which Watts perhaps rather over-emphasized in his portrait, yet something also of virile keenness and strength. I remember the impression of rich



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colouring given by the bright, blue eyes peering out from under the shaggy eyebrows, and made the brighter by the contrast with the dark, warm tones of the abundant hair, moustache, and beard. Like myself, he had cast aside the clerical profession, and his dress—especially the workaday velveteen jacket—had a look of punctuating the escape from the fetters of "orders" into worldly freedom. Our first meeting, at his house in Hyde Park Gate South, was an event for me. I wished to discuss possibilities of work for the *Cornhill*, and some one, probably Morley or Lewes, had given me an introduction to him. It was an afternoon in the fall of the year. Stephen had recently lost his first wife, and I was warned that he was just now very much of a recluse. His accost had in it, behind its evident cordiality, a touch of awkwardness, as of one who was forcing himself to forget the books which tugged at his hands impatiently. As I expounded my literary aims he grew interested and sympathetic. The low, finely modulated tones of his voice impressed me hardly less than the kind and helpful disposition which his words expressed. They were the first of a long series of encouraging talks.

The retired position of the house suggested the student who is a lover of quiet. On my first visits he used to take me up to the top of the house, where he had a den far removed from noises. After his second marriage and a considerable enlargement of his family circle, he had his study downstairs in a large room roofed by a glass dome. I loved to think of him in these peaceful surround-

ings; though I may now and then have felt a momentary twinge as I contrasted them with the intricate network of noises against which I have had to wage so long a war.

I soon found him a most gentle and considerate editor. My first offering, "A German Peasant Romance," was accepted and printed straight off, the honour of its appearance in Thackeray's old magazine giving me a moment's sense of giddy exaltation. But I immediately followed up this success with a dry, reflective article on "Self-esteem and Self-admiration." Stephen was patience itself under this and other provocations. Indeed, he seemed to go dangerously far in exonerating if not in encouraging my rashness, not only by accepting the article, but by writing: "My readers will stand a fragment of moralizing now and then, to balance the mass of light literature." Unduly elated by this success, I grew bolder, and proposed an article on "The Pessimist's View of Life." This was too much even for the kindest of editors. "The ordinary parson," he wrote, "who is the general object of my dread, has never heard of Schopenhauer; but he may vaguely scent infidelity in a German name." I regret to say that later on, despite this warning, I ventured to tempt him with the name of Spinoza; when he administered a well-deserved rebuke.

From 1875 until 1882, when Stephen gave up the editorship of the magazine, I sent him a fair number of articles, including serious ones, such as "Dreams," "Animal Music," and "Lessing,"

and lighter ones on such subjects as "A Strip of Suffolk Sea-board," "Our First Glacier Expedition," and "Babies and Science." All the articles I sent him were accepted save one, and only once did I receive from him that vexatious editorial injunction to shorten a paper—the one on "Obermann," if I remember aright. He liked to say something encouraging about my articles; and I remember his telling me, with a touch of characteristic humour, that my article on dreams had excited attention, the usual proof being that he "has received more MSS. on the same subject."

My good fortune was no doubt furthered by the growing intimacy between us, and especially by the rich opportunities of increasing our mutual knowledge supplied by the excursions of the Sunday Tramps. But there is reason to think that my contributions interested him for their own sake. He talked to me about them. He did more; he went back and read my first book, trying to get at the secret of music—the enjoyment of which for him, he wrote to me, was zero if not a negative quantity—and at the meaning of modern pessimism. Later on he brought his own experiences and his reading to bear upon what I was writing about. Among the subjects which drew him out in this way, I remember dreams, children's ways, and the precocity of genius. Apropos of dreams, he told me of one that he had when walking in Switzerland after a sleepless night. "I fell asleep," he wrote, "as I walked, or half asleep, and, as I got near Chamonix, saw both the real objects and the dream-objects.

I met, e.g., Cambridge friends coming along the road, who vanished as I approached, or saw carts or houses which fitted in with the scenery and then disappeared."

The interest was reciprocal. I was not only an eager reader of his books, but while writing for his journal I had the pleasure of reviewing two of them, "The History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century" and "The Science of Ethics." Of the latter he wrote me: "I read your review in the *P.M.G.* (*Pall Mall Gazette*), knowing it to be yours both from Morley's statement and internal evidence. It gave me much pleasure, which reviews very seldom do; especially for one thing which you said and which I shall not specify: which, however, revealed to me not only a critic but a kindly sympathetic reader."

There was, I suspect, in his kindly interest in my work another ingredient. Were we not both, despite the differences in our years and status, scribblers who were supremely interested in the processes of thought? And may he not, in connection with my effort to secure standing room in the literary crowd, have been influenced by a fact which he brought out years later in his little book on Hobbes: "Popular opinion looks upon philosophers with a dash of amused contempt"? While fully recognizing, however, the existence of these favourable circumstances in my case, I feel sure, both from my later and fuller knowledge of him and from what other contributors have told me, that Stephen was in general a most

considerate editor, who disliked nothing so much as to disappoint the hopes of a promising young writer.

As our acquaintance ripened, bits of friendly chat crept into our business letters. Now he would write that he was going to be married—a step which involved a shifting of his domicile from No. 11 to No. 31 Hyde Park Gate; now that he had just taken leave of poor W. K. Clifford, who was sailing for Madeira.

Stephen's retirement from the *Cornhill* hardly involved a loosening of the bond of intimacy between us. We had by this time become fast friends, and I continued to be in touch with him on Tramp Sundays and at other times. The last service he rendered me as editor was to recommend me to his successor, James Payn the novelist.

I wrote one or two papers for Payn, but I did not expect to find in a novelist another Leslie Stephen. Payn, by the way, was towards the close of his life a great sufferer, and he had a place in the list of invalids, along with Croom Robertson and others, whom Stephen sedulously visited. As his readers know, Payn was a great punster. But Stephen (or was it F. Pollock or other Tramp?) once told us of a particularly good pun perpetrated *upon* Payn. He was climbing somewhere —probably in Switzerland—with some companions in better trim than himself, when one of these remarked: "The labour we delight in, physics pain" (Payn).

He used to talk freely to me about the "Dictionary of National Biography." From these con-

fidences I learnt what a keen scent he had for out-of-the-way information, and what a splendid pertinacity he showed—often in very indifferent health—in making the "Dictionary" as good as it could be. I gathered from them, too, how much trouble he had in keeping his team of contributors together, as well as in securing, along with the inclusion of every kind of fame, a certain proportion in the lengths of the articles.

Stephen was not only himself an athlete, but a lover of popular athletics. When I was staying with him at his house in St. Ives he took me over to Penzance to see some Cornish wrestling. And in constructing the programme of his "Dictionary" he paid due respect to the heroes of the prize-fighting and wrestling rings.

The idea of the Sunday Tramps occurred to Stephen—who was our "chief guide" or, briefly, "chief"—in the autumn of 1879. He himself assigns the genesis of the fraternity to a desire "not to lock up their summer hobby-horse for the greater part of the year, but to give him a periodical outing even through the winter."[1] Other motives probably supported the roving impulse, such as the wish to get away once a fortnight from gloomy bricks and mortar and to have the whole day free for talking and for getting to know one's friends better.

If not the originator of the plan, Stephen became from the outset its inspirer. He was made to be

[1] See Maitland, "Life and Letters of Leslie Stephen," pp. 357 ff.

the chief of such a band, and in that capacity was able at once to carry on his Alpine and other walks, and to gather about him a select and sympathetic company. At first his walking powers stood in the way of leadership. His tall figure, with unusual length of arm and leg, not only stood him in good stead in his Alpine rock-climbing, but gave him an unfair advantage as guide in a walking club. As you first saw him start at what looked like a quite moderate pace, you had no inkling of the ground covered by the sweep of that leg. But our kindly chief soon learned to adjust his step to the limitations of average legs and lungs. He grew, indeed, tenderly, almost penitentially, solicitous not to overwalk the feebler members of the corps, and he purposely selected shorter walks now and again to suit their needs. For the rest, he was a model guide. He had something of a bird's instinct for direction, and would often amuse us, when on the trail, by his keenness of scent for a new short-cut not indicated on the maps. Among the qualifications of a guide which he enumerated in the "Peripatetics"[1] one is, that he should never condescend to ask his way or admit that he has gone wrong. This high independence once led to a quaint little scene, when our chief, standing with his pack at a crossway, hesitated for a moment, and some well-meaning native impulsively came forward and proffered the use of his topographical knowledge. It

[1] Papers contributed to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, June and July 1880.

is hardly necessary to add that his fondness for an approximation to a bee-line was apt to push him into something indistinguishable from a trespass. I remember a comic incident which arose out of this boldness. We were stopped by a keeper, whom we compelled to go through the formality of taking our names and addresses, including those of some distinguished lawyers.

The planning of the walk was left to our chief. Every fortnight a post-card would arrive giving us the route, the hours of trains, and sometimes the place for lunch. The train would take us some twenty-five miles out of town, and our tramp consisted of a walk from one station to a second lying somewhere about the same distance from London. We joined our chief at the departure station, and we were sure to find him not far from the booking-office, looking about him with something of the solicitude of a shepherd when counting his sheep. Our numbers would vary from two or three to a goodly team of eight or more, in which latter case there would arise the need of close packing in the second-class smoking compartment.

On issuing from the train we formed ourselves, under the influence of some complex system of attraction, into the rough semblance of an irregular squad, of which each line consisted of from about two to five men. But a process of disintegration soon began to reduce the length of the lines, transforming us into a longer procession of groups of two or three. In the early days of the Tramps our chief brought with

him a collie, who would carry out a much longer tramp of his own, running to and fro along the whole length of our line, and, apparently, by his barkings trying to persuade us to keep closer together.

Our route would be determined by various considerations at which we failed to guess. The walk itself, withdrawn as much as possible from highways, was our primary aim. A long, tiring march over a level road was generally avoided. Our chief had a special fondness for the broken country of Surrey and Kent with its alternating hills and valleys and its spacious commons. He liked hardly less a wooded slope skirting the Thames, and such quiet recesses as Epping Forest and Burnham Beeches. He had the *Saturday Reviewer's* contempt for gush; and though when we had climbed a Surrey height, such as Leith Hill or Hindhead, he would let us sit for a minute or so, he expected us to enjoy the beauty of the unfolded scene in severe silence.

As "Peripatetics" show us, his imagination at such a moment might travel back to his old Alpine haunts. So tiny a height as St. Martha in Surrey recalled his beloved mountains through its likeness to a Swiss chapel perched on an Alp above a gorge. Another trace of his familiarity with mountains appears in a letter which he sent me once when I wished to join the party *en route*. He proposed the summit of Highdown Ball, in Surrey, and after carefully indicating its situation, added, "It resembles the mountain in Raphael's 'Transfiguration.'"

Yet, lover of nature though he was, our chief

prized hardly less those spots which attracted chiefly by their historical and literary associations. His memory was charged with interesting lore about the places we visited. He did not press his knowledge unpleasantly upon us, but only let drop a word now and again. It is in the "Peripatetics" that one must seek for his delightful musings on these memorials of the past. Now it was a glimpse of Albury Park, Surrey, where Drummond entertained Edward Irving and the Irvingites, that drew from him one of his dryly humorous remarks on the queer aberrations of the religious mind. At Twickenham we no doubt tried with indifferent success to draw him into a talk about "poor little rickety Pope," as he calls him in our chronicle. A spot near "the lazy Mole" took him back to its once famous tenant, Abraham Tucker, whose cheery optimism—just because, perhaps, it was so far removed from his own attitude to life—won his heart. And then there was the churchyard at Stoke Poges; where, he tells us in our chronicle, he was relieved to find even the most expansive talker among us refraining from quoting the famous Elegy—conveniently inscribed just outside the entrance gate for a refreshment of dull memories. Among less familiar sights which our ramblings led us to was a genuine old inn, the Golden Farmer's Inn, near Bagshot, of which Swift speaks. In these searchings for old memorials the editor of the "Dictionary" would now and then peep out, as when he took his flock to the summit of Hindhead to gaze on a cross which tells of a famous murder.

Yet the routes chalked out for us were not wholly determined by a desire for edification. Our chief knew the carnal needs of his Tramps, and he found it often a knotty problem to fix upon an inn for luncheon reachable somewhere near the right hour. The meanest tavern would suffice, provided it could stow us all away in the parlour and regale us with the homely fare of bread, cheese, and beer. Our chief introduced a note of severe ascetic restraint into his choice of an inn. He was, I am sure, always put out when the humble "pub" could not be found, and he was forced to take us to an "hotel," where perhaps a hot lunch was going.

There were, however, exceptions to the rule of plain living. Friends began to hear of our pilgrimages, and invitations to lunch or tea soon grew plentiful. Some of these offers of hospitality came from our chief's distinguished friends, such as George Meredith, Charles Darwin, and Frederic Harrison.

When on the march our pace sufficed to keep us isolated from the outside world. We may, no doubt, have astonished, and provoked quiet remarks from, some of the slow-moving churchgoers whom we passed. But I can only recall one exchange of words with other pedestrians. On this occasion some of us were actually pulled up by a gentleman who had the look of a lay preacher. He politely addressed one of our group, a mathematician and logician, with the words, "I beg your pardon, sir, but are you saved?" To which bold inquiry our Tramp replied awkwardly, "G-God bless my

soul, I believe not." This frankness encouraged the evangelist to add, "Because, sir, if you are not saved, you will not go to heaven." This was too much for our logician, who at once made an end of the discussion by declaring that the last remark was "an identical proposition."

How much conversation, it might naturally be asked, went on among ourselves? It has recently been suggested that a vigorous day's walking of some twenty to twenty-five miles would be unfavourable to much discourse.[1] Our chronicler himself points out that, as we progressed, speech was apt to flag. To quote his humorous way of putting it, "Many a glowing apostrophe and apposite illustration grows humdrum and threadbare as the journey lengthens." But a fair amount of talk did nevertheless get itself done during these walks, and the quantity increased after our chief had reduced his standard of the average leg capacity. Stephen enjoyed a quiet, unhurried talk with a single Tramp, and one of my greatest treats in these walks was to have him alone for a spell, and listen to his slow but ever pregnant utterances about men and events. Delightful moments, these *solitudes à deux*, whose delight was rather increased than diminished by fearful suspicion that they were stolen blisses.

We were an odd, heterogeneous sort of company, hardly more than a fortuitous concourse of atoms, and united only by the common tie of our chief's selection. Our talks reflected the variety of our several callings and habits of life. We had almost

[1] See "Walking Essays," by Hugh Sidgwick.

as good a contingent of lawyers as the House of Commons; and this circumstance ensured a plentiful dishing up of memorable repartees and other brilliant utterances from the Law Courts, Scotch as well as English. A fair number followed our chief's occupation of scribbler. And being young, we did not neglect the opportunity of slanging the publishers—the idea of the Authors' Society being already in the air. We would entertain ourselves with the pastime of finding out which of them had the worst reputation among us. So far as I remember, we had no professional poets, though there were versifiers who introduced an agreeable lightness into our discourse. It was the age of "Limericks," and I remember one impromptu example which may perhaps bear quoting even to-day. We were passing Ealing Station when one of our company—a clever young lawyer, I think—broke into lines which ran as follows:

> There was an old lady of Ealing,
> Who said, "When potatoes want peeling,
> To ascribe Nature's laws to a bountiful cause
> Shows a lamentable want of good feeling."

I wish I could recall with some precision how our chief behaved when the frivolous mood took us. I seem dimly to remember a half-inhibited laugh—a kind of truncated snort—which would come out on such occasions, expressing at once a good-natured toleration of our boyish frolics and a feeble attempt at a rebuke.

Sometimes our chatting would be silenced by

some bit of sad tidings. So it happened when our chief appeared without "Rob," his collie, and we learned that his "dear old friend," as he calls him in his chronicle, had been poisoned in a London park. It was a very gloomy morning when, on arriving at Victoria Station, we read on the bulletin of the *Observer* the news of the Phœnix Park murders.

An occurrence which brought us an intimate sense of loss was the death of Charles Darwin. A visit now and again to his house at Down had been one of the major rewards of our tramping exertions. It was a delightful experience to see him and our chief together. Stephen's affectionate reverence for the great evolutionist was warmly reciprocated, and I experienced something akin to the mixture of pride and awe which one feels at being taken into the confidences of a pair of lovers. We spoke of the death of our chief's revered teacher in low tones. He himself would relate to us touching fragments of information about Darwin: how, for example, his dog had showed all the signs of human grief on the death of his master. A humorous incident might come out too, such as the remark a privileged servant of the family made to Mrs. Darwin when her master was in poor health. The good woman was troubled by the feeling that he would soon rally if only he would "find something to do," instead of standing in the garden so much and looking at the flowers.[1] Touching the proposal

[1] A curious diversity in point of view is illustrated by comparing this utterance of the solicitous servant with the remark

to bury Darwin in Westminster Abbey, Stephen wrote to me: "It would seem more congenial to bury the dear old man in that quiet little churchyard close to the house in which he lived and worked so long."

The visits to Down enlarged and deepened the first impression of Darwin which I received at the Priory. We had more than one interesting little talk in the drawing-room. Among other striking remarks I remember his once saying to me, apropos of a young writer who was just then publishing some popular studies in evolution, that he had always acted upon the principle that observing and theorizing must go on together so closely as to constitute one process.

Stephen gave up the duties of chief guide in 1891, and the event naturally affected the keenness of some of us about putting in an appearance on tramp-days. My sense of loss was, however, diminished by the opportunities he now gave me of taking a mild tramp with him alone. The gradual reduction of the distance in the day's walking pathetically marked the stages in our chief's gradual loss of his splendid bodily powers. One of these curtailed peripatetics ended with Hampstead and lunch at my house; others were directed to Meredith's cottage at Box Hill.

The editorial association and the fuller and more intimate companionship of the Tramps were

of her mistress to a correspondent, that her husband is a very bad hand at doing nothing after a book has been completed. See Mrs. Lichfield's biography, "Emma Darwin," vol. ii. p. 187.

the two chief feeders of our friendship; and out of the fellowship thus established grew other meetings and conjoint work. His generous help in the ticklish business of the petition against the punishment dealt out to Foote not only assured me of his stable friendship, but deepened my admiration for his honesty and his courage.

Better than many club dinners for communing with his innermost self was a week spent in his summer residence at St. Ives. Stephen and I did some tramping there too, and I can still recall how the recent fall of a politician who had been his friend led him to open up his large pitiful heart to me. His brilliant nephew and fellow Tramp "J. K. S.," of whom he was particularly fond, was with us in one of our ramblings along the coast. The fury of an Atlantic storm had not subsided, and the waves roared in against the rocks. Nothing daunted, "Jim" climbed to the top of a rock which was plentifully washed by the breakers; and, half amused, half angered, his uncle watched the sturdy fellow as he stood firm as the rock and took the sousings.

Despite the presence of some dejecting influences in the air, this visit to St. Ives was one of the memorable experiences of my life. The bowling-green, the plunge with my juniors into the deep sea, the soothing strain of music that was sometimes to be heard after breakfast by the open drawing-room window—these and kindred enjoyments still come back to assure me that the world is not an ugly place to live in. James Russell Lowell was staying there the same week,

and I came in for a singular bit of good fortune. Stephen was busy with his "Dictionary" in the forenoon; so Lowell, learning that I was a smoker, proposed to join me in the smoking-room. This led to his taking down from the bookcase a copy of "Tom Sawyer," from which he read aloud, teaching me the right local pronunciation of the words.

Opportunities of a more restricted fellowship were offered me in Stephen's town house. After spending a holiday in Switzerland, I would on my return call and report to him any interesting experiences. He was most sympathetic when I got entangled in the accident on the Diavolezza Pass, and took special pains to assure me that I had done the one thing I ought to have done. I called upon him after another and quite agreeable Alpine experience, a walk over the Monte Moro Pass at the head of the Saasthal to Macugnaga. As I mentioned the Hotel Mattmark, where our party passed the night, I saw him smile, and I guessed the reason of it. To save him trouble, I instantly told him that the amusing instructions which he had long since bequeathed to visitors in the Fremdenbuch of the little hotel still stood intact, with his signature not far from that of his friend, John Tyndall. The bit of humorous advice, the recollection of which had revived that smile, read thus: "The stranger who desires to escape the smoke in this room is advised to shelter himself in the chimney."

He continued to show his old interest in my work; and, after reading my "Studies of Child-

hood," he sent me an account of his one childish lie—" a horrid, hideous, deliberate lie which I could not mention even now! I cannot imagine why. . . . But it was base cowardice—fear of punishment or rather reproof."

His last letters to me were increasingly sad from their reference to his health. He wrote me after the loss of his wife: " I grow more lonely, I fear, as the days go on and my infirmities, deafness in particular, increase, and friends drop off." When telling me of a projected summer holiday (on Hindhead, I think), he added, with the ghost of a smile, " I'm getting good at sitting." Yet such complaints were rare.

Stephen could on occasion be a sturdy stickler for his rights. The only time I saw him wrathful was when he considered these rights to be grossly disputed. We were going to call upon Meredith, and stopped to lunch at an hotel not far from Flint Cottage. I went into the dining-room and took the hotel lunch, while Stephen remained outside to consume the specially prepared invalid refreshment which he had brought with him. When he had finished this he joined me at the hotel table. A waiter came forward to ask what he should bring him. On being informed by Stephen that he had already partaken of lunch, this official proceeded to instruct him that it was not permitted to sit at the dining-room table without ordering refreshment. Stephen instantly rose to his full height, and exploding on the offender's ear a shrapnel of vituperative language, drove him in sheer terror out of the room.

But to those who really knew him—heart as well as brain—Stephen was one of the two or three men whom they were sure of loving. Why they loved him they could not have explained satisfactorily to the psychological analyst, any more than Stephen himself could have satisfactorily explained his love for Dr. Johnson. A personality is much more than a "mechanical mixture" of a number of qualities like courage, endurance, devotion to truth, and the rest. One thing was prominent in the indissoluble whole. There lay deeply hidden under his physical and intellectual strength a fund of tender sympathy, which we valued the more just because it was an organic part of so strong a man. Nor was he always careful to keep this tender aspect out of sight. When George Meredith lost his wife I sounded Stephen as to the desirability of sending him a line of condolence; in reply to which he wrote: "My own experience tells me that intrusions of that kind are not resented."

Stephen's writings reflect his temperament and character in a peculiar way. His criticism has no doubt a sharp logical edge: he loved a dialectic combat quite as much as a Cornish wrestling match. Yet, ardent servant of truth though he was, his critical work is deeply tinged with a love of humanity in its infinite variety of shades of character. And, what is perhaps still more noteworthy, this warm humanity coexisted with a passionate love for his bleak and solitary Alpine "Playground."[1]

[1] See some appreciations of Stephen by Meredith and D. W. F. in *The Author* of April 1904.

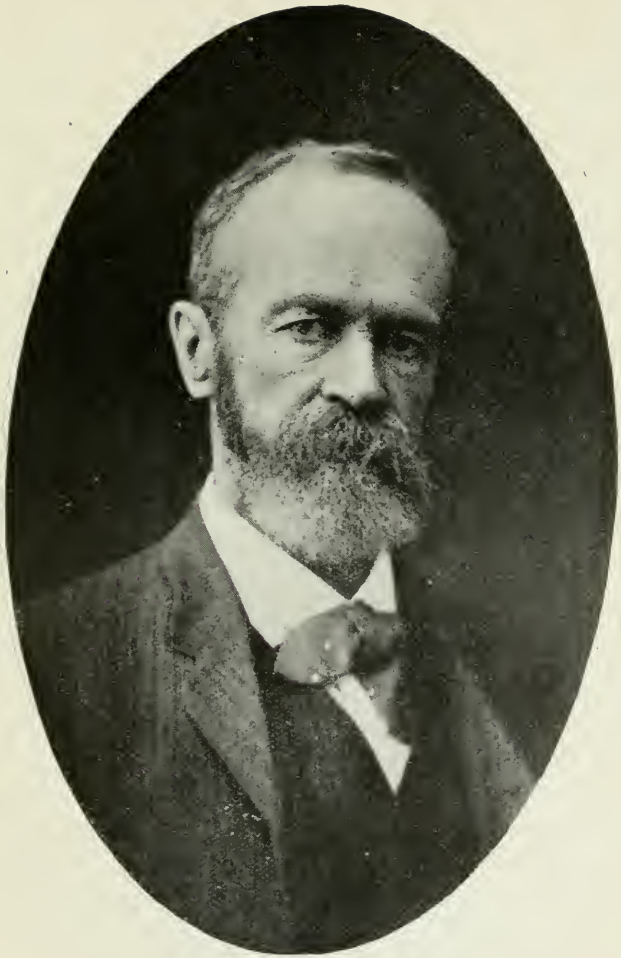
CHAPTER XIX

WILLIAM JAMES

William James was a friend to whom I was drawn rather by similarity of age and of scientific pursuits than by any close personal association. I never saw him outside London; and, as he wrote to me once, "Vacation at the shore or in the mountains is the only condition of true human intercourse." Yet I managed to see a good bit of him in a scrappy way, and for many years we kept up an irregular exchange of ideas and sentiments by letter-writing. I first heard of him through Croom Robertson and the contributions he was making to *Mind*; among which a doughty attack on Hegel took my fancy. In 1882 he was in London for some time, and I made his personal acquaintance at the meetings of "The Scratch Eight,"[1] his admission to which he gratefully recalled in a letter to me dated twenty-six years later. He was, if I remember aright, for the most part a silent listener to our discussions.

Although we were near one another in age, I had the start of him in book-making, and he kept an eye, at once brotherly and critical, on my publications. He spoke well of the "Outlines of

[1] Cf. above, p. 221.



WILLIAM JAMES.

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Psychology," and told me he was using it as a textbook for his class. But my endeavour in this and in later textbooks to produce a view of psychology which should give prominence to what I considered had been pretty firmly established in our rather shapeless science made him impatient. He thought I was too much concerned to be impartial; he reminded me that "a dash of polemic virus is often very useful to drive discriminations home"; and later he urged, apropos of my work "The Human Mind"—for which, by the by, he so far stood sponsor as to give it a name—that I was too open-minded, and that "if you were more polemic, more careless of including all truth, there would be more *ring* in your accents, and you would catch your readers more." I saw his point, and understood it still better when he brought out his own textbooks. But I knew there was something to be said on my side too. He published his "Principles of Psychology" a year before "The Human Mind" appeared, and I gave it a warm commendation in the pages of *Mind*. I was full of admiration for his happy way of fusing the imaginative with the speculative, and for the wealth and brilliance of his original suggestions. I predicted of it that it would long survive our more laboured textbooks, and James was "exceedingly pleased" with what he called my "munificently kind notice." My principal adverse criticism of the book was that the chapters did not hang together, and that the order suggested a collection of separate articles rather than an organic treatise. On this he wrote: "You

and all my critics are wrong about the composition of the work. The chapters (all but one) were originally written for *the book*, and separately published as an afterthought."

James was deeply moved by the sufferings of our friend Croom Robertson. After years of acute pain, against which he valiantly battled, maintaining not only his lecturing work but his heavy duties as editor, he lost his great sustainer, his wife, who died after suffering from an incurable malady. The loss led him at once to resign his professorship. "Poor G.C.R.!" James wrote to me on hearing of his retirement. "Was there ever such a case of a strong man grappling with adversity! He will have a monument in the hearts of his friends, if nowhere else." And later, on receiving the news of Robertson's death he wrote me (from Florence): "Considering what the lamentations of some men would have been, the utter unquerulousness of Robertson has been simply magnificent. . . . His monument in the sixteen volumes of *Mind* is, after all, one to be satisfied with. God keep him!"

I had hoped to see him in London at the Psychological Congress (1892); but though he had promised to come and to read a paper, he wrote early in the year to say that he was in poor health and would not be able to be present or to send a paper. He added that he would have to go abroad that summer, with his wife and babes, "to spend my 'sabbatical year' on half-pay: blessed privilege!" [1]

[1] I suppose that his stay in London in 1882 was also due to some similar provision by the American academic authorities.

From now on I was less in touch with him. His health appears to have remained for some time very uncertain. He had already (in 1892) told me of a severe attack of brain-fag: "d——d neurasthenic constitution—thank Heaven for that word 'neurasthenic'; it is almost as good as 'epiphenomenon.'" Later he suffered from heart trouble, brought on, I was told, by excessive exertion in the Rockies.

After the early nineties his letters became less frequent. This was no doubt due in part to the need of husbanding his writing powers. But I suspect that he was alive to the fact of my being less sympathetically interested in the new lines of his work as foreshadowed in the little volume "The Will to Believe." Also the new social demands that came on the heels of a growing popularity left him, when in England, but little time to look up old friends. But, *en revanche*, my uncompromising disapproval of the Boer War, which I fear must have loosened more than one tie of friendship, brought me closer to James. I saw him (I think for the last time) soon after the outbreak of the war, when I remember his telling me that "a wave of Jingoism" was passing round the world. In 1900 he wrote from Bad Nauheim (where he was undergoing treatment for his cardiac trouble) urging me to write on "the psychology of man as beast of prey." He was strongly opposed to the new Imperialism in America, and protested against it in a lecture of which he sent me a printed copy. He wrote to me from Rome (in March 1901): "I see you take

the war still very much to heart, and I myself think that the blundering way in which the Colonial Office drove the Dutchmen into it, with no conception whatever of the psychological situation, is only outdone by our still more anti-psychological blundering in the Philippines. Both countries have lost their moral prestige—we far more completely than you, because for our conduct there is literally no excuse to be made except *absolute* stupidity, whilst you can make out a very fair case, as such cases go."

As his references to Croom Robertson show, he had a genuine feeling of piety for those whose labours death had ended. In the same letter from Rome he writes: "Yes! H. Sidgwick is a sad loss, with all his remaining philosophic wisdom unwritten. I feel greatly F. W. H. Myers's loss also. He suffered terribly with suffocation, but bore it stunningly well. He died in this very hotel." He goes on to say he means to write "a little tribute to his (Myers's) service to psychology," which he hopes may not appear exaggerated to me.

I read between the lines of this letter that he was not sure of my old sympathy following him into the new directions of his work. His psychological writings, splendid as they were, had seemed to me to show a rather dangerous fondness for concentrating upon certain sides of a subject which specially appealed to him and lent themselves to his strong and vivid mode of presentment. And I thought I saw in this habit a harbinger of his manner of laying on the colour

here and blotting out there when he passed from psychology to metaphysic—a province which he told me in a letter (dated 1903) is "the only thing that *schmecht* (appetises) at present." His little volume on "The Will to Believe," and the "Pragmatism" which grew out of it, brought him, no doubt, a larger audience. It is too soon, even after the many sheets which have been devoted to the subject in *Mind* and elsewhere, to form a final judgment upon the value of this later work. I have always been among those who felt that in leaving the psychological field James was parting from his proper subject for one in which he was less at home, and for which his early training had less fully equipped him.

Our fraternal intercourse ended then with a certain estrangement of our speculative intellects. But our hearts clung to one another to the end. We made a series of vain attempts to meet once more. Now it was *my* health that obstructed our desire, as in 1905, when, though in Italy, I was not well enough to join him at the Psychological Congress in Rome; now on his side there came from Oxford, from Cambridge, and from Rye the regretful apology "no time." The fates were against us. One day I received a telegram from him, sent from a London hotel, inviting me to lunch with him the next day; and it happened that I, one of the most stay-at-home of people, had engaged myself on that very day to an old Hampstead friend. Later, when I was in Sussex, I heard of his being at Rye, and I wrote proposing to bring a great admirer of his to call upon him;

and this letter, he later informed me, he never received. Thus vainly did we grope after one another in the mists. All the same, warm words continued to flutter over to me from across the Atlantic up to the last years, and the words grew still warmer with a brother's heart-blood when he knew that suffering had come to stay in my home.

CHAPTER XX

GEORGE MEREDITH

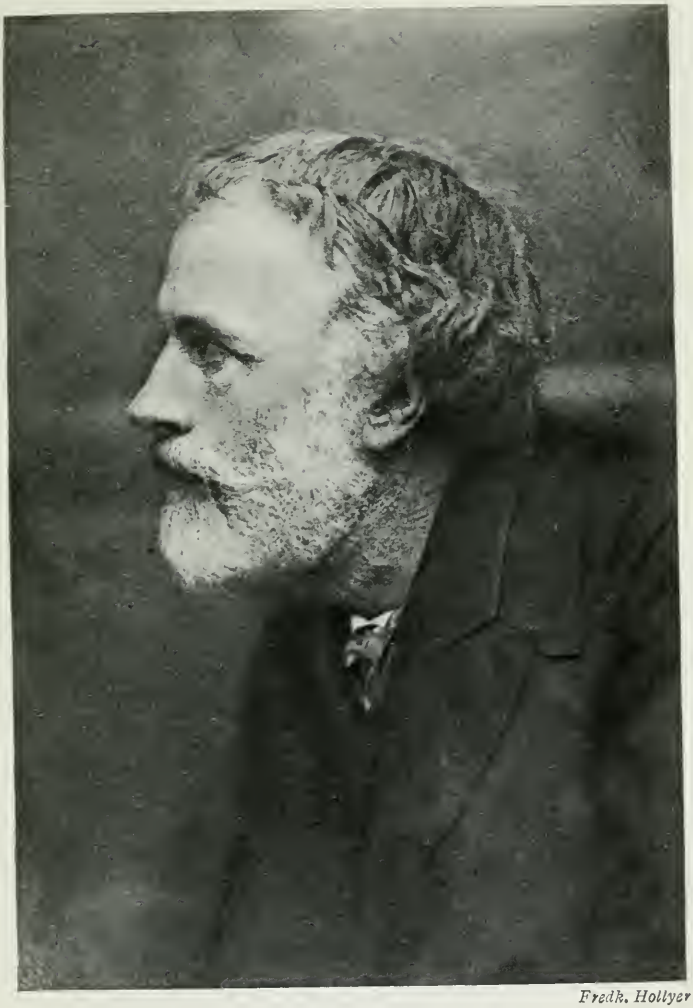
My meeting with Meredith, at John Morley's house, did not at first lead to a close acquaintance. This came some years later, and grew out of my enrolment in the honourable body of Sunday Tramps. The mutual admiration of Meredith and our chief, Leslie Stephen, led to our frequently making Box Hill the goal of our walk. Flint Cottage was ill-designed for a large party of pedestrians, and when there was an invitation from Meredith, Stephen would arrange to limit the number of visitors, more particularly for the dinner, which was hospitably added to the afternoon tea. Meredith might join us for the latter part of the walk, accompanied by his dachshund "Bruno,"—whom he would piteously try to call off from the rabbit-holes which refused to give up their fluffy possessors,—and sometimes by one or both of his children, or by a neighbour, like one of the Maxse family. The young daughter of the house soon got used to our mud-caked boots, and she showed an excellent contrivance in arranging for the requisite number of Tramps in need of ablutions.

As his readers know, Meredith had a fine appreciation of the beauties of his Surrey home; and not an infrequent part of his entertainment of the Tramps was a stroll after tea to see some of his favourite trees, a veteran yew, perhaps, or a maple all ablaze with the October crimson.

At the dinner-table our charming hostess looked diligently after our bodily wants, which otherwise might have had scant justice done them by a husband apt to be preoccupied with some piquant topic of discussion. She was ably supported by her young daughter, who, I remember, would delight in loading the dessert plate of some lucky neighbour with sweetmeats and other dainties. The light yet toothsome dishes and the excellent French wines—which I at least would not have exchanged for Dr. Middleton's port, so eloquently extolled in "The Egoist"—were admirably adapted to a band of London scribblers endowed with but moderate powers of digestion.

Along with the refinement of these Sunday entertainments there would peep out now and again a barely discernible touch of the Bohemian, just enough to remind us that we were frequenters of the road. We were put still more at our ease when, after the repast, we stepped over to the chalet, Meredith's sanctum, and gave ourselves up to cigars and a freer sort of talk. The books in paper covers which filled the shelves added to the impression of French daintiness.

As my first sight of him at Morley's house on the Hog's Back had assured me, Meredith was a great talker. He was indeed a brilliant and



Fredk. Hollyer

GEORGE MEREDITH.

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indefatigable leader of talk, and never long abdicated his office even when other good talkers were present. These others seemed to have as their chief part in the conversation to supply new starting-points, or new aspects of a subject when it began to look worn.

His utterances were spontaneous and flowed with a wonderful continuity. It was the rarest thing to catch him hesitating for a word. The maintenance of such a smooth current of speech implied, in his case, a tense form of intellectual concentration. His hearers were for the most part aware of this, and wisely made no attempt to interrupt the flow of ideas. If one of the unwary did venture on a word, Meredith had an effective way of chastising the hardihood. I remember with what a terribly ironical "Madame!" he once met a lady's interruption, accompanying the ejaculation with one of his extra-ceremonious bows.

Yet, impatient as he was of interruption when primed for discourse, he showed, I should say, less insistence upon a monopoly of talk than Mr. Gladstone is said to have done. My impression is that in our Tramp-gatherings Meredith would now and again graciously give, not only our chief, but even less important members of the fraternity a chance to join in the talk.

A notable feature of his talk was the range of topic covered. As his novels, and still more clearly his letters, show us, he could discourse seriously enough when he regarded his subject as an important one. Though apt to be described as a purely imaginative writer, with a strong

leaning to the comic, he was a shrewd observer of men, and his mind was stored with the genuine wisdom of life. He kept, too, in close touch with the larger subjects of the hour, such as the maintenance of the Briton's physique and the aspirations of women to a higher intellectual status.

It remains true, however, that the most brilliant, if not also the most stimulating, passages in his talk were expressions of the comic spirit, ranging from the playful antics of a boyish "larkishness" up to the mature and artfully adjusted attack of wit and irony. Extravagance of statement, caricature, a touch now and again of Rabelaisian eagerness to leap the barriers of conventional propriety—these were some of the more salient features of his utterance. He was at his best when he had a story to narrate which, though in part *vero*, he was free to transform into a deliciously astounding *ben trovato*. The story of the first experiment of a *nouveau riche* in entertaining at dinner illustrated his mastery of the cumulative art in this direction. I remember also the comic history of another dinner and its consequences which he once recited at Flint Cottage. It was a Meredithian version of a story which just then was running the round. It told of how an ambitious gentleman, known as yet only to other walks than that of letters, was seized with the aspiration of entering this domain. His ambition was matched by brilliant inventiveness—the idea of securing the editorship of a well-known journal by playing upon another sort of ambition of which he knew the publisher of the

journal to be the subject: he arranged a dinner at which the publisher was invited to meet a marquis and other high personages. This piece of ingenuity won all the success it deserved, the publisher remarking to his host, as they entered the drawing-room, "Oh, by the by, it's all right about the *Review*. The editorship is for you." Meredith's account of this little comedy was embroidered by some characteristic touches; as when the non-appearance of the marquis at the dinner party was set down to a fit of gout, and when the publisher was described as wanting for the editorial chair "none of your literary recluses, but a man of the world who hobnobs with lords," etc.

These delightful bits of conversational extravaganza were started in various ways. Now it was the remark of a guest which opened up a tempting line of caricature; at another time it was a bit of recent newspaper gossip which pricked him on to the chase of some glorious absurdity.

When the comic mood was well set, Meredith's hearers might now and again observe him as he glimpsed the crest of a new billow of mirth approaching. One could watch the play of the mouth, the underlip lowered and the tip of the tongue exposed for a second, as some new aspect of his comic quarry disclosed itself. Charles Lamb exactly describes this momentary intrusion of the comic narrator into the jest itself when he writes: "We love to see a wag *taste* his own joke to his party: to watch a quick or a merry conceit flickering upon the lips some seconds before the

tongue is delivered of it."[1] Meredith would sometimes go further, and join in the laughter he was provoking; yet only so as to secure a moment's relief from the intellectual strain.

The appearance of Meredith during these entertaining talks had a distinction which harmonized well with that of the brilliant intellectual effort. The finely moulded head, sometimes described as Greek, reminders of which I have met with in the museums of Rome, was in itself arresting, whether fully exposed within doors or half hidden out of doors by a sort of deer-stalker's cap; and it acquired a new dignity when the talker graciously leaned forward as if to mark a special intimacy of accost. The bright, truth-loving eyes doubled the hold of his speech; while the voice, always mellow and finely modulated, riveted the attention by a musical link. Among other striking features in his appearance were the easy yet perfectly fitting brownish-grey suit which set off the ruddy tints of cheek and neck-tie, and the easy and gracious movements, which had nothing of the Frenchman's quick, energetic gestures. In the earlier years of our acquaintance he never seemed to tire of talking; on a visit I paid him in 1890 he kept the ball going with only a few short pauses for two or three hours, one half of the time sitting in the garden and the other climbing the Hill.

The range of subject traversed by him in these *causeries* was remarkable. At this same meeting in the nineties he touched among other matters

[1] "Essays of Elia."

the question of his race. He was a Celt, he said, and added that his Celtic blood doomed him to be an alien among English people. The critics found him obscure, and he hit off a clever little paraphrase of the charges of obscurity hurled against him. I ventured to suggest that he was getting more widely appreciated, and told him of quite a little raid that was now being made upon his books at our Hampstead Subscription Library. But he was not to be comforted by this sort of chaff. Immediately upon the utterance of this gloomy personal Jeremiad he flew off to the subject of England's condition, a matter about which he was deeply concerned. Our people, he said, had no pure blood. We had no critics. We were a third- or fourth-rate nation accidentally put at the head. The Germans were "foul blooded," whereas the French had "the purity of blood." The rapidity of transition from grave to gay was particularly marked on this occasion. Apropos of women, he seemed to think it a fine thing that they were getting access to the professions. With a touch of the serio-comic, I fancy, he recommended the pulpit as their especial sphere, and backed his plea by reciting a gruesome story of the way in which a worldly rector had met the request of a lady that he would go to see a poor girl on her death-bed. Loyal admirer as he was of woman, he could not spare her from his store of useful targets for his wit; and I remember a particularly racy story which he told us about a learned lady who, "in spite of a terrifying hypertrophy of jaw, thought it necessary

to state that she despised the frivolities of love-making." His way of treating women in these talks illustrated that large and stereoscopic vision of her with which his books have made us familiar. He fully complied with Schiller's exhortation, "Ehret die Frauen"; and yet respect never blinded him to those fundamental limitations, moral as well as physical, which he brought out in dealing with Diana of the Crossways and other of his heroines.

This memorable visit was completed by a stroll to the top of Box Hill at the moment when the declining sun was hiding itself behind wisps of white mists. The sight brought out the poet—a rare revelation during these miscellaneous gatherings. The sun became for his imagination "A warrior throwing his white cloak about him."

By this time he had ceased to be what he described as "the happy walker" of the seventies and eighties. It was at the visit of 1890—or one near this date—that I became aware of his weakness. As he moved awkwardly down the steep grassy slope of the Hill, I instinctively stretched out my hand to help him. He gently but firmly put away the proffered aid. Later on, at the Cottage, I made another attempt to assist him as he lifted himself out of a low chair, and again the offer was declined. Then, on a still later occasion, when Stephen and I were lunching with him, he made a sign to me as Stephen was leaving the drawing-room, and invited me to lend him my arm. He had remembered, and was far from bearing me any ill-will.

It was during these declining years, when tramping together was no longer possible, that I grew more intimate with Meredith. Either alone or with some friend like Leslie Stephen, I would arrange to call upon him towards the tea-hour. Imprisoned though he was in his chair, the limpid stream of his talk retained something of its old fullness and fine flavour. An iteration now and then of a bit of persiflage, or of a more serious diatribe against some pet aversion of the hour, did, no doubt, hint at the approach of an early stage of the senile enfeeblement of memory. But far more noticeable was the amount of freshness and vigour of mind still conserved.

That for me, at any rate, the old fascination of his talk was still a potent force was shown by the fact that, though highly sensitive to the strain of vocal expenditure, I was only too glad to encounter Meredith's deafness, unaided though the exercise was by the aural tube which made talking with Leslie Stephen in his last years so easy.

These later outpourings of wisdom and jocosity combined had a chastened sound. The laughter grew less mordant, more genial and playful.[1] The finer sort of intellectual thrust was, I think, less frequently brought off. The attacks on what he particularly disliked or feared in the tendencies of the hour were apt to grow sadder and more plaintive. Yet any loss of the older power and

[1] How rich a strain of playful mirth he possessed is shown in his letters to his three granddaughters. See "Letters," pp. 555-6, 591-2, and 595.

brilliance of expression was made good for me by the fuller revelation of his warm and deep humanity; and whatever changes may have been noticeable, there was still a quite remarkable output of original and striking comment.

Our last meeting has left on my mind an unusually vivid impression. It was the afternoon of an October day (1908), and Meredith sat in the little drawing-room with a shawl over his knees. He had changed notably of late: the hair, reduced to a few noble wisps, reminded me again of Vatican busts. A nurse sat behind, ready to render help when needed. Besides myself, there were present Meredith's daughter and my son. Looking out of the window one caught sight of a donkey quietly grazing—the trusty creature that drew the novelist in his chair. When tea was served, Meredith declined milk, taking the beverage *à la Russe* with a slice of lemon. But as if to ridicule the idea of his being a confirmed invalid, he bravely smoked a small cigar. For almost the first time I heard him refer to his bodily ailments. He now went to bed, he told me, at ten o'clock in order to spare his eyes. He talked away, according to his old wont, of things serious and amusing. He touched once more on his *bête noire* the priest, and on the frail human way of clinging to the idea of a future life, of which he said the cleric made capital. Apropos of the priest, he referred in a half-despairing tone to a rumour that J. S. Mill, when lying on his death-bed at Avignon, had sent for one. He told us that he had let Sir Oliver Lodge know his dissatisfaction

with the later scientific gropings after evidences of a future life. A *soupçon* of the proclivity of age to praise the past appeared in some remarks on public affairs. Bright and hopeful as was his normal outlook on England's future, he was at this stage haunted by fears. He said that both Germany and America were shooting ahead of us, and that the Germans would be in England in twenty years. Apropos of military capacity, he remarked that the German had obstinacy, the Frenchman *élan*; that the English soldier used to combine both, but had now lost the old qualities. Nor did Lord Haldane's Territorial scheme seem to him to offer an escape from the danger of the situation. These forebodings were evidently the result of his own reading and thinking. How eagerly he scanned Europe's political sky was suggested by the appearance close to his chair of foreign journals like the *Débats*, of which, among other journals, he told us, he was a great devourer. The German and the Spanish dictionary which I spied also lying on an adjacent bookstand may have been used for the gathering of political as well as literary information.

The tone of elegiac regret, so foreign to our Meredith of earlier days, was heard in the plaint that the old big red maples had disappeared from Box Hill, only yellow ones being now left. Yet instantly after uttering this doleful note, as if to repossess himself of his hopeful normal self, he began to descant on the beauty of the Box Hill beeches in springtime, when golden light streams through their leaves.

Toward the end, our happy interview was threatened with an unpleasant contretemps. A young man appeared at the gate of the Cottage, and walked up towards the door. Meredith had caught a glimpse of the figure, and I saw that he was perturbed. But on nurse's inquiring, we learned, to our relief, that the caller, a young Welshman, had merely come to leave a card by way of expressing his admiration for our novelist and poet.

I think Meredith had felt during this visit that he was not doing justice to himself. In any case, towards the end of our chat, he made a splendid effort to strike once more the joyous, and even the rollicking note. His daughter told him of some friends who were going to Biarritz. After some good chaffing of the British golfer's behaviour abroad, he remarked half regretfully, "I have never seen Biarritz." But he instantly added, "I can read about it, and that is better. I don't need to try the water, or to face the line of waiters when I leave." He then enlarged upon the last drawback, telling us of the trick which, on leaving a foreign hotel, an acute "Yankee" had succeeded in playing. He ran the gauntlet of the row of expectant waiters, bowing politely to each; and upon reaching the head-waiter, after congratulating him on the excellence of his staff, disappeared through the portico before the empty-handed officials had recovered from their bewilderment.

In the days of Meredith's kindlier laughter I came in for a good share of his railleries. He

enjoyed a story I must have told him early in the eighties, of some unlucky attempts of mine to diminish the musical ardour of a professional pianist whom the gods had cruelly allotted me for neighbour. But the more kindly teasings date from the nineties onwards. Once, when calling upon him with Stephen, he told our friend that I had subscribed to a Dutch fund for the Boer wounded, and his way of betraying my secret sin satisfied me that he was more amused than shocked at this deviation from the lines of a correct patriotism.

The richer bestowal of his genial and almost tender mirth came in the last years, and by way of letter. When I last visited him he called my attention to the fact that Emile Faguet had just published, in a feuilleton of the *Débats*, an important criticism of the theory of laughter set forth in my Essay. Meredith followed up this expression of friendly interest in my writings by sending me some delicious mock imitations of Faguet's criticism. These were written in French and attributed to Frenchmen, bearing wondrous names. The pretty pretence was admirably kept up.[1] Besides this bit of delicious fooling he sent me some characteristic jocosities apropos of a copy of my "Studies of Childhood" which I had sent him, as well as of an article on "Beauty and Expression" which I published in the *Edinburgh*

[1] A French scholar told me that in these clever French compositions there was only one unusual word which could suggest that the hand which penned them was not that of a Frenchman. See Meredith's "Letters," vol. ii. pp. 600-30.

Review.[1] I enjoyed it all immensely, and this not merely because of the honour which his attentions did me, but because I felt throughout that Love had winged his laughter.

A more serious and more precious recognition from Meredith was won for two articles of mine, one on "Leslie Stephen," in the *Atlantic Monthly*, the other on "The Sunday Tramps," in the *Cornhill*. "Your article on Leslie Stephen," he wrote me, "traverses the course of my knowledge of him, like a torch lighting up the familiar country shadowed by the death"; and "your sketch of the Tramps will be a memorial, and that of Leslie is a portrait that brings him living before me." Such words coming from so competent a judge have counted among the highest rewards of my literary efforts.

It is not easy to say just what Meredith has been to me. His large mind, which included capacities so diverse as imaginative creation, interpretation of the comic spirit and sound practical judgment, appealed to me on many sides. His serene and hopeful spirit and his love of fun drew me, partly by what was akin to me, partly, too, by what was more alien, though highly prized by me. Looking back on what I have reaped from his books and his talks, I am disposed to place him side by side with R. L. Stevenson as the two prime fortifying influences in my later life. Both had suffered, and both struck the upper note in their shout of "Courage!"

If in 1871, when I first heard his voice, some-

[1] See "Letters," vol. ii. pp. 480-1, 600-2, 609, 624, 629-30.

body had asked me, "Could you love Meredith?" I should have ridiculed the idea. To speak of love in connection with one so strong, so masterful, and so brilliant would have seemed impertinent. But, as he himself has told us, there were more Merediths than one, and the mature and mellow one I was privileged to know won a love hardly less intense than the older feeling of admiration.

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